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OCT. 3, 1931

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Beginning **LOST SQUADRON** *By* **DICK GRACE**

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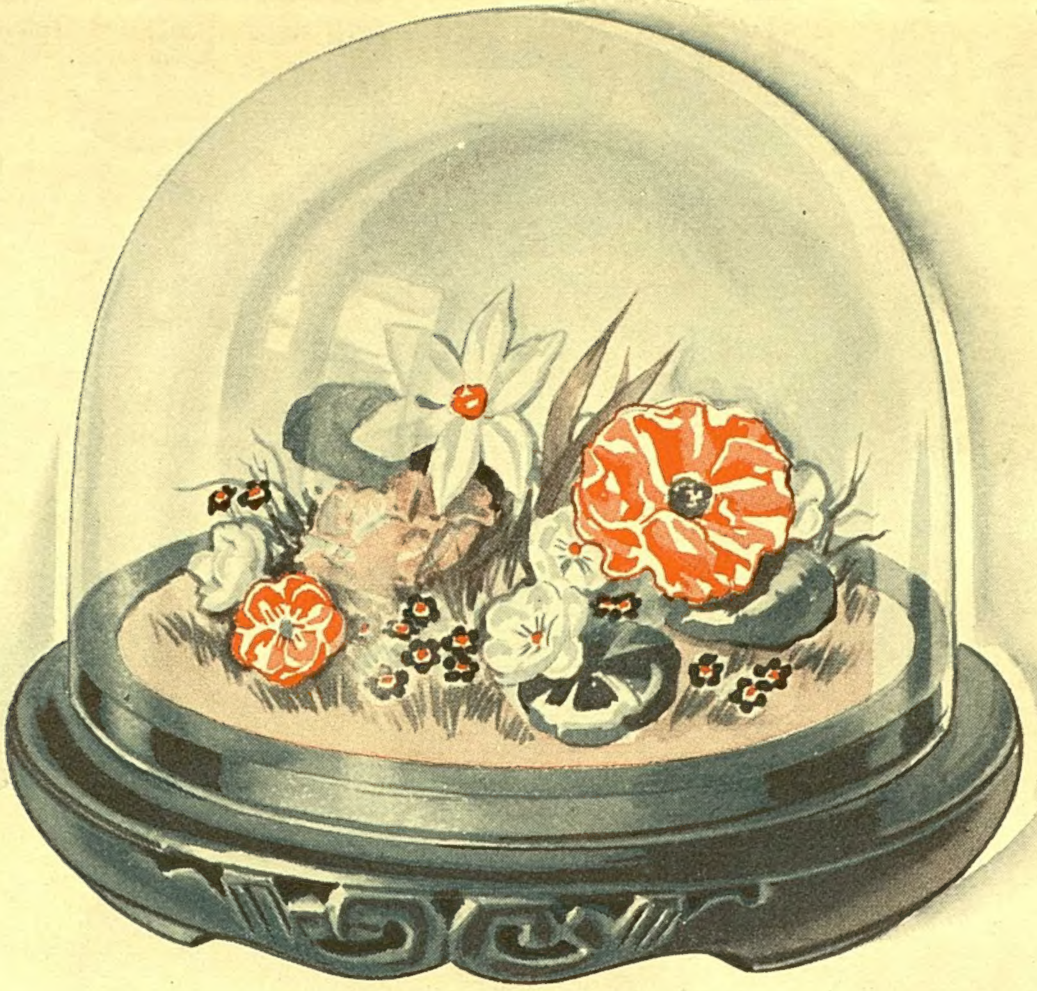

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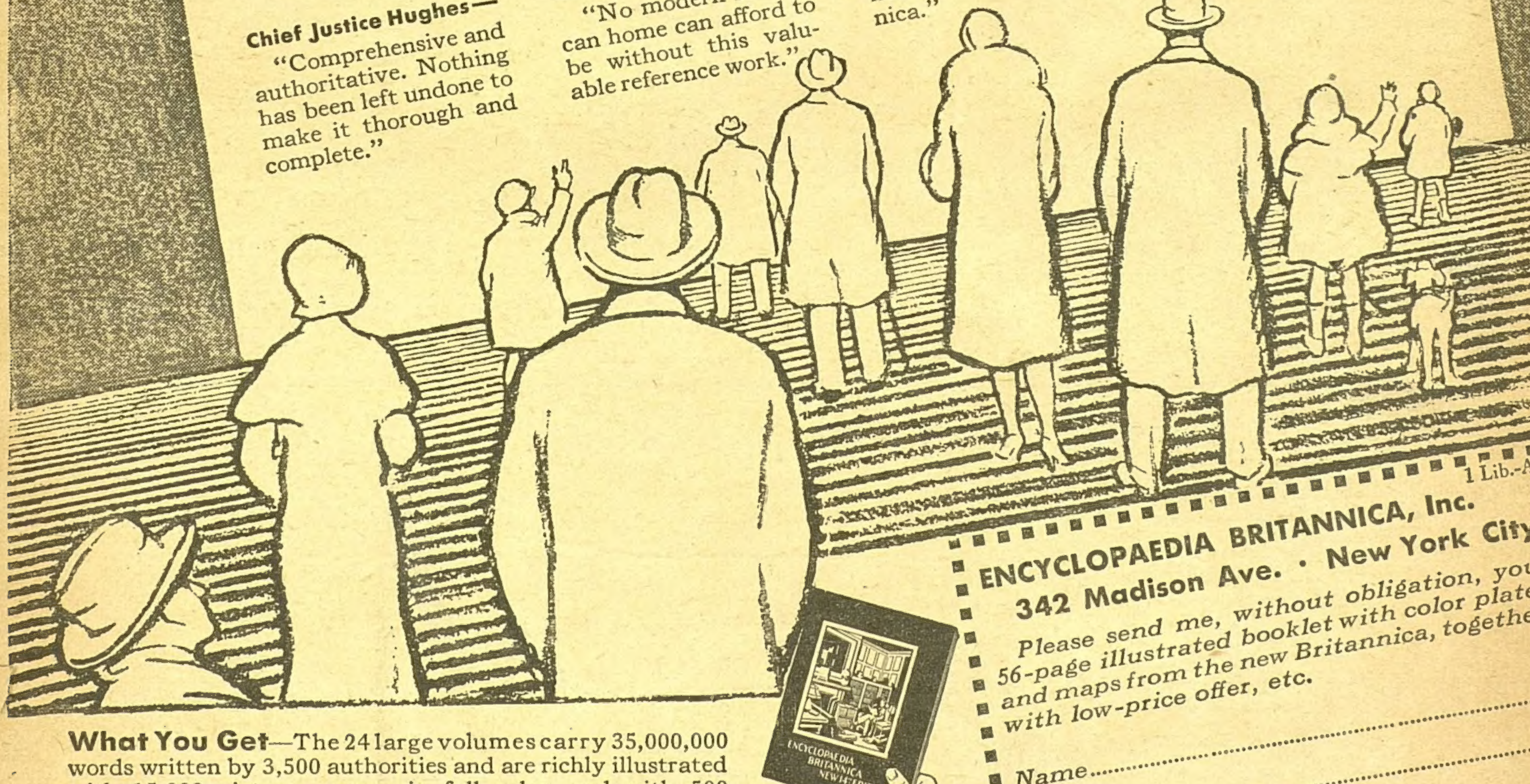

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Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

FEEDING THE HUNGRY

Millions of dollars are being raised to meet the emergency needs of the unemployed this coming winter. Hungry people must be fed, although the idea that to go without food for a day or two means the beginning of starvation is ridiculous.

Dr. Henry S. Tanner fasted for forty days on two occasions, and he was nearly eighty when he died. Many progressive doctors of today advise fasting for a few days as a means of health building, but persons who need such advice are overfed. Those who are in need of funds to pay for food are usually underfed, suffering from the lack of nourishment, and fasting cannot be recommended for them.

But there is one hideous evil that is likely to creep into these charitable activities against which we should be warned. To get something for nothing during a serious emergency is doubtless beneficial on every occasion. But to acquire the habit of getting something for nothing is a destructive influence truly appalling. In fact, there should be no such thing as charity except to meet serious emergencies.

Those who have the responsibility of passing out the huge sums of money that are now being raised to feed the hungry should find some work, productive or otherwise, for those who take advantage of others' liberality. There should be no reward without efforts of some sort. People should be made to work for the food they eat; for the comforts of life they receive.

There are few greater sins than idleness. It is a destructive influence on body, mind, and soul. The body becomes weak, muscles become soft and flaccid, and the mind flabby under such influences.

We should all have to work; there should be no exceptions. Drones and idlers are mischief-makers. They are a danger to any community, to any family. Look around among your own people. Select those who do no work—who are responsible for nothing or nobody—and you will see samples of the bad influence of idleness.

They are often grumbling malcontents; nothing pleases them. The more they get the more they want. Many think that life owes them a living, and the sacrifices that may be made by others to supply their needs are rarely appreciated. They are often ungrateful and dissatisfied—sour on themselves and everybody else. If such people had to work, it would stiffen their spinal columns, give them courage and self-confidence and also the self-respect which comes through honest [illegible]

The destructive influence on the character of those who depend upon charity is always noticeable. Such people ultimately become spiritless, neutral, weak-kneed, and wabbly in mind and body.

The dole system adopted in England to relieve the suffering due to unemployment has changed the character of the English people who have been compelled to subsist on this form of charity. At first they accepted this system hesitatingly—they did not feel it was right to take something they had not earned. But it soon developed into a habit. Then the idea followed that it was due them, and you would hear: "Why should I work when I can live without working? The government owes me a living, anyway."

This is said to be largely the attitude of those who are "on the dole" throughout England, and the amount of unemployment relief has grown to such a huge sum that it is the opinion of some of the officials if it continues to increase it will ultimately bankrupt the government.

The huge sums of money that will be used to relieve suffering should, if possible, be made to serve some useful purpose. Those who receive it should be compelled profitably to serve this purpose. Idle men of spirit do not want charity; they want a job. They want work; a chance to earn a living. And if you take this chance away from them and dole out sufficient to enable them to barely exist, this should not take away their craving to do something—though if continued long enough that is exactly what it will accomplish.

Throughout the animal as well as the human world idleness is punished. The birds and beasts in wild life have to work to find their food. Their days are almost continuously active.

Activity is life. Inactivity, idleness, is a part of death—it *is* death. And it means death to everything that is worth while in human character. Those who have the responsibility of relieving the homeless and hungry should keep this undeniable truth in mind. Make them work for what they receive. If the work is constructive, if it accomplishes something worth while, so much the better.

But it is better to carry bricks from one side of the street to the other, and then carry them back again, than merely to give out money without a thought as to the ultimate harm you may be doing by what might be termed unreasoning charity.

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She thought:
"I don't want to stand next to you in a crowded elevator."
Yet, to be polite,
She said:
"This one's so crowded, I'll wait for the next."

Always some excuse to leave her . . . *until she ended 'B.O.'*

(Body Odor)

"IF ONLY people would be more *sociable*," she thought. But they never seemed to have the time. Pleasant enough to meet for a minute or two. But they never lingered long in her company—seldom invited her twice to their homes.

Then she made a startling discovery. For months—years, perhaps—she had been offending and *didn't know it!* . . . Now she has adopted a simple safeguard against "B.O." —*body odor*. She has many friends, a happy social life. "B.O." no longer keeps her lonely and unpopular.

We offend unknowingly

If "B.O." only *hurt* like a toothache, then we'd *know* when we are guilty. But we get no warning. Though pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing waste daily, we get so used to this ever-present odor that we don't notice it in ourselves!

But with Lifebuoy you can be *sure* of not offending. Pores are purified—every trace of odor banished by its creamy, penetrating, purifying lather. Like millions of others, you'll revel in this delightful soap that leaves you feeling so fresh—so gloriously *clean*.

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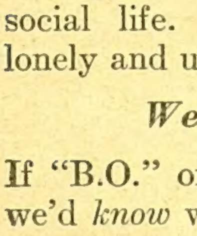

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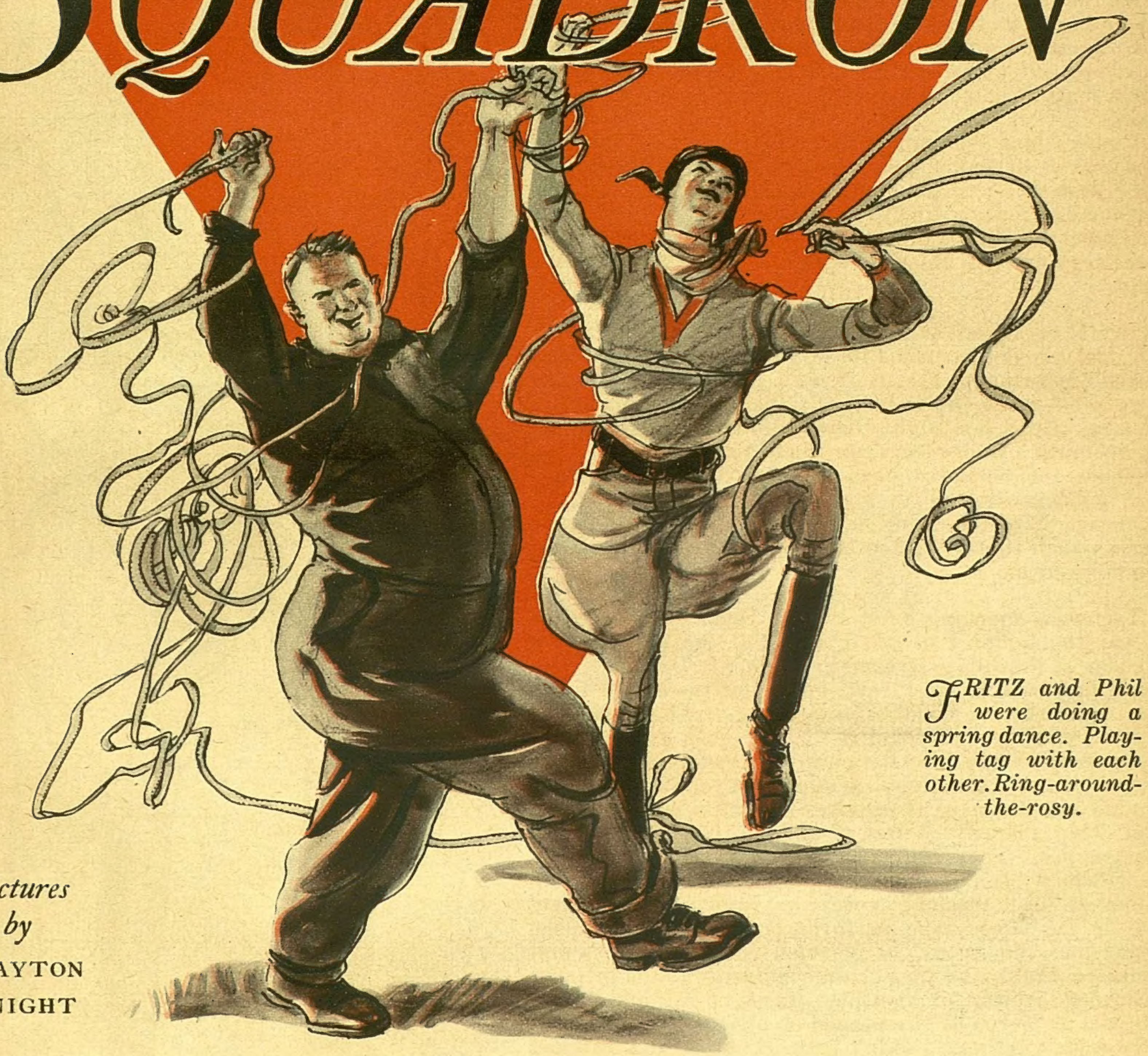
Beginning – LOST SQUADRON



FRITZ and Phil were doing a spring dance. Playing tag with each other. Ring-around-the-rosy.

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

A Story of Flying Death and a Thrill Builder's Finish

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

By DICK GRACE

PART ONE
DOOMED MEN

I'M wanted for murder. Nobody knows it yet. Perhaps I'll be acquitted. I can't afford to take a chance. With the record of my past staring me in the face, it wouldn't be a fair fight. All they've got on me is that they suspect me of transporting ships over the border. If they found out that I bombed the Mexican Federals, got shot down, then flew a rebel general back to the States with $250,000 in gold, I might try to convince anyone but a jury in this part of the world that I didn't kill someone tonight; and if I didn't my intentions were all right.

When the Mexican general forgot to give me the price for saving his neck, I found myself with just enough fare to get me from San Diego to Los Angeles. That meant Hollywood. Hollywood meant motion pictures.

Studios had been trying to outdo each other in making air epics. I was a pilot. I knew I was a cinch to land somewhere, but wherever I went all I heard was, "Pilots? Thrills? If we want those we'll get Captain Gibson!"

"Who the hell is this Gibson?" I finally said. And about that time I landed on the twenty-first step below—headfirst.

One month later I was under his command! I was just in time to be there when he started a squadron of seven.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page seven

He said it was going to be the last he'd ever organize, and if any of those seven bumped off their places would not be filled. When he picked me, all he did was make me go up with our wings tied together and a few more little stunts like that; but after I satisfied him, there was no question of where I'd been, what I'd done, or who I'd done it for. And I'd have done anything for him for that alone.

The last of that bunch to be selected, and the one with the least flying time, was Phil Tate. I'll tell you more about him later, but now before I forget I want to put down the fact that Baker, Baxter, Curwood, and Jackson all got bumped off before that squadron was eight months old. Baxter's wings came off in a dive. They raked Curwood out after the fire got cool enough. The rest don't matter now. They had nothing to do with last night.

Funny thing, though. Three of those flew into the rusty gates of hell the same way—doing thrills for the Epic Motion Picture Company in general and for one Arthur de Forst, a director, in particular.

I never liked de Forst or the star he married (Nena Follette), even if we did work for them most of the time.

WHEN we fished Baxter out with his legs both cut off and his skull crushed in, he had enough brains that weren't pouring to ask us if we'd hang his helmet and goggles on a peg in the hangar. We did. We made it a custom. Until last night there were four full pegs and three empty. Under each was the name of a pilot.

Above the helmeted pegs were pictures of the saps that got knocked off to make thrilling pictures more thrilling. When de Forst saw *that,* the razzing he gave us was such that I wanted to let him have it; but Gibson stopped me.

Yesterday morning I felt awful. Don't know whether it was the liquor I drank or not, but the night was a breeder of insanity. Dreams! Dreams! Dreams! I've never had D. T.'s, but I'll put up any of the crowd I was with against pink snakes and elephants with wings.

Now, don't get me wrong. I had those dreams with my eyes open. As I lay flat on my back staring up at the stucco ceiling, the lines on that uneven stuff moved around and distorted themselves into all sorts of shapes. God, what shapes! Worst of all was that they weren't just shapes. They were faces. Faces of those damned souls who'd been in the squadron—of Baker, Jackson, Curwood. But these faces were not human, nor did they stay in the same shape, or form, or expression. Faces. Sometimes they would be old men with long chins and sunken eyeballs, and then change suddenly to the pitiably deformed, eyeless, or mouthless faces of infants. They laughed or jeered or threatened or pitied.

I couldn't get up. I didn't dare. I stayed and watched as they went from one diseased form to another. The laugh of it all is that with the first light they again settled down to nothing but the uneven ridges of the stucco ceiling, though I lay there a long time trying to relate certain lines with certain faces I had seen.

But you should have seen Gibson! He had a pair of the swellest-looking optics you ever saw. They weren't circles. They were furrows.

"Who wore you out?" I said.

He kept right on inspecting the Wasp on his Boeing Fighter.

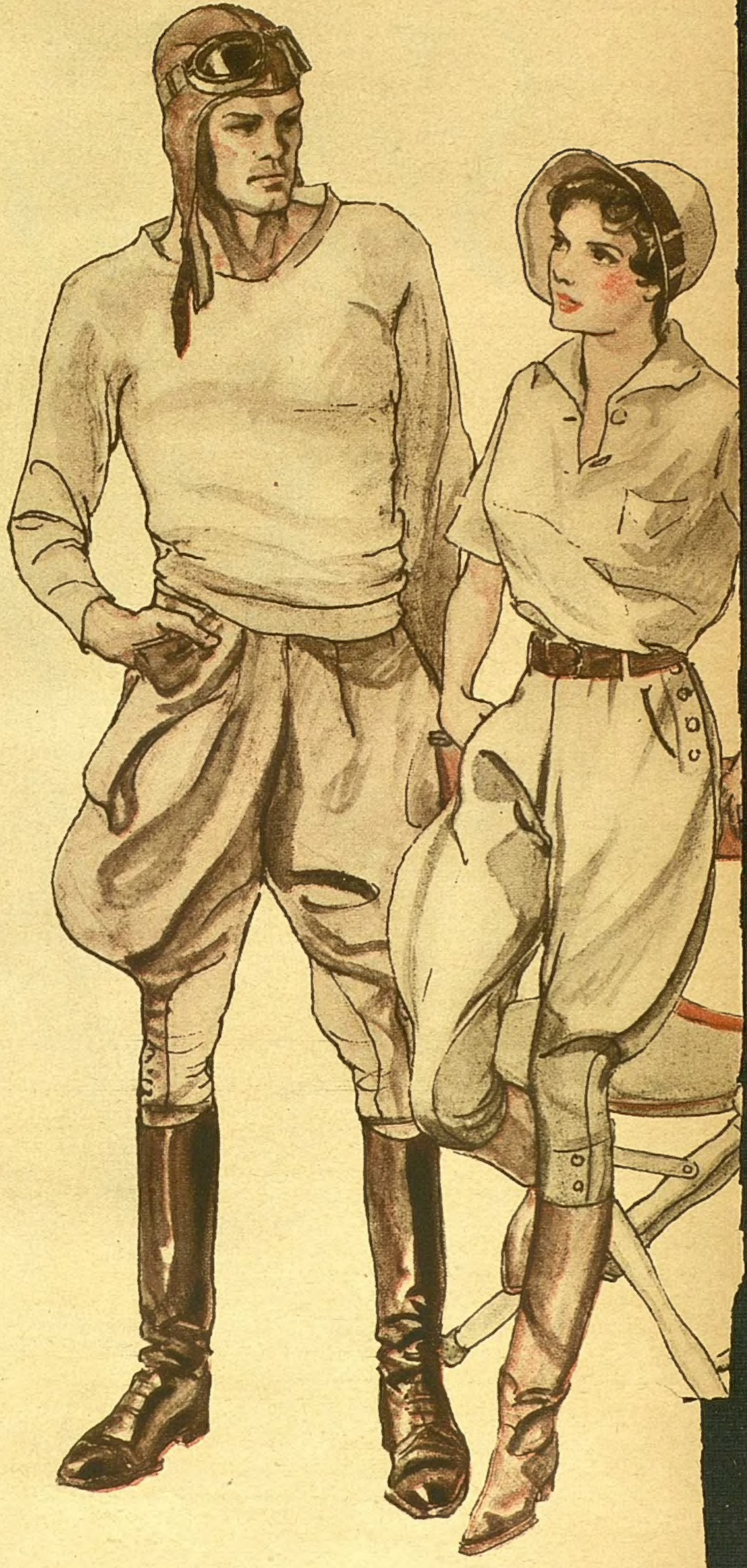
"Maybe the liquor?"

"An awful night," he answered. "Nothing but dreams."

"Sure—dreams of a lot of funny faces," I said, lacking originality enough to think of anything but the night I'd spent.

His hands came off that prop as if he'd been shot. "How the blazes did you know?"

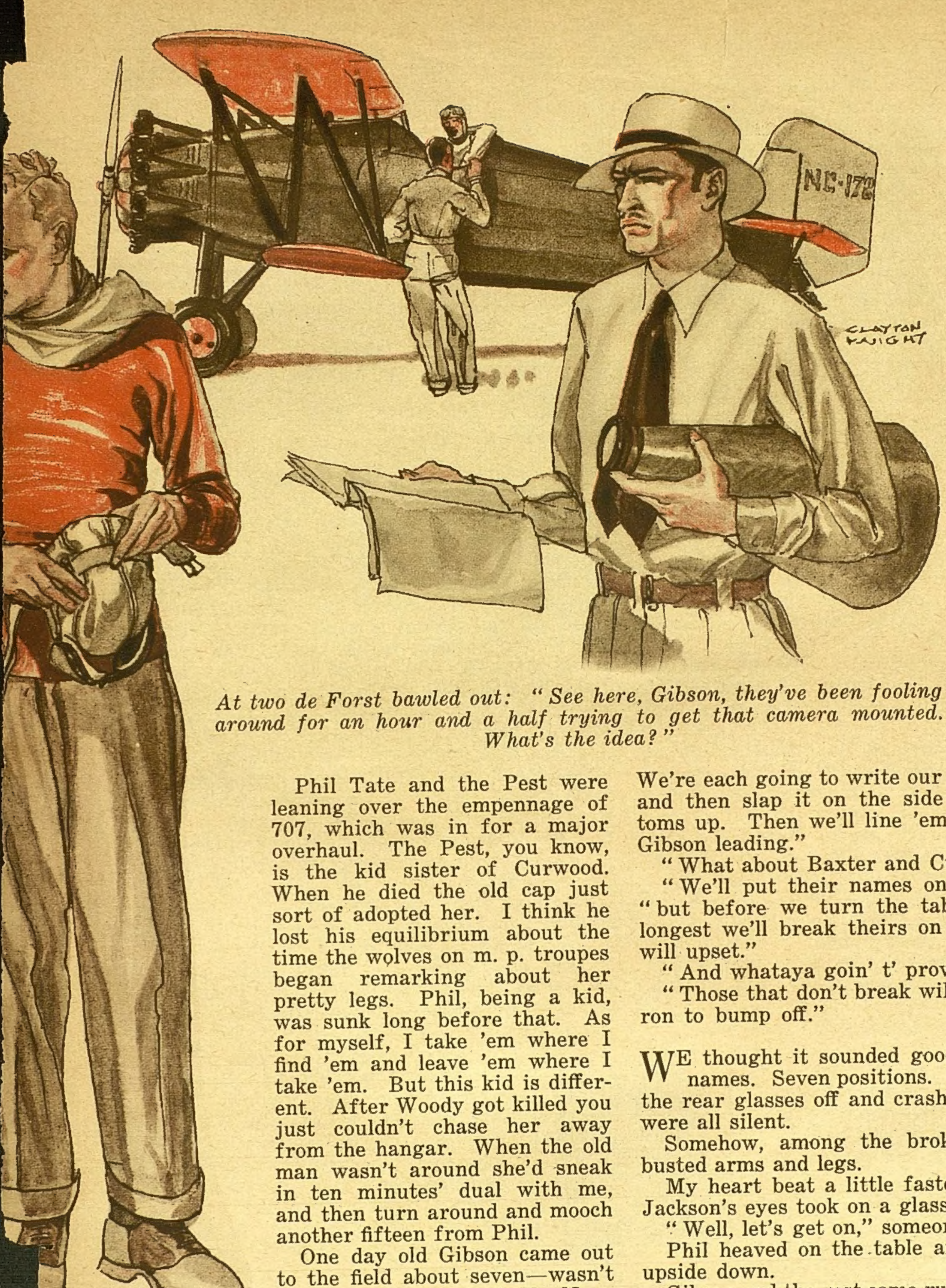
Something sort of went green in my gas container as I went over to the hangar. Before that I wasn't sure that I hadn't swallowed a couple of wiggletails that gave me my first taste of the "pinks."



"I'm stuck," I thought as I slid open the door of the old corrugated-steel hangar. "Stuck with a bunch that hasn't an idea what they're fighting for except to see who can make the least money in a long time and how long it'll take 'em to get killed doing it!"

Nice, pleasant little thoughts for hombres in ou business.

Inside the hangar I found the troupe. De Forst was there with his star. Waldo, the double, was hunting for a pair of step-ins which he'd lost, and Fritz, the only mechanic we have now, was giving him the razz. The tightwad Harding, who is the company business manager, was yelling his head off to a couple of cameramen about late starts on expensive locations.



At two de Forst bawled out: " See here, Gibson, they've been fooling around for an hour and a half trying to get that camera mounted. What's the idea? "

Phil Tate and the Pest were leaning over the empennage of 707, which was in for a major overhaul. The Pest, you know, is the kid sister of Curwood. When he died the old cap just sort of adopted her. I think he lost his equilibrium about the time the wolves on m. p. troupes began remarking about her pretty legs. Phil, being a kid, was sunk long before that. As for myself, I take 'em where I find 'em and leave 'em where I take 'em. But this kid is different. After Woody got killed you just couldn't chase her away from the hangar. When the old man wasn't around she'd sneak in ten minutes' dual with me, and then turn around and mooch another fifteen from Phil.

One day old Gibson came out to the field about seven—wasn't due for an hour and a half. None of us had to be there until eight. He was as much surprised as we. When Fritz saw him look at his watch, the big elephant put his tail between his legs and slunk away.

" It's great to see all you fellows here early," said Gibson, " but what's the big idea? "

" Idea? " questioned Phil, dumbly innocent.

" *The* idea? " I asked, sort of intelligent.

And about that time the fireworks broke. Five thousand up, a J-5 could be heard rattling off revolutions that no tachometer could count.

Gibson looked up just as the ship pulled into the first loop. He watched through the second, forgot to count the third, counted the fourth. At the tenth he turned to us and said, " Good loops. Not bad at all. Who feels so hot this morning? "

Fritz was gone. Phil was tying a boot lace. All I was doing was rolling a pill. My hands were sort of shaky as I answered:

" Why, that's the Pest. It's her first solo! "

The whole bunch of us got the gate and weren't hired back until that night.

Gibson gave a party for the Pest at the Roosevelt. At that time there were five of us living—Baker, Jackson, Phil, Gibson, and myself. Fritz was there, too. He and his 250 pounds of glub mixed the drinks up in the suite after dinner. Two o'clock found us all pretty tight—that is, all but Gibson and the Pest, who were sitting in another room talking over her first flight. It was then that Phil got a brilliant idea.

" Let's see who'll live the longest of the bunch," he said. " I just dropped two glasses. One broke and the other didn't. That shows that glasses are either easy or hard to break. O. K. We're each going to write our name, dip it in our drink, and then slap it on the side of the glass—after bottoms up. Then we'll line 'em up in V formation with Gibson leading."

" What about Baxter and Curwood? " I asked.

" We'll put their names on glasses, too," said Phil; " but before we turn the table over to see who lives longest we'll break theirs on the spot where the table will upset."

" And whataya goin' t' prove? " said Jackson thickly.

" Those that don't break will be the last of the squadron to bump off."

WE thought it sounded good. Seven glasses. Seven names. Seven positions. We were all set. Phil took the rear glasses off and crashed them to the floor. We were all silent.

Somehow, among the broken splinters I could see busted arms and legs.

My heart beat a little faster. Phil was not smiling. Jackson's eyes took on a glassy stare.

" Well, let's get on," someone said.

Phil heaved on the table and the whole mess turned upside down.

Gibson and the rest came running.

" What's up? " he said angrily.

We all stood around uncomfortably. Finally Jackson told him. And he didn't laugh. Far from it.

One glass rolled lazily from under the table just at that moment.

I'd have given a year's salary for a look at the name on it. Gibson stopped me.

" Get over there, you! " he said funnily. " Get over with the rest of them."

He went to the table. Picked up the glass that rolled out. Put the name in his pocket.

" Now, all you get out of here! Time to break up anyway. Go on."

We slunk out. Gibson was a little pale.

I don't know how I got to thinking of those glasses—some broken, some not—as I sat at the old captain's desk gazing over at Phil and the Pest. I looked up at those three unfilled pegs on the wall and wondered whose

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page nine]

mug would be plastered above his helmet and goggles next.

It made me sick of the whole business. I was bitter. We got no big salaries—nor any headlines. When any of us got it, there was a little article on the second page. Not even the star or the name of the picture would be mentioned. We don't even get screen credit. They all believe out here that if you mentioned a flyer other than the God-almighty star it would detract from the prestige of the big he-man idol. They're supposed to do all their flying, all their stunts, all their crashes.

A laugh? Well, the sap public eats it up. Why, you couldn't tell 'em that the vaseline-haired, weak-minded Harold Natwood stood on the ground and *watched* those dog fights. Not by the wildest stretch of your imagination. They don't stop to think of anything. As if any modoc, even any pilot, could do some of the things we call play.

How do they think that Goodwin could have been in that crash Gibson did in Last Up and lived? Old cap hit the dirt doing ninety-five, turned over three times, tore both wings off, and after it was all over held his position until the star had powdered his make-up enough so he felt he could stand the close-ups.

Well, they're not all faked or double-printed; and I'm here to tell you that they're not done by the stars. The only ones who hold transport licenses at all are Wally Beery and Ben Lyons. Some day maybe they will do thrills for a picture.

Motors never got into my pants until I got into this game. But about this time I felt as if I were sitting on a nine-cylinder radial that was hitting on seven with a broken engine support.

At ten o'clock Harding became so insistent that de Forst finally quit arguing with Miss Follette and ordered all the ships on the line. That didn't mean anything to me, because they'd been on the line, oiled and gassed, since seven o'clock. But I gathered my helmet and goggles and made as if I were just about to take off for Paris. Gibson already had had the Boeing up for a test. He'd had some carburetor trouble with the Wasp. That wasn't good, because he was on schedule for a flock of inverted stuff near the ground.

We flew a couple of formations of three, strafed the hangars, and put on a knockout dog fight. By that time it was twelve thirty.

That came near being the last lunch I ever ate.

At two de Forst bawled out:

"See here, Gibson, they've been fooling around for an hour and a half trying to get that camera mounted on the Steerman. What's the idea?"

"That's up to your crew, not mine," answered the cap shortly.

"If they aren't ready soon I'll think you're stalling to get in day time!"

© Elzin Studio

DICK GRACE

is the greatest of movie plane crashers. He has wrecked thirty-one "ships" to order, and lived to tell about it in magazine articles and in a book, The Squadron of Death.

"THINK what you want," answered Gibson, "only don't try to put the blame on me for it. Those mounts should have been rigged last night."

The Limey property man came up about that time and drew de Forst away. A whispered conversation. A slight grin played about the corners of de Forst's mouth.

"O. K., Gibson," he smiled when he came back. "We'll be ready in five minutes. Warm up the engines."

It was my shot, so I got into the cockpit and started my motor.

De Forst came to me.

"What you've got to get is this. Keep in formation with the camera ship from the time you leave the ground until you get to three thousand. Do a slight dive and then pull up into a snap-roll. Try to finish as near the camera as you can. If it's over fifty feet away the shot's no good."

It didn't sound hard. We've done those things, and worse, in formation.

The altitude was reached. I got the wave signal from the cameraman that he was set and had me in focus. Then I started into a rather sharp dive. Phil, flying camera, wiggled his wings slightly. That meant that I was to pull up and go over.

Slowly at first, and then more quickly as I lost some of my excess speed, I eased back on the stick. I glanced over at Phil. He wasn't twenty feet from me. A yank. A kick. The rudder went to the right of the cockpit. The stick was in my belly. I felt the whip as the ship took it and I watched my wings start to revolve. Phil could not be seen. I was on my back. I felt, though, that he was there and the stunt was buttoned up.

But the stunt was not buttoned up. The tail of the ship struck something. That was my impression. Just a jerky, uneven vibration. It couldn't have been a collision. We would have chewed into each other. Maybe the swinging tail had scraped some part of the other fuselage. Those and some other thoughts passed through my head in an instant. The next, I found myself falling—half inverted.

ALL I really know is that I'm here. A look told me that my flippers were no more—no more—no more. I glanced back just as the last hinge on the left-hand side pulled out, and they floated away, up and out of sight. There's only one control you can't do without on an airplane and get away with it. Your flippers. If ailerons go you can come in. Landing into the wind is O. K. without rudder if you're smart. Flippers? When you've got nothing to say about how suddenly you're going down, then you're just out of luck. You're through. Fold your hands, give a prayer or a hearty old curse, and think of all the tears the girl friend will weep—on someone else's shoulder.

For a thousand I sat there without moving a hand; looked back, saw Phil still following me—kept going. Sure, they'd catch it in the camera. Phil would be trying to do something for me, and old man de Forst's henchman would be getting me right down to the crack-up.

Crack-up reminded me of something. Sometime this ride would end.

My head went over the side to see what part of the country I had picked for a burial spot. I couldn't see any ground at all. I was headed for the sky. I looked up. It was blue above. It didn't make sense. Couldn't be sky at the two ends. I knew I wasn't in a tight spiral. The pressure would have been on my pants instead of my stomach.

Then I got it. It was funny to me. I laughed. I laughed and laughed. Sap! I was over the ocean. Not five miles from the spot where Ross Cook and Hal Rouse had collided and had come down in fire. Then ten men had gone into that Squadron of Death. Now another.

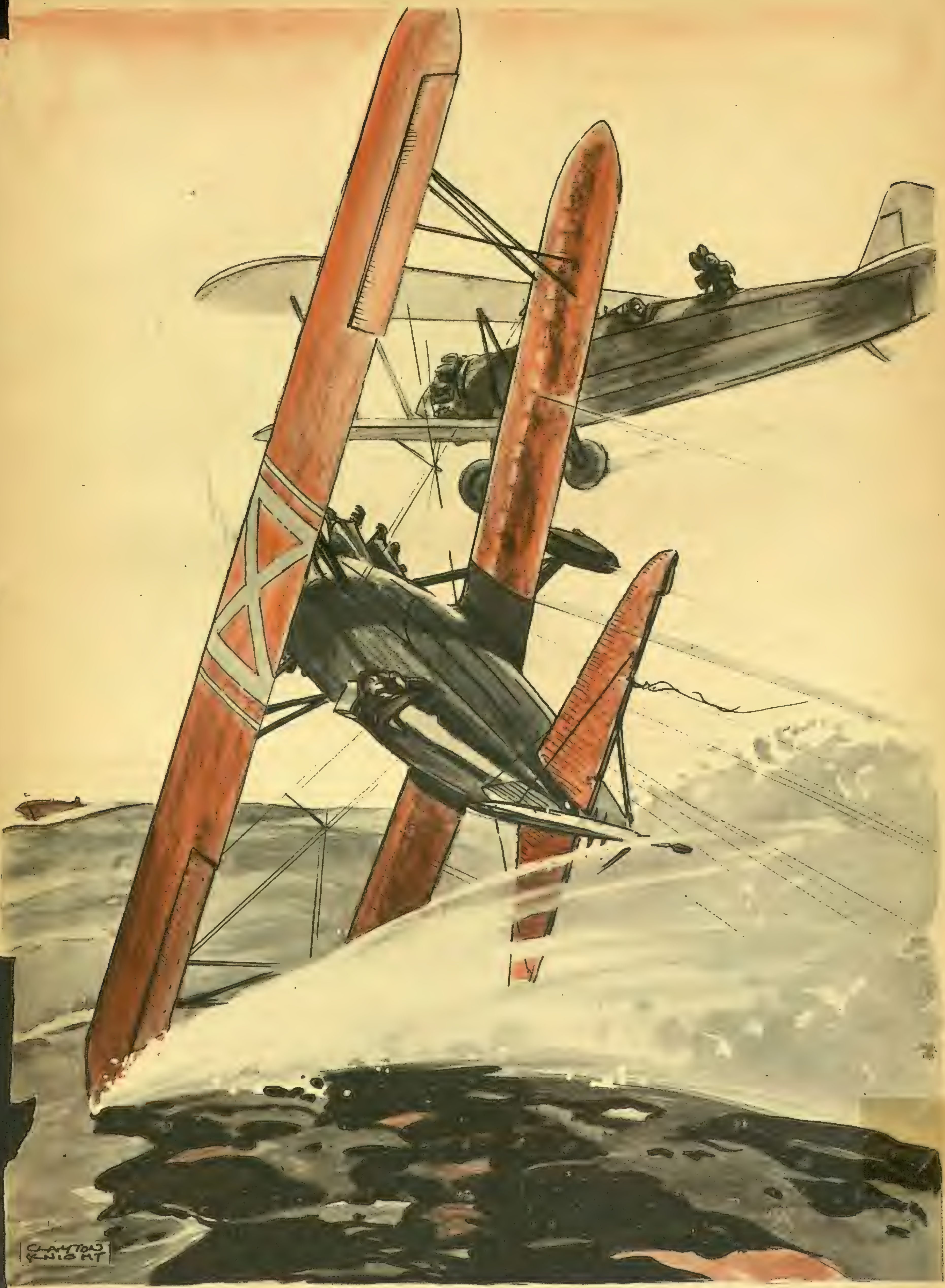
But I was a coward. I wanted to live. Baker, Baxter, Jackson, Curwood. Had they felt the same way or had they plunged into hell satisfied that they had sacrificed their lives for something grand and noble and everlasting? Maybe.

I'm different. Not one of them left a milestone by which they are given credit. The public never knew them. Directors never cared about them. They are lost and completely forgotten.

I prayed. I cursed. I struggled. Once I almost unfastened the belt and hurled myself out. What did I care for pictures, for the shot, for de Forst? Nothing was worth anything now! I was trapped. I had to sit there. The mechanical motor on the camera plane would be humming away, slowly grinding footage that would make a real thrill.

A wizened glimmer of a thought spark cut capers in my brain. Over ocean. Over water. "What's the difference?" I argued. "I'm through. It'll hit so hard it won't make any difference." Anyway, if I wasn't killed I'd be knocked out. Drowned like the rat that ate a hole through the bottom of a boat. Only he had revenge.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE]


CLAYTON KNIGHT

I braced myself. Cut the switch. I remember slicing the wing through the water—hitting.

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page ten

He drowned everyone on the boat. . . . Over water. Over ocean.

I jerked forward in the seat. There was a possible way out. If I'd been on land I'd have been killed trying it. Over ocean?

My hands pushed the stick to the side of the fuselage. The ship banked crazily on its downward path. Kicked rudder and the nose lifted. I was in a vertical. I was in a vertical bank! I had a little control now. In such a position the controls are reversed. Now I had flippers, but no rudder.

I slipped off and got back to position just fifty feet above the surface.

How that baby was traveling! At least a hundred and ten. Must crash. A quick look. I braced myself. Stalled the speed as much as I could. Cut the switch.

Whose glass had rolled out from under the table on that party? Was it mine? I kept asking.

I remember slicing the wing through the water—hitting. A great spray covered me. My belt broke. Goggles and helmeted head went into the instrument board. Water-logged lungs. Dopey dizziness. Fog. Rain. Darkness.

I was breathing. That was queer. I did not expect to breathe. No. Someone was breathing for me. No. Crushing life out of me.

" Cut it out! " I yelled as loud as I could. Somehow, the words did not form themselves on my lips. There was no sound as I uttered them.

I knew I was in a boat from the whir of the propeller and the throb of the motor. I was alive. And I didn't want to be alive. Why couldn't they let me alone?

In fiction they have the one who escapes lying comfortably on a pillow or a folded coat, looking up into the eyes of a beautiful woman. My optics floated down to a gunny sack flung across a brace, and focused on a pile of sea water and green bile.

My arms swung out and my feet kicked at the fool who was shoving and pulling at me, and finally I rolled over.

The fog fell from my brain. I looked up at Steve, who runs the speed boats at Venice.

" How you feel now, son? "

I vomited at him.

" Atta boy. Do you good."

I swore at him.

" Whyncha let me—bwah—"

If my stomach would only—

" I'm not rocking the boat," he said.

Then I guess I smiled.

A mile from shore I was thanking him for rescuing me.

He insisted that he found me on top of part of a floating wing.

THE boat docked at a landing near the roller coaster. Fritz and Phil were there to help me off.

" Hell, no! " I said. " I'm going to the field."

Great moonlike raindrops floated down Fritz' fat cheeks. You could hardly tell whether it was grease spots or the splotches that he calls freckles which came off with them.

" Guess your glass didn't break," beamed Phil.

" Guess not," I said. " Elevators fell off."

" Elevators! God! "

" Came in in a vertical."

" But I just put new pins and fittings in yesterday! " exploded Fritz.

" And no safeties," I added.

" Who says I didn't? "

" Well, I lost."

" They got the film of it," said Phil.

" I didn't pull up stiff at all. Kicked 'er into a roll and boom," I argued.

" Don't talk. I saw 'em go."

" Somebody pulled pins on that job—bet my neck," Fritz swore.

We stopped in front of an emergency hospital.

" I said go to the field. Who d'you think I am—someone's servant? My life's my own—"

" Shut up! You're living on velvet from now on," cut in Fritz.

" You go take a flying leap at yourself."

" How about a quart of Black and White? " he said.

We stopped and Fritz got the liquor from the doctor, and then we drove to the field.

Everyone surrounded the car, which was driven up near the camera ship.

De Forst came up, all smiles.

" Great stunt! " he said. " Be the wallop in the picture."

" What's the bonus? " I asked.

" Bonus? "—Harding, the business manager.

" Expect to get paid to take a bath? " said de Forst.

" No," I said.

I HAD to heave again. The liquor wasn't setting so good.

I whispered to Phil. Phil whispered to Fritz. They got out of the car. Nobody paid any attention to them.

Gibson came in beside me. The old man was pale as a sheet.

" I wouldn't go to meet you," he said, looking away. " I never expected to see you like this."

" I know," I said as I shook his hand.

Friendship is a grand thing. It's awful to be human at any time.

About that time Fritz and Phil came back. Fritz looked bigger than he did at the party at the Roosevelt when they sat him on two chairs for the dinner.

And he and Phil were doing a spring dance. Playing tag with each other. Ring-around-the-rosy.

Above their heads, all about their filthy, greasy clothes, and under their feet I could see a funny-looking milky strip of white ribbon.

There was a fluttering of arms. Stein, the cameraman, came yelling toward them. " They've ruined it. Help! They've ruined it."

And from the background came the roar of the lion: " Let me at 'em! I'll kill the double-crossing muckers. Let me at 'em, I say! "

Fritz stopped.

His hand dug into the hip pocket of his overalls, and when it popped out it held the light end of a ten-inch Stillson wrench.

" Sure, let him at me. Don't stop him now," he grinned.

Gibson jumped from the auto and in seconds was in the center of the bunch.

" Cut it out—you, de Forst and Stein! What's up? "

" The traitors opened the magazine. That stuff around their necks is the negative of the crack-up."

" Is it? " said Gibson icily to Fritz.

" Sure. Didn't he just say Red wouldn't get paid fo it? It ain't de Forst's. It's Red's."

" You're fired! " said de Forst hotly.

" You two fellows go to the hangar," ordered Gibson. He followed them.

But as he passed the automobile where I was lying, he winked.

To gamble with death was the job of those in Gibson's squadron. But a far deadlier peril than that of stunt flying hung over these lost men. You'll catch a glimpse of this strange doom in next week's installment.

The Real Story of Why Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor Could Not Find Happiness in Marriage

A Champion's WIFE Retires from the Ring

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 31 minutes 15 seconds.)

"WHAT happened to Dempsey?"

After the Tunney fight in Philadelphia that question became a ritual. When Dempsey got off the train in Reno and announced that he was there to get a divorce from his wife, Estelle Taylor, a hundred million people began asking it all over again.

The superheadlined romance of the world's heavyweight champion and the screen's most exotic beauty lay tattered in Reno's divorce mart.

Those who knew Jack realized the tragedy of this final loss. There were three important things in the big fellow's life: The title. Jack Kearns. Estelle Taylor Dempsey.

Now all were gone.

Jack blamed the separation upon Estelle's career. To Mark Kelly, sporting editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, he said, "I want a home, a family, and family life. She doesn't. I am stepping aside against my own wishes."

Estelle said as little as she was allowed to say by hordes of persistent and clever reporters, and she clothed that little in the dry wit which so often causes her to be misunderstood.

Then the trouble began.

Reams were printed. Ink flowed in all directions. Unbelievable tales were whispered. Prejudice was rife. Feeling ran high.

The question, "What's really back of the Dempsey divorce?" became the main topic of conversation in a lot of places.

The stark truth was buried from sight beneath floods of attacks, of defenses. It had to be some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Estelle Taylor. "Her black eyes, her heavy, dark hair, her full red mouth suggest Cleopatra."

The picture below shows Dempsey as he looked at the dazzling height of his ring career.

Acme photo

Wide World photo

Jack and Estelle happy together beside the pool in the grounds about their home.

A CHAMPION'S WIFE RETIRES FROM THE RING
Continued from page thirteen

body's fault apparently, and the torch was passed back and forth according to everyone's personal likes and dislikes. While Jack wept in Reno, and Estelle, white and smiling, sat alone in the empty house where once they had loved each other, the Dempsey-Taylor divorce was kicked around until nobody knew what had happened.

One fairly well known columnist drew, for thousands to read, a picture of an ambitious, unscrupulous, calculating woman, jealous of her husband's fame, openly and nastily superior in her culture to the man whose name she bore, ungraciously barring his friends from the home he had given her, meanly ashamed of being a prize fighter's wife, bored with his career and wrapped up in her own.

That picture was supposed to be Estelle Taylor.

BESIDE it was presented another picture—a naïve boy, wistfully eating his heart out for a quiet, domestic home, weeping in secret over the babies that hadn't come to their house, a St. Anthony where women were concerned, a Volstead as to liquor, a generous and stainless knight devoting his life to the service of an ungrateful woman.

That was supposed to be Jack Dempsey.

Both pictures were false and slightly ridiculous.

Others of similar ilk grew into tidal waves of gossip.

The important thing is that all that is unjust.

The general effect conveyed was that Jack and Estelle were not only about to be divorced, but that they were slinging mud like a couple of ward politicians. Yet, if you will search carefully for quotation marks, you will discover that Jack was chary of his words and that Estelle said nothing, since to defend herself must be to attack Jack.

Jack's overzealous friends made him appear ungallant.

He and Estelle Taylor are two very human people.

They loved each other madly.

In any normal circumstances, they might have lived out an ardent and picturesque romance.

Let me tell you this: Estelle came to the decision for divorce—it was her decision—with a sick heart and a sore mind.

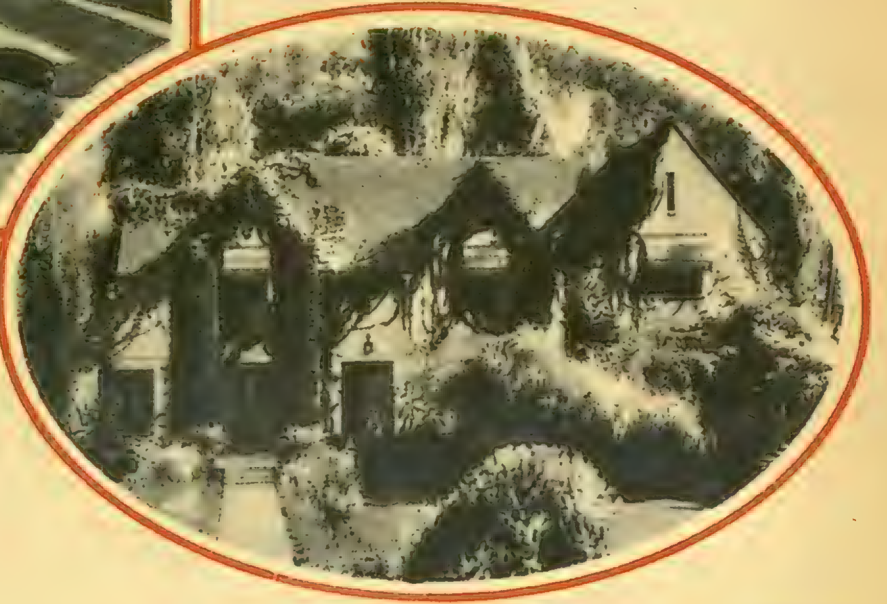
She was driven into that desperate situation where a woman says farewell to hope and victory—" peace at any price." Peace at the price of separation from the man she still loves. Peace at the price of defeat, of loneliness, of ugly criticism.

In their years of courtship, their years of marriage, I don't think Jack and Estelle ever knew a moment's peace. Those sacred times when a man and woman go alone to the mountain top and find strength to meet the wear and tear of everyday living were denied them.

The world was too much with them.

I do not pretend to be Estelle's closest friend nor the confidante of Jack's soul secrets. But I have honestly traced, through their own words and actions, through irrefutable facts and indisputable results, the real story of the Dempsey-Taylor separation. I am very fond of Estelle. I like and respect Dempsey. I know I am impartial. And I say to you that this was not a personal, private war, but a tragedy of Americana.

Jack Dempsey has lived in constant turmoil ever since he won the heavyweight championship from Willard. As a matter of fact, he has lived in a turmoil ever since he put on his first pair of boxing gloves.



Acme photo

This house in Los Angeles was their home.

For fifteen years he has been the stormy petrel of the sporting world. Blackguarded and glorified, sued and suing, accused and defended, idolized and ridiculed, he has moved, a magnetic, dramatized dervish against a mad background.

Hated in victory, worshiped in defeat, Dempsey has drawn the world's spotlight and held it as no other prize fighter, no champion of any sport, has ever done.

Had he been conquered by a popular fighter instead of by Tunney, Dempsey would have faded into those gray regions where ex-champs abide. Had he been cleanly defeated, without the mystery of Philadelphia and the " long count " of Chicago, he would have been forgotten.

But then he wouldn't have been Dempsey.

THE man has a peculiar dramatic quality which keeps him vividly alive before even the people who care nothing for prize fights. William Allen White once remarked that while Teddy Roosevelt could trip over a match and make it seem exciting, Woodrow Wilson could fall out of an airplane and make it appear tame.

Dempsey belongs to the Rooseveltian school. It's a great thing for business, but it must have been frightfully difficult to live with. Especially for Estelle, who in private life is Wilsonian.

If at thirty-six Dempsey has a desire for peace, for domesticity, it is something new.

I spent an afternoon in the " morgue " of the Los Angeles Examiner looking over the back files on Dempsey. There, in steel drawers, are kept a series of cards which record just about every story that has ever been printed about anyone.

Jack Dempsey's cards occupy a whole drawer.

You see him moving through them, a dark, powerful man with the body of a god and the face of a fighter—that fighting face that passes swift as light from the smile of a happy child to the black menace of a murderer

Acme photo

Estelle, as champion's wife, taking a boxing lesson from her husband. At the left is Jack ("Doc") Kearns, the manager who guided Dempsey to the title.

Beside him walks the strange, cold genius who made him what he was—Jack Kearns.

Dragging with him a horde of relatives, he fought his way from box cars to palaces, leaving in his wake the massacred mountain of flesh that was Willard, the broken rapier that was Carpentier, the roaring Bull of the Pampas, Firpo, who roared no more.

We may not see again in our day primitive man as Jack Dempsey showed him to us in the seventh round against Tunney in Chicago. In swift, incredible seconds we saw life in the raw, as it was before civilization came. And a hundred and twenty thousand people cheered that desperate, crouching, swinging, weaving figure, with the heart of a lion and the guts of a bulldog, that figure which wouldn't stop. And a hundred and twenty thousand people wept when, after he had conquered his enemy, time defeated him.

He *fought*, that man. We love a fighter.

BUT the fighter alone couldn't have won and held hearts. It is Jack's smile, his gentleness, his kindliness. It is the pathos of his evident confusion in face of life, that confusion which keeps him trying to find what is the right thing to do. It is his loyalty to his old friends; his devotion to his family; his pleasant, modest air of being grateful for affection, for admiration. All those are old, endearing traits which never fail.

Utterly lacking culture and education, he is yet a gentleman. The Manassa Mauler opens a door for a lady because it is the kind, the helpful thing to do.

He came from nothing and he came by the hardest route. Jim Corbett says, "It is a hard, hard road to the top." Dempsey was a bum, a pork-and-beaner, a challenger. He went through all the brutality and mess of the racket before he got into the big money.

Whether he would ever have succeeded without Kearns, I don't know. Most sporting authorities think he would not. Kearns with his vision saw Dempsey not only as a great fighter but as a twenty-four-sheet character. A drawing card. A man who would bring millions into the box office where only thousands had come before.

He made Dempsey a champ and he made him a fortune. He kept him champ and he kept his fortune for him. When they split, both title and fortune went.

Kearns' methods were strange and tortuous. But they worked. Dempsey became champion. Up in the big dough. The center of great crowds. Top of the toughest, hardest, most devious sports racket the world has ever known. The primrose-bordered paths he walked were twisted and full of pitfalls. Exalted as he was, he knew the pack of wolves that trailed the leader, eating of his kill while he killed, but ready to eat him if he failed.

The champion of the world.

That was the man Estelle Taylor met, loved, married.

No naïve boy, believe me.

A boyish personality, yes. A modest, rather shy manner. A generous, free-handed soul. The pleasantest company imaginable. Sit at a bridge table with him and marvel, if you saw him fight Firpo, at his soft speech, his ready laugh, his unfailing courtesy. Watch him on the dance floor, those punching shoulders incased in a dress coat which the Prince of Wales might envy. A man of great attraction. No cauliflower ears. All that is true.

But how can he be a naïve boy? How could he possibly be all gentleness and innocence? Look at his background. Look at his experience. Look at the things he's been through, the places in which he's lived, the very game of which he was king. Nor was he inexperienced with women. No easy mark, to have his senses dazzled by a worldly siren and be led from the path of his own desire. Before he met Estelle Taylor he was reported engaged to Bebe Daniels, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Doris Deane, Ann Pennington, Florence Walton, and Mary Lewis—among others.

If he was searching then for a home, a family, and domestic life, he picked strange fields in which to find them.

Possibly he wasn't engaged to all or any of them. There can be no question but that he was in love with Bebe, along with most of the other single men in Hollywood. But in those days Bebe didn't want to marry anyone. The point is that the list above shows the kind of women who attracted him, the brilliant, fascinating women of the stage and screen who, however fine of character they may be, have never been noted for domesticity.

IN his way Dempsey was always a ladies' man. How could he help it? Women followed him in droves. Not only the women who always swarm about a champion, but women of position and charm. Dempsey is one of the most attractive men to women I have ever seen.

Women were always one of Kearns' problems with his champ. Nothing wrong about that. He was unmarried, young, strong, and normal. You hardly expect a heavyweight to be a monk.

Then he saw Estelle Taylor on the screen. His best friend, Mervyn Le Roy, now one of Hollywood's most successful directors, was with him. They walked out into Hollywood Boulevard. Jack was silent for two blocks. Then he said, "That's the most beautiful woman in the world. I must meet her."

The next day Merv introduced them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHAMPION'S WIFE RETIRES FROM THE RING

Continued from page fifteen

There was no question about Dempsey. He was sunk from the start.

I have heard people say that Estelle made up her mind to marry Jack Dempsey for his title and his money, and that she put it over. Everyone who knew them well during the two years before they were married flatly contradicts such a theory. The idea seems silly to me. I know that at that time Estelle Taylor was on the crest of the wave. There was every reason to believe that she would be one of the great picture stars. And if she had wanted to marry money, she could easily have married more than Jack Dempsey was ever likely to possess.

Nor is it true that the then omnipotent Kearns opposed the match and that he and Estelle were bitter enemies.

Far from it. A few days before the wedding Dempsey talked it all over with Kearns. If you have followed the meteor of Dempsey's career, you know that he has always had one great failing: he finds the utmost difficulty in making up his mind. Whatever he is about to do always seems to him to be an amazing phenomenon. He dislikes to take any decisive step.

He said to Kearns: "I'm going to get married. Do you think that's O. K.? Do you think marriage will be a good thing for me—or not?"

Jack always did like kids, and it's mutual.

Kearns gave him one of those cold and penetrating glances. "I'd rather see you married than not," said he. "You'll get into a lot less trouble. I don't know that Taylor's the girl I would have picked out for you, but I don't have to pick your wife. I only have to pick the guys you fight."

Does it seem impossible to you that these two people really loved each other? Did there have to be an ulterior motive on either side? Couldn't they have married because they desired to belong to each other and to live together as man and wife?

Believe me, that is why they married—a good deal like the rest of us.

DEMPSEY wooed and won her in an impassioned courtship that would have suited the readers of Elinor Glyn. In the beginning she wasn't in love with him. I don't think he was the kind of man who was most likely to appeal to her in the abstract. But in person, beneath the spell of his charm, his adoration, his physical appeal, she yielded. I think he always knew that she didn't care as much as he did. But that again is true of most couples. There is one who loves more than the other. In this case it was Jack.

He fell in love with her picture on the screen. Always he has loved her best for her beauty. And that dark, exotic beauty, filled with promises of passion and romance, held him even when he came to resent her ways and acts, without quite knowing what he resented or why.

The strange thing is that Estelle belies her looks when you know her.

To see her is to envision purple couches, jeweled fans, orchids, and tiger skins. Her black eyes, her heavy dark hair, her full red mouth against the ivory skin, her luscious body suggest the days and nights of Cleopatra.

As a matter of fact, that dark coloring comes from Holland-Dutch ancestors. The practical strain of that imperturbable race is strong in Estelle Dempsey.

Her most vivid and unforgettable characteristic is a strong sense of humor.

That sense of humor was a stumblingblock, an irritant, a gage of battle all through her marriage. Jack hasn't a glimmer. I don't mean he can't see a joke. Of course he can. But that deep inner humor that allows you to kid yourself, that makes you see your own tragedies as a little absurd, that twists a smile around defeat, is missing in the Dempsey make-up. Perhaps it's just as well. I know a number of geniuses in Hollywood who have been destroyed by elephantiasis of the sense of humor.

ESTELLE looks romantic, passionate, dramatic.

Actually she is as honest as the day in speech and manner, she is definitely humorous, and she is to an amazing degree self-sufficient. She may look as if she'd melt in your arms, but there isn't much of the clinging vine about Mrs. Jack Dempsey. Her speech is dry, definite, and peels the hide off a situation. There is less feminine vanity, less pretense, less affectation about her than about any other beautiful woman I have known. And she is intolerant of pretense in others. She "calls" pretense—and makes enemies.

Her view of humanity is slightly bitter, slightly ironic. Not a very pleasing spectacle, she seems to say, but one which, if taken with a very large dose of humor and a sane determination to get the most out of it, can be endured.

Ambitious she certainly is and always has been. Her view of life as a deck stacked against women motivates some of that ambition. She knows that a beautiful woman can best enjoy life if she holds a few trumps. Being able, in a pinch, to pay the first-of-the-month bills herself is an ace in the hole.

I imagine she could be, and to Dempsey must often have been, a very disconcerting person. That low, husky voice suddenly saying vitally true and honest things in a dry, humorous way. Those deep, dark eyes dancing with humor. That frank, clear, disillusioning brain striking through a lot of murky and muggy and dramatized stuff which Dempsey's more emotional and less clear mind had confused with reality.

And so they were married. The dynamic, emotional, vital, vacillating champion and the cool, humorous, worldly-wise screen beauty.

What happened?

Double, double,
Toil and trouble!

That's what happened.

They lived under a microscope. They lived under a spotlight. They lived in columns and on front pages. They lived in a cyclone of talk, talk, talk. In the midst of the whole mad uproar of the fight racket. Surrounded by the everlasting ménage, the necessary entourage, the eternal hangers-on of the champion.

Have you ever been in big training quarters during preparation for a big bout? How'd you like to pitch your domestic tent there year in and year out?

That's what the Dempseys did.

The champion's wife couldn't be right.

If she stayed with his gang, mixed with his friends, why, she was trying to manage his fights and interfere with his career. Petticoat tyranny. If she stepped out-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

WHEN YOU'RE OUT SNARING RABBITS
you set your traps where the rabbits run

DOLLARS, like other quarry, have definite paths. The fifty billion dollars that make up America's annual retail sales volume are not spread out to cover the country like a blanket. To catch your share of retail dollars you have to place your traps where the dollars run.

Of every ten retail dollars, seven are spent in city markets—cities of 10,000 population and over. These are the definite facts determined by the National Census of Retail Distribution. The alert manufacturer, who has always sensed the importance of primary markets, will be quick to take advantage of this confirmation.

It s only common sense to do your selling where people are doing their buying. But city markets mean more than increased volume of business. They mean increased *profits per sale.* Salesmen can make more calls per day—spend less time and money in travel—keep dealers constantly aware of your products. By keeping sales costs low through city concentration, greater profits are being made on static or even diminishing volume.

The problem of dealer contacts is simplified by city concentration. But how about consumer contact?

Liberty—modelled to meet the selling conditions of a modern era—offers the manufacturer 85% concentration of circulation in cities of 10,000 and over—*the most intense city concentration of any major magazine.* Geared to modern tastes, increased living tempo, Liberty has always been the favorite of city readers.

And Liberty cuts the cost of advertising. Where other magazines deliver, on the average, 329 families for every dollar you spend in advertising, Liberty gives you 565. No slight advantage, this, for your post-depression dollar, for it means 70% increased effectiveness for your advertising appropriation!

Reader interest assured through 99% single copy sale—visibility guaranteed by Liberty's modern make-up—buying power proved by 80% concentration among families with incomes of $2,000 and over—no other magazine can fit so well into your 1931-32 selling program as cost-cutting, sales-producing, city-favored Liberty!

A CHAMPION'S WIFE RETIRES FROM THE RING
Continued from page sixteen

side and mingled with her own friends, she was high-hat and a social climber.

If Estelle rebelled against having the fight gang as her only associates, if she didn't want to live continually in the atmosphere of the squared circle with Somebody the Greek and Somebody the Armenian and hear nothing but fight talk, is she to be condemned? If she wanted Jack to broaden himself, to read more, to become the man she believed he could be and would need to be for happiness in later years, was she to be accused of calling attention to his faults?

Picture people were Estelle's people and she liked many of them. Remember, please, that Estelle didn't bring Jack into the movie industry. Nor did she awaken in him the desire to act before the camera and behind the footlights.

Jack had always realized that as a fighter his earning days must have a certain limit. The heavyweight championship has always been a great money-maker, but only part of that big dough has been earned with the gloves. James J. Corbett spent many years as a stage star. Almost every champion has taken flyers into vaudeville and pictures, of late. It's part of the reward of pugilistic preëminence.

Long before he knew Estelle, Dempsey was well known and popular in Hollywood's inner circle. When he was courting Bebe, the most popular girl in cinema society, he spent a great deal of time with her group. Was there any reason why Estelle shouldn't keep him among people he liked and enjoyed?

The Dempseys, Jack and Estelle, in London on their honeymoon.

Long before Estelle became Mrs. Dempsey, Jack was making short-reel films for Universal.

The idea advanced in many quarters that they were separated by lack of understanding of and interest in each other's careers, and by their mutual inability to like each other's friends, doesn't seem to hold water.

Possibly Estelle wasn't an expert on prize fighting. Maybe she wasn't even a real fight fan. But I think, from long conversations I have heard her hold with some of the sports writers, that she knew as much about Jack's profession as the average wife of a bank president knows about mortgages or the average wife of a mechanic knows about carburetors. Her interest was sufficient to drive her almost crazy with anxiety as the time of a title match drew near.

As for her career, Jack loved it. He loved pictures and would have liked to be a great picture star.

PERHAPS Estelle was sore when Jack Dempsey got all the breaks on their co-starring theatrical venture in New York. But she had read the play before they agreed to do it for David Belasco. She knew—she's smart as a whip—that her part was much inferior to Jack's. After much consideration, she decided it would be a wise move for both of them. He says himself that she helped him a great deal in the play.

And it was just about that time that she said to an interviewer: "No one will ever call *him* Mr. Estelle Taylor. If I thought they would I'd quit the movie game tomorrow. People will come to see him on the stage because he is Jack Dempsey. He'll never be a romantic Romeo. He's a man's man and a woman's ideal and he can't be anything else."

And Jack grabbed her, right in front of the reporter, and said, "That sounds pretty good after four years of marriage."

If Mrs. Dempsey didn't mean all that, if she resented her husband's prominence, she was a pretty good sport to play his game like that, wasn't she? Nobody made her do it, you know. I doubt if anybody ever made Estelle do anything.

Let me show you a little of what I mean by the terrible pressure of outside events, the ceaseless barrage, that inevitably led to friction, suspicion, torment, misunderstandings, quarrels between two people, without it being the fault of either.

Soon after they were married came the split with Jack Kearns.

It was promptly laid at Estelle's door and has moldered there to some extent ever since.

To say that Estelle Taylor sundered Kearns and Dempsey is to display an abysmal ignorance of the real dope, which everyone on the inside knows well. It makes good melodrama; it lends itself to elegant situations—the wife who was jealous of the manager, the manager who was jealous of the wife.

FOR instance, what excellent reading was the tale about Jack's nose! Jack, 'twas said, had his nose all prettied up because Estelle made him do it. Kearns objected to changing his fighter. Kearns and Estelle went to the mat about it and Jack defended his wife.

Now, the truth is that Jack had his nose fixed because he wanted it fixed. For one thing, he thought he could breathe better. For another, he figured he'd look better in pictures. There are several noses of similar ilk in Hollywood. Don't forget that in 1922 Dempsey came back from England wearing a monocle. His ambition for a picture career, a sane, high-salaried career that wouldn't end when his legs began to wabble in the tenth round, was purely his own and had been confided to many of his friends long before he met his wife.

Kearns' only objection was based upon the fear that smart opponents would make that rebuilt nose a target for left jabs and right crosses.

Estelle laughed and Jack was annoyed because she laughed. I don't blame him. But I can understand why she laughed.

The blame for the Kearns trouble was the first of those highly colored stories that Estelle had to face.

There isn't an atom of truth in it.

In the first place, Mr. Kearns is too smart a gent to make such false moves. The diplomatic genius who engineered the great Dempsey career through stormy waters, who handled promoters, who furnished sports writers with such amazing color that he built up million-dollar gates, wasn't dumb enough to do himself out of the great meal ticket he had built up by splitting with Dempsey over a mere "dame," even if the dame was Dempsey's wife.

All three of them were vitally interested in finances. They all knew the earning power of a popular champion. And they all wanted their cut of that championship money. Why not? A normal, healthy, average American viewpoint.

Dempsey and Kearns split over money and nothing else.

The fighter began to think that his manager was getting altogether too many of the shekels. After all, who was doing the fighting? He'd get on all right without Kearns. The actual break came when Dempsey refused a return match with Tommy Gibbons, after the unsatisfactory victory at Shelby, Montana. Kearns had made certain agreements and Dempsey said yes, and then he said no. First he would, then he wouldn't.

There was also a matter of a picture contract. The champ had been making a series of Universal shorts and Papa Laemmle had first call upon him for another year. But Jack wanted to co-star in a feature romance with his wife—wanted to, mind you. Kearns took a good look at the contract offered and said no; they had to stick with their Universal agreement. Jack refused.

That was two refusals in a row. Jack's old obedience to Kearns was gone. And Kearns decided to look around for a new boy. It took him a little while, but now he's got Mickey Walker fighting up there for the heavyweight crown, which ought to be proof positive to anyone of Mr. Kearns' place in the scheme of things.

Estelle, who is a smart business woman, tried to get Jack to go back to Kearns. That is the absolute truth. She did effect one reconciliation. It didn't last.

Like a lot of other people, Dempsey had kicked away the ladder upon which he had climbed.

With all his loyalty, Dempsey is the most impressionable soul alive.

A famous sports writer said to me not long ago, "With Dempsey, it's always the last guy who talked to him."

One of the few things Estelle will say now is, "Jack has been badly advised." It's an old phrase with his friends and a true one. That warmheartedness, that charming friendliness, his own honesty, have sometimes made him a sucker for unscrupulous hangers-on. He hasn't been able to tell real friends from false ones.

PEOPLE who wanted to use Jack, to exploit him, to be the big shots around the champion, never approved of Estelle, with her cool, biting wit and her clear-sightedness. I think the time will come when Dempsey will remember the times she tried to advise, to warn, to uncover for him, and he will realize that she wasn't simply nagging and trying to interfere.

No, Estelle just couldn't be right.

When Dempsey fought Tunney in Philadelphia, his wife wasn't there.

She had been sent home to California by Dempsey and his managers. Quite right and proper. There is very little chance for domestic life around the training camp of a champion who is going to defend his title. He lives by routine. Women—even wives—aren't wanted. It's no place for them.

Yet a storm of criticism swept down upon Estelle, eating her heart out alone and far away in California.

Why wasn't his wife there to watch over him and protect him?

Why wasn't she there to console him in defeat? Didn't she love him? What was she doing 3,000 miles away in California while her husband was being battered down by Tunney?

She wasn't there because Jack begged her not to be there, because he said her presence would add to his burdens, would worry him.

This is the letter she sent him, which arrived a few hours before the fight, carried by her then best friend, Louella Parsons:

> Louella brings you my last word of love and courage before the contest. I find there isn't much I can say here that I haven't said to you every night on the phone. But I remember that you have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
4 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

A CHAMPION'S WIFE RETIRES FROM THE RING
Continued from page nineteen

always said, "Let the best man win." And I know in my heart that you are the best man. So do your best and let this thought carry you through to victory. But win or lose, hurry home. My love is with you. ESTELLE.

Estelle wrote that as you would write it to your husband, as I would write it to mine.

When the reporters demanded to know if Estelle hadn't sent Jack any last word, he gave them that letter. It is a beautiful, a strong, a dignified, and, I know, an honest letter. Immediately it was printed—because Jack was champ—and they said Estelle did it for publicity.

Her first sight of Jack when she arrived in Philadelphia the morning after the fight—he had changed his mind again and phoned for her frantically and she'd caught a train at an hour's notice—was in a room packed with men—men of the press, men of the prize ring.

Every impulse in her sore heart was to take him in her arms, comfort him, kiss away the hurt. But it wasn't in her to do it before that audience. Her brain, teeming with resentment, with a deep anger that not even that moment was to be theirs alone, told her that if she did it they would say she was acting. So she obeyed the code she knew these men lived by, the code Jack had taught her: "Smile when you're hurt." The champion's wife, on a tough spot as usual, said something hard, gay, and smiled as she said it: "What happened, Ginsberg?"

Ginsberg! Well, that was, had always been, her own silly pet name for him. She's that kind of woman. To her it's as sacred as some fine, high-sounding, highfaluting title. And it's sincere.

NEXT WEEK—

When

Sinclair Lewis

was

The Ghost of Jack London

an extraordinary tale of a literary mystery by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

also stories and articles by

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING
HERBERT O. YARDLEY
GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER
EDWARD HOPE
WESTBROOK PEGLER
ROBERT BENCHLEY

And it was she who later quoted his answer and gave him credit for what sounded like a witty remark: "I forgot to duck, babe."

What he really said was, "They slipped me a Mickey Finn." If you haven't yet drunk a Mickey Finn, you are fortunate. Its chief ingredients are Croton oil and dynamite.

I have always believed that their real trouble dated from that day, from the soreness, the resentment, the misunderstanding of their separation at the time of his defeat, and their unfortunate first meeting afterward.

Estelle said then, "Oh, he thought so much of his title and so did I! I felt like crying when I got his telegram at Pittsburgh saying he had lost. I felt it was my title, too, you know. I prized it as much as he did, and I want it back, even as he does. I just sent him a wire to say I hadn't rushed from the coast to see the champion, but to see *my husband.*"

THAT'S the way she felt. And Jack was longing for her, yearning for her, as a man does in the tough, lonely moments of defeat. Yet the world pressed in upon them, poisoned them both with doubts, with misunderstandings, with little sorenesses that festered and grew.

Of Dempsey at that time one sporting authority wrote: "Dempsey on his throne got suspicious of everyone. Everything was a plot, a frame, to hurt him. So fraught with foment was he that nothing escaped his suspicions. And his silly entourage yes-yessed him out of his title. Everyone who ever knew, saw, or spoke to Kearns was a potential assassin, and his followers encouraged such drivel."

Yet Kearns, as I happen to know for a positive fact, sat at the ringside in Philadelphia and, as he watched that first terrible right of Tunney's land in the opening round and knew there was no one in the Dempsey corner to tell the champion what to do, wept like a kid.

If they could do that to Dempsey about Kearns, if his mind was in such a turmoil, couldn't he likewise misunderstand Estelle? Couldn't he likewise have been stirred into confusion, lack of faith, about her?

Of course, if she had been a different kind of woman, she might have combated that first infinitesimal break, that first wedge driven between them. But her pride, her inability to show her emotions, her keen sense of the ridiculousness of the whole situation, held her silent and outwardly cold.

She was wrong *not* to be in Philadelphia.

She was just as wrong to *be* in Chicago.

She stayed away from Philadelphia "because she didn't care about his career, was bent upon her own."

She went to Chicago as a publicity gag and stayed at a near-by hotel with the woman who was closest to her at that time, Louella Parsons, "because she wanted publicity."

I have actually heard those statements made by people in the same conversation.

You see, she couldn't be right.

They went through that unpleasant suit brought by Dempsey's first wife, Maxine Cates.

IN 1929, between February 24 and June 1, I found over fifty stories declaring and denying that the Dempseys were about to be divorced.

As Estelle said at that time, "If the scandalmongers had to pay our long-distance telephone calls between Hollywood and New York when these things happen, they wouldn't talk so much."

It isn't hard to see the heavy black menace that bore down upon this man and wife. How would you like it—to have every slightest remark, every action, magnified a thousandfold? To spend all your time together explaining away rumors, gossip? Those things pile up a sediment in the subconscious mind that seeps to the top over and over.

It was on May 15, 1929, that Jack had his famous battle with his former intimate friend, Joe Benjamin. Jack and Joe and some other men and half a dozen Follies girls from Whoopee were in a hotel suite. Something happened and Jack punched Joe in the chin.

The papers carried headlines: Dempsey and Benjamin in Fist Battle Over Chorus Beauty. And the chorus beauty stated that she and Mr. Dempsey had been on a number of parties together.

Estelle, as usual at home alone in Hollywood—they were separated more than they were together; it was impossible for Estelle to follow Jack's trail through the fight racket—read the news with her coffee.

The reporters got her finally. What did she have to say about all this? Was she going to divorce Dempsey?

She said, "Jack tells me it isn't true. I believe him. And even if it were true, what of it? Jack has called me on long distance at least twice a day to reassure me since this happened. He says there is nothing wrong and I believe him. He didn't tell me he didn't sock Joe Benjamin. We haven't discussed that. I know show girls and I know the type of Tired Business Man they play around with. Jack is a business man now. I know those girls can't hurt him. And he couldn't hurt them. I'm enough of a woman of the world to know better than to demand that my husband stay in his hotel room alone at night and never play around while he is in New York and I'm in Hollywood. What Jack does there doesn't hurt me."

After reading that, you must admit Estelle is either a very, very clever woman—or a pretty swell one.

In the beginning Jack Dempsey married the kind of woman he wanted: brilliant, beautiful, startling in appearance, trained in the art of fascination. He knew what he was getting. He didn't select a woman for domestic purposes only. If life, which hasn't been breaking to suit him of late, has changed his mind, if he wants something different now, that isn't Estelle's fault.

He complains now that he wants a family and Estelle doesn't. Henry the Eighth once made the same complaint to Catherine of Aragon, who replied coolly, "If I have no sons, neither have you, sire." Thereby putting the thing right back in Henry's august lap. Perhaps Estelle is politer than Catherine.

From what I have seen of her, I would say she loved children quite as much as Jack.

A famous psychologist, who came to this country after many years with Freud in Europe, told me in New York a year or two ago that seventy-five per cent of matrimonial failures were actually caused by sex mismating, no matter what the apparent and outward reason.

It is possible—even probable, in my opinion—that the Dempseys come within that seventy-five per cent to some extent.

And of course in every marriage there are things known only to two people, things that are never revealed.

BUT I believe the real cause of the Dempsey break-up is that Estelle grew very, very tired of being wrong. Very tired of the turmoil, the indecision, the upsets.

She felt that the life she had been living was too high a price to pay even for Jack as a husband.

There was, I believe, some sort of agreement that when Jack stopped fighting Estelle would stop acting.

"But," said Estelle, with a quiet smile, "who knows when Jack has stopped fighting? It seems to be an undecided question still."

One of her friends tried to convince her recently that Jack did want to settle down, live a real life, get away from the racket.

Estelle shook her dark head.

In the Los Angeles Evening Herald of August 4 appeared this:

> JACK DEMPSEY TO "MEET ALL COMERS" IN RING
>
> By International News Service
>
> RENO, Nev., Aug. 4.—Jack Dempsey will be back in the prize-fight ring within the next three weeks.
>
> Through his manager, Leonard Sacks, the former heavyweight champion announced today he will make a tour of the country in a "series of exhibition matches, meeting all comers and none barred." . . . At the close of the exhibition tour, he admitted, he would "have an interesting announcement to make."

The more I think about it the more I'm sure my analysis is right. Unhappy, heartbroken, Estelle's philosophy, her wisdom, have counseled her, "Peace at any price." And their counsel has been heeded.

THE END

Do you need a College Degree

to buy this better Tooth Brush?

Druggist after druggist reported that his sales of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes were unusually high among his better educated customers. And low among those who had graduated from grammar schools only.

Why our tooth brushes attracted so many college graduates puzzled our research experts until a pharmacist suggested the answer. "Maybe," he said, "it's because people who didn't go to high school don't know how to pronounce the name, Prophylactic."

How Do You Pronounce It?

Of course, it is easy to pronounce Pro-phy-lac-tic. Test yourself now before you read what follows. How do you say it?

The correct sound is **Pro** (long O as in professional) . . . **fi** (short I as in fill) . . . **lak** (short A as in lack) . . . **tik** (short I as in ticket). Put all the syllables together, accent the third one sharply — and there you are: Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Say It to Your Druggist

If you want whiter teeth and healthier gums, try your pronunciation on your druggist. Switch from your present tooth brush to the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. It has the famous tufted toe which reaches places back of the molars (back teeth) rarely touched by others.

This extraordinary tooth brush is the new, scientific, medium size. Not a midget that skimps on bristle. Not an old-fashioned big brush. But one correct for average mouths. *Large enough* to clean, polish, and massage the gums, at split-second speed.

Hasty brushers find that it leaves the teeth and mouth feeling cleaner in less time than any other.

It is a precision dental instrument made in accordance with professional specifications. The only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush produced in its own plant. This explains why it gives greater value. The smaller Youth's size is 35¢. Baby size, 25¢. All guaranteed by PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

S O S

The Story of a Happy Mistake

By

GILBERT FRANKAU

who was educated at Eton and then entered his father's business, but left to travel around the world. After service with the Royal Field Artillery in France he was invalided with the rank of captain. He has been writing novels and short stories since 1910.

Picture by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 6 minutes 45 seconds.)

"AND here is another S O S: 'Will Mrs. Wilfrid Andrews, whose address is The Elders, Chislehurst, proceed at once to St. Michael's Hospital, London, where her husband is lying dangerously injured as the result of a street accident.' I will repeat that: 'Will Mrs. Wilfrid Andrews . . . proceed at once . . . where her husband is lying . . .' "

"I will repeat that." As though there had been any need for the repetition! As though she, Molly Andrews, were ever going to forget the least little accentuation of that high, overcultured, slightly artificial voice which had struck at her from the loud-speaker less than an hour ago. Could it be less than an hour since she had rushed, hatless, to the garage, torn the gates open, started this car? Why, it seemed like a century.

White-faced, the pupils of her blue eyes contracted to needle points, Molly Andrews braked, stopped her engine, dismounted from her driving seat, tottered up the hospital steps. She told her name to a man at a desk. And after that all the world went gray—cold gray.

She heard her own voice whisper, "Can I see him? Oh, please, can I see him?"

And after that there was no world, only Wilfrid's face. But she could read no message on that face, for the eyes of it had been closed; and over its ashen cheeks brooded a ghastly serenity. As though not even love could trouble Wilfrid any more.

"And perhaps," she thought, "love doesn't really matter. Perhaps, even if he had left me and gone to Linda, I should have got over it."

But this she would never get over. Never. Because she had loved him so. Supposing, though, that he'd loved Linda best? But surely he wouldn't have deserted her for Linda? Surely he wouldn't have been so cruel?

For she could not remember it cruel—this face from which sudden death had smoothed away all the perplexities. Wilfrid had never been cruel to her. Not even about Linda. And how straight he had been when she tackled him about Linda. Hiding nothing. Denying nothing. Only asking for time.

And now there was no more time. Now death had solved Wilfrid's riddle for him.

"But not mine," thought Molly Andrews. "Not mine."

At last, scarcely realizing how she had come there, she found herself outside the hospital.

The sun shone. Traffic was going by. From the club at the corner men came sauntering—just as Wilfrid must have been sauntering, carelessly, when death took him in the street.

Absent-minded. That was poor Wilfrid all over.

Slowly Molly Andrews remounted her car. Slowly she started back for Chislehurst. "Because all my clothes," she kept telling herself, "are at Chislehurst. And because I want Wilfrid buried there. And because I must make arrangements for him to be buried there."

But all the time she knew that she was lying to herself. All the time she knew that there was only one reason—only one real reason—why she was driving back to Chislehurst, with Wilfrid lying dead behind her.

"Because he may have written that letter," she knew. "Because he may have posted it before he died."

And as she drove on, faster now and always faster as the traffic thinned through outer London, she pictured Wilfrid's face, not dead, but with its eyes open, staring at her, blinking at her, across the lamplight over their dinner table.

"I don't know, my dear," his lips were saying. "I swear to you I don't know. Sometimes I think I'm so much in love with her that I can't do without her; that I simply must ask you to divorce me. And yet at other times I feel I'm not a bit in love with her; that it's just—just a passing fancy. And there's never been anything—anything wrong between us. You can take that as definite. Absolutely definite. If there had been, I'd tell you."

Was it possible he would have asked her to divorce him so that he might marry Linda? Surely not.

But, "If only I could be certain," thought Molly Andrews. "If only I could be absolutely sure."

WITH that thought, and that thought only, in her shocked brain, she drew brake at her own front door. With that thought, and that thought only, harrying her, she faced her anxious household, told them the worst, gave them their few instructions, and went upstairs to pack. And presently she found herself alone in Wilfrid's study, waiting, waiting, waiting for the postman's step in the drive.

Often at six he brought the early postings from London.

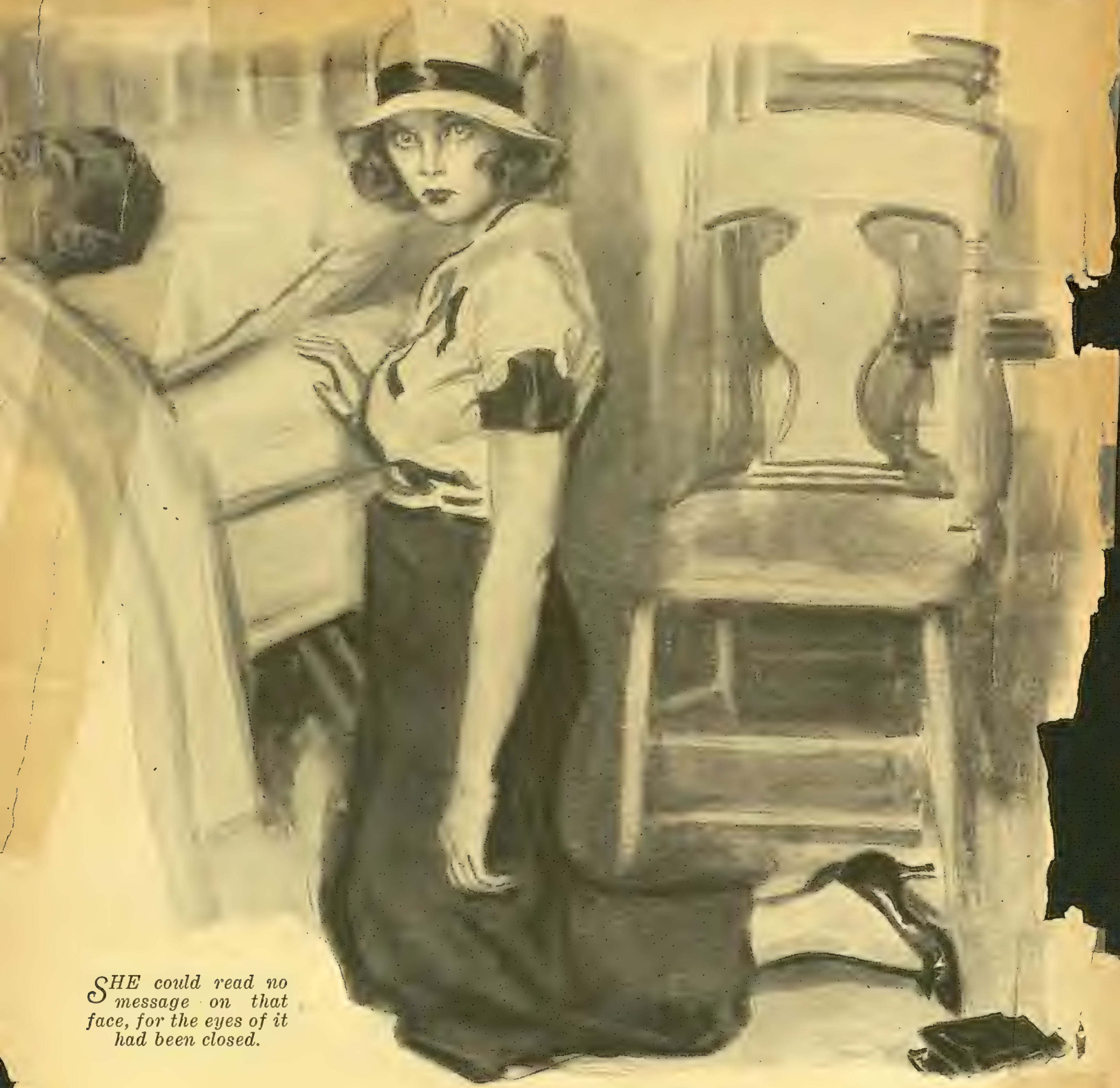
So, perhaps, if Wilfrid had written his letter in London, if he had posted it early . . .

And on that she pictured Wilfrid's face again, pictured Wilfrid's not overresolute eyes blinking as he said, "I don't know. I swear to you, Molly, I don't know. I want a few days to myself. I want to think this thing over. I want to make up my mind. And as soon as I have made up my mind, I'll write to you. That's cowardly of me, I suppose. But I'd—I'd rather write to you. Because, whichever way I decide, I'm bound to hurt somebody. And you know how I hate hurting anybody, especially a woman."

But Linda wasn't a woman. Linda—poor little Linda—was only a girl.

"She's my friend too," thought Molly Andrews, still waiting for that step on the gravel. "Almost my only friend."

But when the postman's step came at last, when the



SHE could read no message on that face, for the eyes of it had been closed.

doorbell rang, when one of her maids entered with the salver, as her hand snatched for the only envelope on that salver, there was no friendship for Linda, only hatred of her, in Molly Andrews' mind.

For a long second, her eyes blurring as she read the superscription on that envelope, she balanced it in her hand. For a long second, hatred in every vein of her, she hesitated.

Then, with one convulsive movement, she ripped the flap; but even as she did so, even as her eyes took in that first word which Wilfrid had written, the very memory of Linda was wiped from her brain.

"Darling, I've made up my mind at last. And I'm so glad. I've never loved anyone except you. Not really. How could I? You've always been so sweet to me. So wonderful. And I want you. I want you more than words can say. That's why I can't write very much. That's why I can only tell you that I'll be home, really home, almost before you get this. And oh, my dear, just to lie in your arms again, just to kiss you again, just to know you're really mine again, will be more of paradise than any mortal sinner deserves."

And, "Paradise," thought Wilfrid Andrews' widow, the tears streaming from her. "Is there one? If so, you and I will meet there, Wilfrid darling. Wonderful i we do. Wonderful."

. . . . .

In which wonderful case, however, it is to be hoped that neither of their spirits will encounter the wraith of a certain young woman who still cherishes, since Fate has left her nothing else to cherish, a letter which begins, "My dear Molly, I hate hurting you. But what else can I do? My feeling for Linda isn't just a passing fancy. It's more than that. Ever so much more. And I must go to her. I simply must . . ."

Unless, of course, the identical Providence which decreed that the absent-minded Wilfrid, before walking absent-mindedly in front of a motor bus, should put his letters in the wrong envelopes, also decrees for him and Linda, wandering still officially separate through eternity, the same discretion which was theirs until the no overresolute Wilfrid half let the cat out of the bag unde his wife's cross-examination on earth.

THE END

WHY DIDN'T

How New Zealand Handled the Question of Prohibiti

By LOTHROP STODDARD

LOTHROP STODDARD

is the author of significant books on race problems and governmental situations. He has contributed a number of articles on such subjects to Liberty.

(Reading time: 10 min. 5 sec.)

THIS is the story of the cause of true temperance undone by the zeal of professional drys trying to ram national prohibition down a people's throat. The tale comes from the ends of the earth, yet the parallel with our own prohibition muddle is so striking that American wets and drys may alike read it with profit.

New Zealand is a small country lying far away in the South Pacific Ocean. Yet, though geographically remote, it is in many ways spiritually akin to ourselves. Its people are of Anglo-Saxon stock—mostly upstanding Englishmen and dour Scots, with a fair sprinkling of Irish r good measure. Intelligent, progressive folk, the New alanders seek to make their country a model commonalth and have placed upon their statute books many a most enlightened sort.

alas! New Zealand has its professional reformers and women with a chronic excess of zeal and a table deficiency in knowledge of human nature, to- with a rudimentary sense of humor. And, unhap- hese reformers picked upon prohibition as their pet e to regenerate their fellow citizens.

hand, it did not appear that New Zealand was un- lagued by the Demon Rum. True, those trans- d Britons who settled the islands did not leave their in ng habits behind them when they migrated from he old country to the antipodes. New Zealanders of English blood still leaned to beer and ale, antipodean Scots continued to like their " wee drap o' whisky," while ex-Hibernians would grow violently hilarious on festive occasions. Unquestionably there was a small minority of hard drinkers, with the usual accompaniment of wasted lives and broken homes. Still, no unbiased investigator could have found drunkenness to be an outstanding national vice. It was never the social evil in New Zealand that it was in the British Isles or in America.

However, New Zealanders are stanch believers in social progress, so public opinion there generally deplored such drunkenness as did exist, and tried to curb it, both by specific legal checks and by preventive temperance teaching. For years this evolutionary policy met with gradual yet steady success. Slowly but surely evil aspects of the liquor traffic were remedied and arrests for drunkenness declined. In the cities and towns (proverbially wet centers) the number of licensed drinking places was reduced, while a local-option law permitted many rural districts to vote " No License." And when a New Zealand community decreed itself legally dry, it was *really* dry; because New Zealanders are traditionally law-abiding folk, while official graft is practically unknown.

So matters stood about a generation ago. At the turn f the century it seemed as though New Zealand was in a air way to solve its liquor problem in a truly construcive sense. Habitual drunkenness was relatively infrequent and was steadily decreasing. The liquor traffic was well controlled, while police inspection was strict, effective, and honest. Most significant of all, the strong trend toward temperance was backed by the weight of public opinion.

Unfortunately the temperance movement contained within itself certain elements whose zeal far outran their discretion. To them, the very progress thus far achieved was merely a spur to the more rapid attainment of their particular goal. And that goal was not temperance in the use of alcoholic beverages, but the entire abolition of the liquor traffic—in other words, PROHIBITION. The out-and-out prohibitionist elements in New Zealand were almost precisely the same as with us in America.

The Protestant churches furnished large contingents of ardent drys, often headed by their ministers. Then there were numerous individuals of the well known re-

WE *Do* THIS?

Picture by
CHARLES DE FEO

As in America, so in New Zealand wartime fervor seemed in prohibitionist eyes to spell victory for their cause. But New Zealand's soldiers overseas were permitted to vote.

former type, who shared to the full the belief (then especially current) that all you need to insure the millennium is enough laws on the statute books. Above all, there were the women! New Zealand was the first country in the world to give women the vote. And while, on the whole, they have used the ballot wisely, New Zealand women, like their sisters everywhere, are prone to be sensitive on the liquor question. So, when women entered politics, they became a tower of strength for the prohibition cause.

That cause rapidly took on the character of a moral crusade. Local-option contests were fought with a fervor and bitterness hitherto unknown, and dry victories were hailed with ecstatic joy. Each new " No License " area was acclaimed as another step in a great campaign. Symptoms of fanatical intolerance began to appear. Political opponents were deemed sadly lacking in civic virtue, if not downright immoral. Pressure was put upon reluctant church members to get actively in line. As for persons engaged in the liquor traffic, they were held up to odium as being little short of public enemies. Prohibition thus rapidly became what politicians term a " paramount issue " of the liveliest and hottest kind.

By this time the prohibition movement had profoundly changed in character. It had become less emotional and more sophisticated, less a crusade than an institution. Its leaders were no longer zealous amateurs; they were for the most part professional propagandists and organizers, with a canny sense of publicity methods and political manipulation. A dry lobby, well financed, put continuous pressure upon the dominion Parliament and sought in every way to force the pace of dry legislation. On the other hand, temperance education, in the old sense of the word, was relatively neglected. Why bother much with such slow-going methods? Organization and votes would soon do the trick!

THEN came the World War. Loyal to the core, New Zealand flung itself into the fray for the empire and the motherland. The flower of New Zealand manhood flocked to the colors and sailed for battlefields many thousand miles away. The number of soldiers furnished by the devoted little dominion was extraordinary; entirely out of proportion to its relatively small population.

Wartime fervor seemed in prohibitionist eyes to spell almost certain victory for their cause. As with us in America, so in New Zealand the same arguments—emotional, practical, and strategic—were tirelessly employed. Determined efforts were made to have national prohibition decreed as a war measure by the dominion Parliament. But the New Zealanders are a genuinely democratic people. They refused to allow so burning an issue to be decided by the fiat of legislators elected to office largely for other reasons. The question of prohibition must be settled by the ballots of the people, voting explicitly on that one point. So a national referendum was fixed for 1918—the closing year of the war. Furthermore, this referendum was to be truly national; every qualified New Zealand voter was to have his say. Wherefore (again unlike America), New Zealand's soldiers overseas were permitted to vote.

The referendum campaign of 1918 was a whirlwind. Every argument and counterargument was blazoned

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

forth in the press, on the platform, and from eloquent posters in city and countryside. At last the great day came, and New Zealand's citizenry flocked to the polls to register their decision. A record-breaking vote was cast, and the tellers sat down to count the ballots. When the home vote was tabulated, the prohibitionists went wild with joy—New Zealand had gone dry! True, the majority was exceeding small; but it would serve. The Cause was won!

Then, suddenly, the cables began to speak, bringing belated returns from the regiments overseas. And the joy of exultant drys quickly changed to bitter mourning. The boys in the trenches had voted almost solidly wet. The small home majority was overturned by fully 10,000 votes!

Of course the drys would not concede defeat. With their disciplined following and their well knit organization, the dry leaders refused to abandon the hope of ultimate victory. Year after year the dry lobby worked upon Parliament, while dry propaganda continued to bombard the voters with argument and appeal. In 1928, just ten years after the dramatic war referendum, a second major contest took place. Once more the electorate went to the polls to vote upon the liquor issue.

This time, however, national prohibition was decisively beaten. Out of a total poll of nearly 750,000, the drys cast less than 300,000 votes. Not even the stanchest dry could longer blink the hard fact that the cause of national prohibition was distinctly on the wane. A detailed analysis of the vote in this second referendum revealed some very illuminating and (from the dry standpoint) disquieting conclusions.

TO begin with, public opinion had plainly been alienated. In the old crusading days, prohibition's bitterest opponents might well have admired the moral earnestness and uncompromising honesty of the drys. But who was likely to pay such tribute to a political machine staffed by astute propagandists and parliamentary manipulators? The average New Zealander clearly resented the political jockeying and bargaining which had come to characterize dry methods. Such tactics inspired nothing but popular dislike and distrust.

In this connection it is highly interesting to note that our American experience pointed a warning which New Zealanders took increasingly to heart. At the first referendum in 1918, national prohibition was an unknown quantity. Almost anything might be claimed for it, because nowhere had it as yet been tried. In 1928, on the contrary, our "noble experiment" had been going on for almost ten years—with results too painful for most New Zealanders to risk bringing upon themselves, even in attenuated form.

Still more significant for the future is the undoubted fact that, in this second referendum, the young voters were overwhelmingly wet. This means that prohibition has failed to attract the rising generation in New Zealand. There is perhaps the heaviest penalty which the drys are paying for their attempted short cut to victory. Preoccupied with propaganda and "practical politics," the dry leaders had neglected their former intensive work in temperance education. Some frank-spoken drys have recently estimated that it will take at least a generation of routine educative effort to regain the ground which was so lightly abandoned.

IS not even this too optimistic an attitude? It seems hard to believe that the New Zealand prohibition movement can ever regain the position it once occupied.

For this there are two basic reasons. In the first place, how can the movement revive the crusading spirit of its youth? An institutionalized machine with a professional bureaucracy is almost hopelessly wedded to political action. How can such an organization turn wholeheartedly from the alluring paths of parliamentary intrigue to humdrum tasks like temperance education and local option?

Even more fundamental is the fact that since the war the world at large has vastly increased its effective knowledge of the liquor problem. Not merely New Zealand but Britain, Canada, Sweden, Finland, and the United States have been experimenting (and experiencing!), each in its own way.

The upshot is that the liquor question is no longer conceived as a "moral issue"; as a clean-cut fight between crusading reformers and a wicked "rum ring" actuated solely by sordid motives.

In other words, the whole matter is coming to be regarded not as a simple "issue," but as a complex problem, to be solved by clear thinking backed by scientific research in manifold fields. The sociologist, the economist, the student of human nature—these and many other specialists must contribute their quotas of knowledge before society can attain the wisdom to deal finally with the use and abuse of alcohol—a problem which involves the very wellsprings of custom and conduct. Beside this new attitude, how ineffectual the emotional fervor of the religious enthusiast and the naïve zeal of the professional reformer become!

In New Zealand, as elsewhere, the old-fashioned dry may continue to shout slogans. But the world moves on.

THE END

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7—What are whortleberries frequently called?
8—What does *caveat emptor* mean?
9—What is Homeric laughter?
10—What is a guerdon?
11—What is lignite?
12—How many red stripes in the American flag?
13—Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?
14—What is John D. Rockefeller's middle name?
15—How many degrees in a quadrant?
16—Who is the United States minister to Canada?
17—Where is the Taj Mahal?
18—Who was goddess of the morning in classical mythology?
19—What is a gallinipper?
20—What play was being presented in Ford's Theater when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated?

(Answers will be found on page forty-three)

Refuge

A Short Short Story

By

KARL W. DETZER

who was born in Indiana and lives in northern Michigan. Before taking up fiction writing his activities included reporting, ad writing, photography, and detective work.

(Reading time: 4 min. 40 sec.)

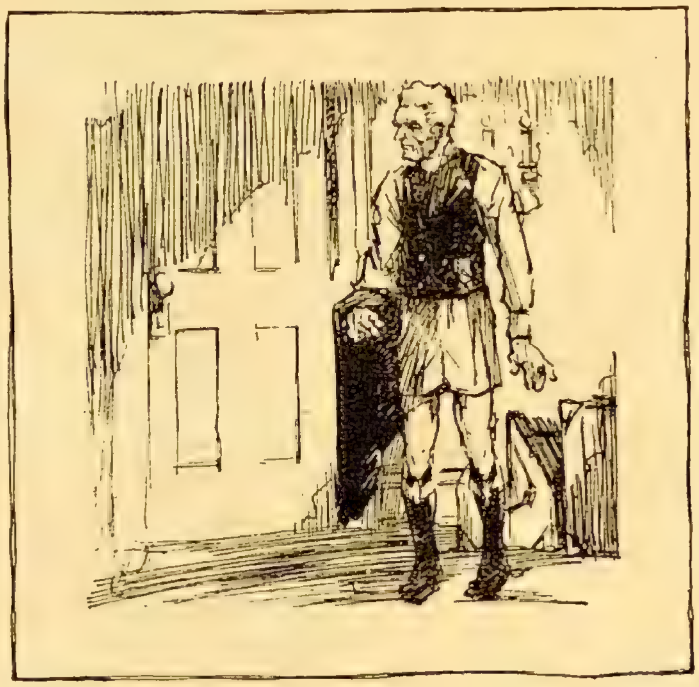
THE old gentleman stood in clerical collar, double-breasted waistcoat, shorts, lavender garters, and black socks. Over his arm hung a pair of broadcloth trousers. His toes, turned in slightly, kneaded the deep pile of the hotel carpet.

An expression half benign, half startled, illuminated his face. He was listening. In the corridor voices shouted. The old gentleman went to his door, opened it three inches, and peered out. A young man was running toward him. Somewhere, invisible around corners, men yelled. Even a mild old gentleman must recognize in such strident shouting the insistent fury of hue and cry.

The young man running saw the open door. He rushed toward it, and as the old man retreated, the other charged in, shut the door quietly, and snapped off two of the electric lights. Only a bed lamp remained.

The old gentleman sputtered.

"What does this mean, sir?" He remembered his bare calves and hurriedly began putting on his trousers. His visitor backed against the door, panting. He was a slender young man, with dark, glistening hair. Looking at him, the old gentleman's benign expression returned.



He was listening. In the corridor voices shouted.

"Who are you, my son?" he asked. "I pray you're not a—malefactor."

"Listen, chief. I wasn't doing nothing."

"You ran—"

"Sure. I got a record, see? I was upstairs tossing down a few with an old pal, and when I leave, there at the elevator I run smash into Murphy, the house dick. I ducks."

"I don't quite follow," the old gentleman said.

"It was the house dick followed," the young man replied. "He'd just spotted me when some guy around here starts hollering he's stuck up. It wasn't me done it. No, but it'd look like it, wouldn't it? I pulls a fade, if you get me, mister. Picks 'em up and puts 'em down. Front and back stairways."

The old gentleman frowned. "I've a train to make," he said. "But"—he began putting on his shoes—"this—er—record. Arrests, I suppose?"

"Hell, no, mister. Convictions. Ping-pong stuff. Just enough to make next time the fourth."

"I trust you are carrying no firearms." The old gentleman's voice fluttered. "If they should apprehend you—"

Again shouts echoed in the corridor. The young man glanced at the open window, crossed to it quickly, and the old gentleman saw something bluish in his hand.

"Alley eh?" the other said, and threw the bluish thing.

"If you're not guilty, my son, you've nothing to fear."

"Yeh?" the young man sneered. "You don't know headquarters, mister!"

"But if you are—the guilty must suffer. I can't stop now. I'd miss my train. Otherwise I'd like to talk to you, son—"

"Listen, mister!"

The old gentleman was crossing to the door.

"Hey, chief!" the young man cried. "You wouldn't turn me in!"

"As a citizen," the old gentleman replied severely, "I owe allegiance to law and order."

He swung open the door. Men hurried toward him.

"Here, gentlemen," he called. "I heard sounds, looked out, and this boy—"

"Rushed you, eh?" A thick man in blue serge pressed in. "Hello, Tony. Put 'em up!"

"He's unarmed, sir," the old gentleman said. "I made sure of that."

"Seeing's believing," the man in blue serge retorted.

"Wasn't me! Listen, Murph!" The young man backed into a corner.

"Yeh?" Murphy replied.

Other persons crowded in. The old gentleman put on his frock coat.

"Poor boy," he said. "Gentlemen, I pray you'll have compassion! But, dear me, I'll miss my train!"

"Train?" This was a new arrival. "I'm sorry you've been inconvenienced," he apologized. "I'm the assistant manager. If there is anything I can do—"

The old gentleman had buttoned his coat. He took out a large, thick gold watch.

"Midnight!" he exclaimed. "Why, my train leaves in twenty minutes. Sir, I called a bell boy ages ago—"

THE assistant manager apologized again. Murphy, the detective, was picking up a black wallet from the floor.

"This confusion!" the hotel manager said. "So sorry! This your luggage?" He lifted the two shabby suitcases.

"What's this, Tony?" Murphy was demanding.

Tony shook his head. "I never saw that before! Don't plant nothing!"

The old gentleman clucked his tongue and followed the assistant manager to the elevator.

"Get Goldman," Murphy grunted after a minute. "Doctor must be through with him. He'll identify this wallet—and you too, Tony. Hey, Jack. Call the bureau. Tell 'em to come over."

A short man, half dressed, ran into the room. There was adhesive tape on his forehead. He gaped around inquiringly until his eyes fell on the wallet.

"That's it!" he cried. "Mine!"

"And here's the thief, Mr. Goldman," Murphy said airily.

Goldman stared. "Him? That's not him! The fellow that got in my room was oldish and dressed like a preacher."

He grabbed the wallet, tore it open. "Gone!" he cried. "The stones are gone! This is full of newspaper!"

At the same moment the old gentleman was changing taxicabs. He already had changed collar, hat, and jacket.

THE END

The Case of Tommy

In Which a Ruthless Romeo Was Brought to Justice through Circumstantial Evidence

(Reading time: 20 minutes 30 seconds.)

THERE is an ancient newspaper precept to the effect that a good story must have in it either a great disaster or tragedy, a large sum of money, or a pretty girl. This story has no big amount of money, but it has a tragedy, and it has a pretty girl. Moreover, she was a mysterious girl, a vanishing girl, who disappeared in Act I, Scene 2, and has never been found from that day to this. A Pinkerton detective tried to run her down, but without success.

Her name was Mabel Walker, or possibly Irene Walker, and she came from a pretty town in Maine, a town with the curious name of Damariscotta. Maine has more attractive towns with more outlandish names than any other state in the Union. I rode through Damariscotta the other day, and wondered if any of the middle-aged ladies on the street was concealing behind a sober exterior and a married name the alluring personality of Mabel Walker, "the missing witness," whose name was once on the front page of every Boston newspaper. For Miss Walker had an astounding experience one spring afternoon, an adventure which if she had much imagination (she probably hadn't) might have caused her to shudder to the last year of her life, every time the thirty-first day of March came round.

In the early part of 1904 Miss Walker was visiting her uncle, a man named Jeremiah Woodward, a fish dealer of Auburndale, Massachusetts. She had attracted some attention from the young men of that pleasant suburb, and it is said that a number of them had tried their various arts to charm and fascinate the young lady from Maine. So far, no one had been notably successful. Amusements were somewhat limited in Auburndale, at least in the Woodwards' set, and on the last day in March Miss Walker could think of nothing better to do than ask her cousin Arthur to take her for a ride on the fish wagon. It is not the sort of carriage most of us would choose; but, after all, a ride is a ride, on a cheerful sunny morning like that one, and to some people even a fish wagon is better than walking.

Arthur Woodward was a big, husky youth of sixteen, who drove the wagon for his grandfather. He had no interest in his pretty cousin—or else his hopes had already been blighted and crushed—and he was as resigned and melancholy as the deceased haddock which he was taking out to Mrs. Field, in the neighboring town of Weston. Arthur and Mabel perched on the front seat of the covered wagon, the horse was advised to huddap, and off they went. It was to be an historic ride. If both of them live to be a hundred, neither will ever forget it.

As they crossed the Weston bridge they were aware of two young men strolling along the road. They smiled in salutation, and Arthur Woodward said, "Hello!" Miss Walker gave no sign. A short way down the highway the fish was duly delivered, and the horse turned about for home. The two young men were soon met, and this time the wagon stopped.

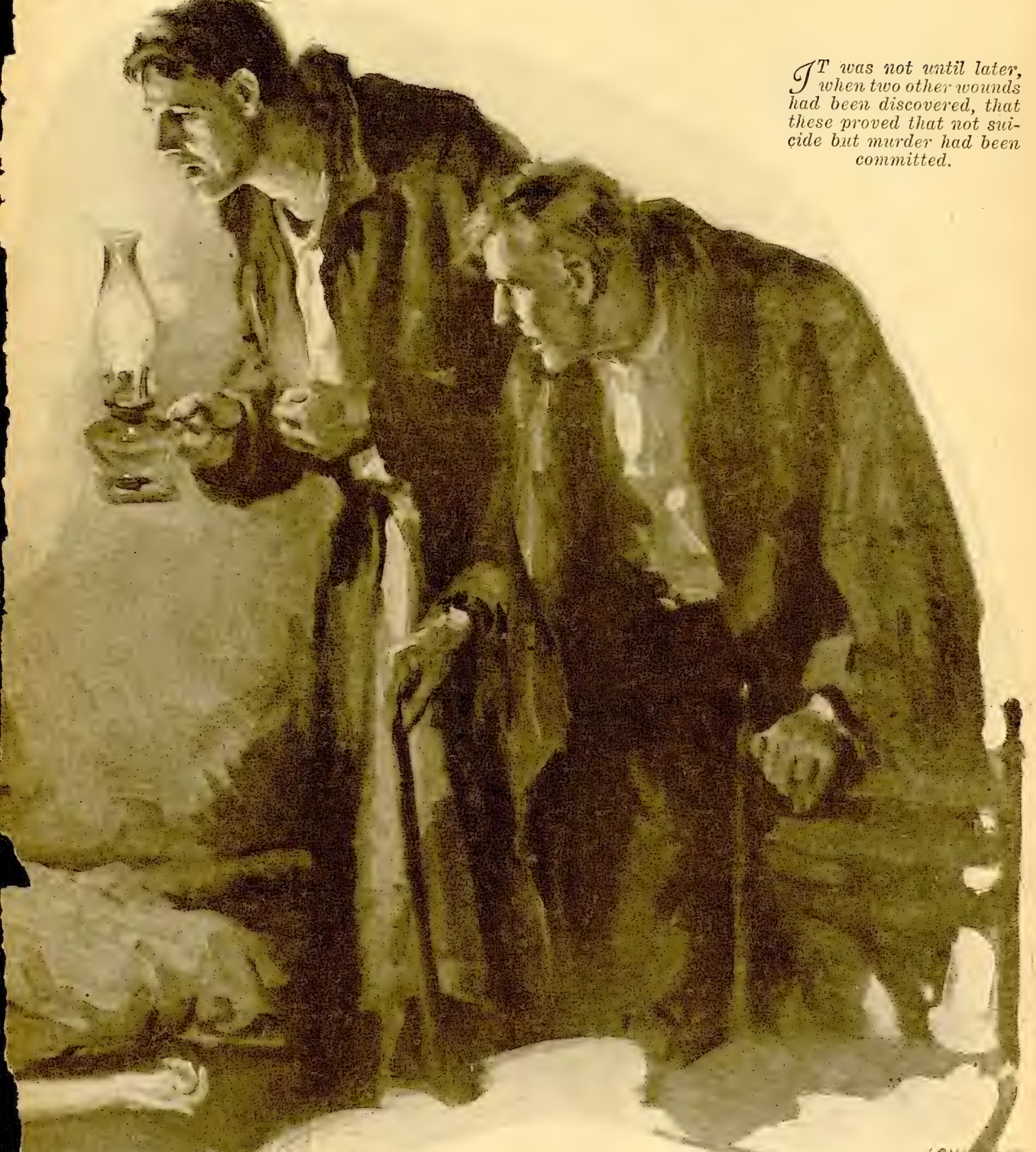
Whether the two strollers had particularly noticed Miss Walker, and decided that there might be some magic in the close proximity of fish, I do not know. Nor do I know if they had matched for the choice of seats after they should be taken on the wagon. But the grave and learned men of the Massachusetts courts, who examined every detail of this ride with painstaking care, elicited the facts that Mabel Walker waved her handkerchief and smiled; that one of the young men hailed the driver, and asked if he and his companion might also come for a ride; and that the girl brightly said, "Yes, come along."

One jumped on behind and went inside the wagon, in the place of the late haddock. He was no great hand with girls. His name was Bourne, and he does not matter at all.

Tucker

By EDMUND PEARSON

Pictures by LAWRENCE WILBUR



IT was not until later, when two other wounds had been discovered, that these proved that not suicide but murder had been committed.

The other mattered a great deal, and agitated the whole state r two years. He promptly squeezed into the already led seat, placing himself between Woodward and Miss alker. Look at him closely: this rather smooth, well vored young man of twenty-four. He wore a derby hat d a dark overcoat—for there was the chill of coming in the air. His name was Charles Louis Tucker, and he was a lady-killer, with capabilities which few of his friends and none of his family had suspected.

Soon they were chatting and laughing merrily. That is, Mr. Tucker and Miss Walker kept up the conversation for the quartet. Young Woodward was allowed to drive the horse, while Mr. Bourne sat gloomily in the rear amid the scales and smell of fish. Mr. Tucker began asking questions. There was to come a time in his life

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CASE OF TOMMY TUCKER
Continued from page twenty-nine

when he was to hear many questions asked—thousands upon thousands of them, for days and days, while he sat silent. But now he put the girl through an examination.

“Where did *you* come from, sister? Where are you staying? How does it happen we've never met before? Where have you been all my life?”

And that sort of thing. He made wonderful progress with her.

After about ten minutes Mabel Walker said she would get off the wagon and go back to her uncle's.

“All right,” said Tucker; “I'll get off, too.”

They all climbed down again. Mr. Bourne, aware of the fact that it was in no wise his party, wandered away to his home, to gladden his family with a little breath of the sea.

Arthur Woodward, looking back as his horse slowly climbed a hill, observed that Cousin Mabel had changed her mind. With the sprightly Mr. Tucker, she was walking back toward Weston bridge.

Woodward noticed that someone had left a souvenir on the empty seat. It was the leather sheath for a knife. He wondered what this was and where it came from. But he did not think about it very long; he merely put it in his pocket, took it home, and forgot it altogether.

Mr. Tucker and Miss Walker, in the meantime, meandered over the hills and far—rather far—away. This was the month of March going out like a lion, for there was to be a snowstorm that night. Still, the early afternoon was still sunny and the green grass was beginning to show. Tomorrow would be April. There was a distant sound of firing: trap shooting over at the grounds of the Boston Athletic Association. Men were getting the boats and canoes out on the Charles at Riverside—where Mr. Tucker used to be a boatman. He could be very persuasive, and Miss Walker found him really fascinating. His wooing of the girl was brief, eager, and successful.

WHEN Richard Mansfield played Richard III, there was a spectacular scene in which the wicked king dispatched his assassins to the murder of the little princes in the Tower. Mansfield, with his genius for stage management and for dramatic effect, was left alone in the throne room of the palace. Still brooding over the foulest of all his plots, the humpbacked king, with a slow, serpentine movement, ascended the steps of the throne and seated himself in the chair of state.

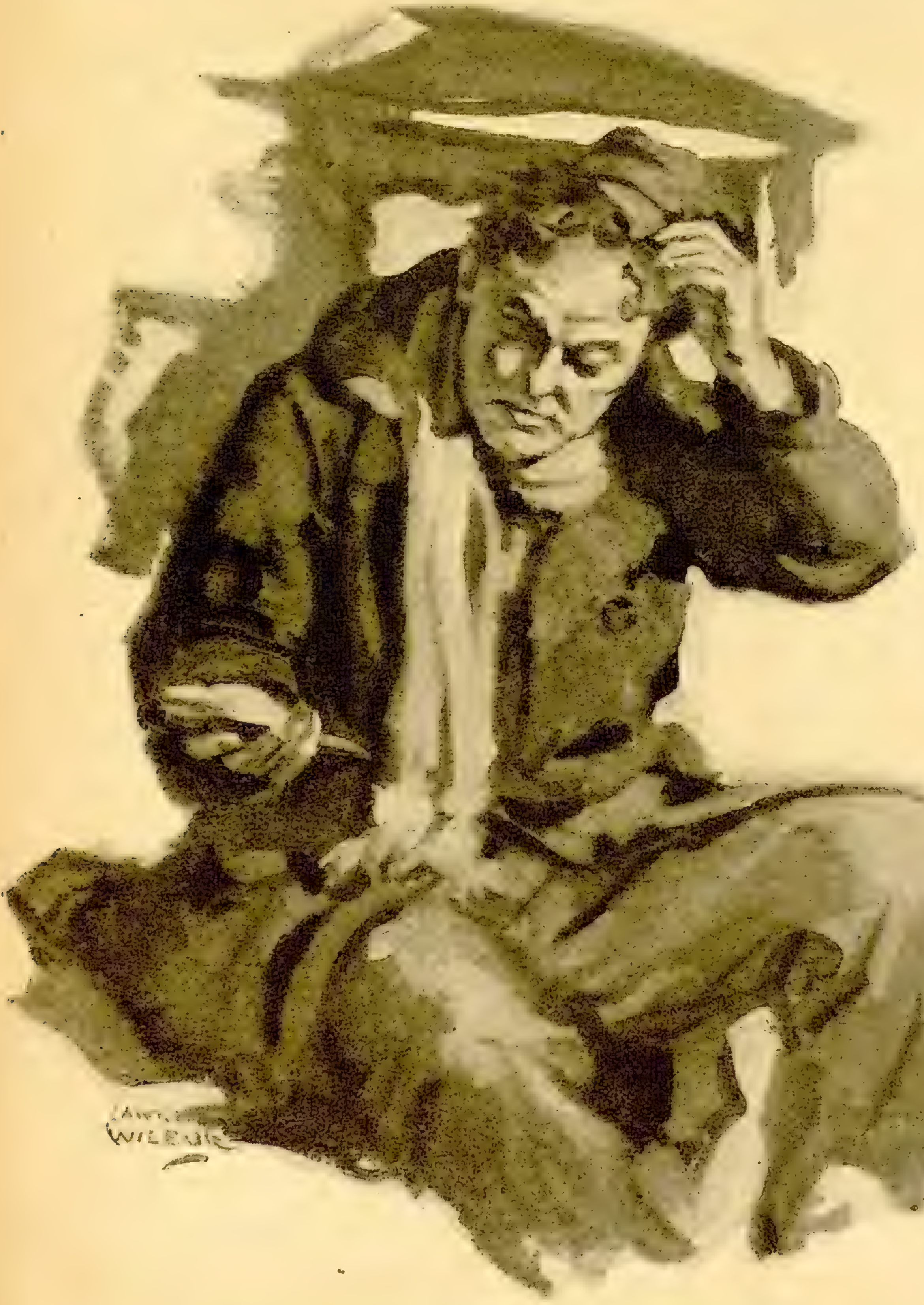
The room darkened in the light of a winter sunset; almost the only illumination came through a single window of stained glass. Richard brought his thin, nervous hands in front of him, and slowly rubbed them together in satisfaction at this latest of his crimes.

As he did so, he brought them into a single shaft of ruddy light from the high window, and both hands were dyed crimson—as if visibly dipped in the blood of his pitiful victims.

That is melodrama; stage business; dramatic unreality. Nothing like it happens outside the theater. The murderer walks through the streets smiling and affable, his hands as white as yours or mine.

Mabel Walker had no clairvoyance; no special gift which enabled her to see the things of the spirit, or to know the mark of Cain. Had she possessed any such insight she would have fled screaming from the agreeable young man at her side. For the hands that caressed her that spring afternoon were—to employ the usual figure of speec —at that moment dripping wit the blood of another wom Within a short distance from where they walked together, another woman lay dead; dead only for a matter of minutes, or perhaps an hour.

And Mabel Walker was permitting herself to be made love to by the smooth-talking, ingratiating, amorous young murderer. She granted what the polite writers of the eighteenth century called “ th final favor” to a man who carri with him a hunting knife stain with blood from having be plunged into the heart of a terrifi woman. The sheath of the kni was in the keeping of young Woo ward. It is not surprising that few days later Mabel Walker di appeared from Auburndale, a that no official knowledge of h has been had from that day to thi


Woodward noticed that someone had left a souvenir on the empty seat. It was the leather sheath for a knife.

. . . . . .

South Avenue, Weston, is pleasant country road, now motor highway and probably much more traveled today than in 1904. Houses are usually in sight of each other but not near together. Less than a mile beyond Weston bridge there is a comfortable-looking house—not old as houses go in New England. There are trees and shrubs about it, and it is altogether a peaceful place. It is occupied now, and its most demonstrative inhabitant is a police dog, who in his hospitable fashion nearly knocked me flat as I stood gazing in the front path. Such a dog should have been there on that March day twenty-seven years ago. Instead, there were smaller, less formidable dogs, and they were kept in the barn.

The family then living in this quiet house were named Page. They were Mr. Edward Page, a retired business man of seventy-eight years; the son, Harold, a clerk in the offices of the Boston and Albany Railroad in Boston; the daughter, Mabel, a woman of forty-one; and Amy Roberts, the housekeeper. Mr. Harold Page was fond of hunting and fishing; his were the dogs in the barn. He bred a few, and sometimes sold a pup.

On March 31, Mr. Harold Page took the eight-o'clock train for Boston as usual. An hour or more later, his father set out on a long walk, punctuated by calls—the rambling excursion of an old gentleman in search of diversion. Still later, the housekeeper departed, on foot and by street car, to Boston *via* Cambridge, on her own and her employers' errands. Miss Mabel Page gave her some money for these expenses. Amy Roberts noticed that Miss Page returned to her purse two or three bills—one of them a ten-dollar bill—and put the purse in a table drawer. By eleven o'clock Miss Page was alone in the house. Shortly afterward, a man delivering laundry, one Henry Maynard, called and left his package, collecting the money from Miss Page. No one else was seen to come until the elder Mr. Page returned, three hours later.

He had been absent four or five hours. It was two in the afternoon when he came slowly walking back toward his home. He found the rear door fastened, but the front door was unlocked and he entered. The house was very silent, and he wondered for a moment where his daughter might be. He went to the pantry and found omething for luncheon: a slice of read and a glass of cider. Then, more and more oppressed by the stillness of he house, he went upstairs.

THE doors of his daughter's room were closed, contrary to custom. He opened one and looked in. Mabel Page was lying on her back on the floor; her eyes were open, and she seemed to look at her father. She was dressed as if to go out, with hat and walking boots. Mr. Page found that she was dead. There was a jagged wound in the throat, and a small pool of blood on the floor. The overskirt of the dead woman had been pulled off; it was found near her body, with red fibers from a straw carpet embedded in the cloth. As there was such a carpet outside the room and also downstairs, but none of that kind in the room where she lay, it seemed that the murder had been done elsewhere in the house, and that the body had been dragged to its present position.

There was a curious scrap of paper on the floor near the body. Written in pencil were the words, "J. L. Morton, Charlestown, Mass." It looked like a false clue, deliberately planted by the murderer in hope of misleading suspicion.

Downstairs was found another strange note, but this one was in Miss Page's own handwriting. It read:

> Have just heard that Harold is hurt and at the Massachusetts Hospital. Have gone in 12 o'clock. Will leave key in front side door with barn key. Will telephone Mrs. Bennett.

This note remains one of the mysteries of the case, and one of the oddest incidents in any murder case. The wholly false news that Harold Page had been hurt was certainly brought to the house by the murderer. So there was a preliminary interview between the slayer and his victim, while the latter was unaware of her danger. Does it indicate that the intruder came with his scheme prepared, in order to get its only occupant out of the house, so that he might plunder it at leisure? Or was it a clumsy and hastily concocted lie, made up when he was surprised trying to get into the house?

Miss Page evidently believed the story long enough to write the note, and to put on her hat and boots for outdoors. Did she then come downstairs, find him rifling her purse—for the bills had been stolen when Mr. Page returned—and was she then slain to silence a possible witness to the robbery?

The woman probably knew and recognized her murderer. He had been at the house for a few moments once or twice, and on one occasion, two years earlier, had called to buy a dog of Mr. Harold Page. At that time he entered the house and talked with Miss Page. Why, when he departed after the murder, did he leave Miss Page's

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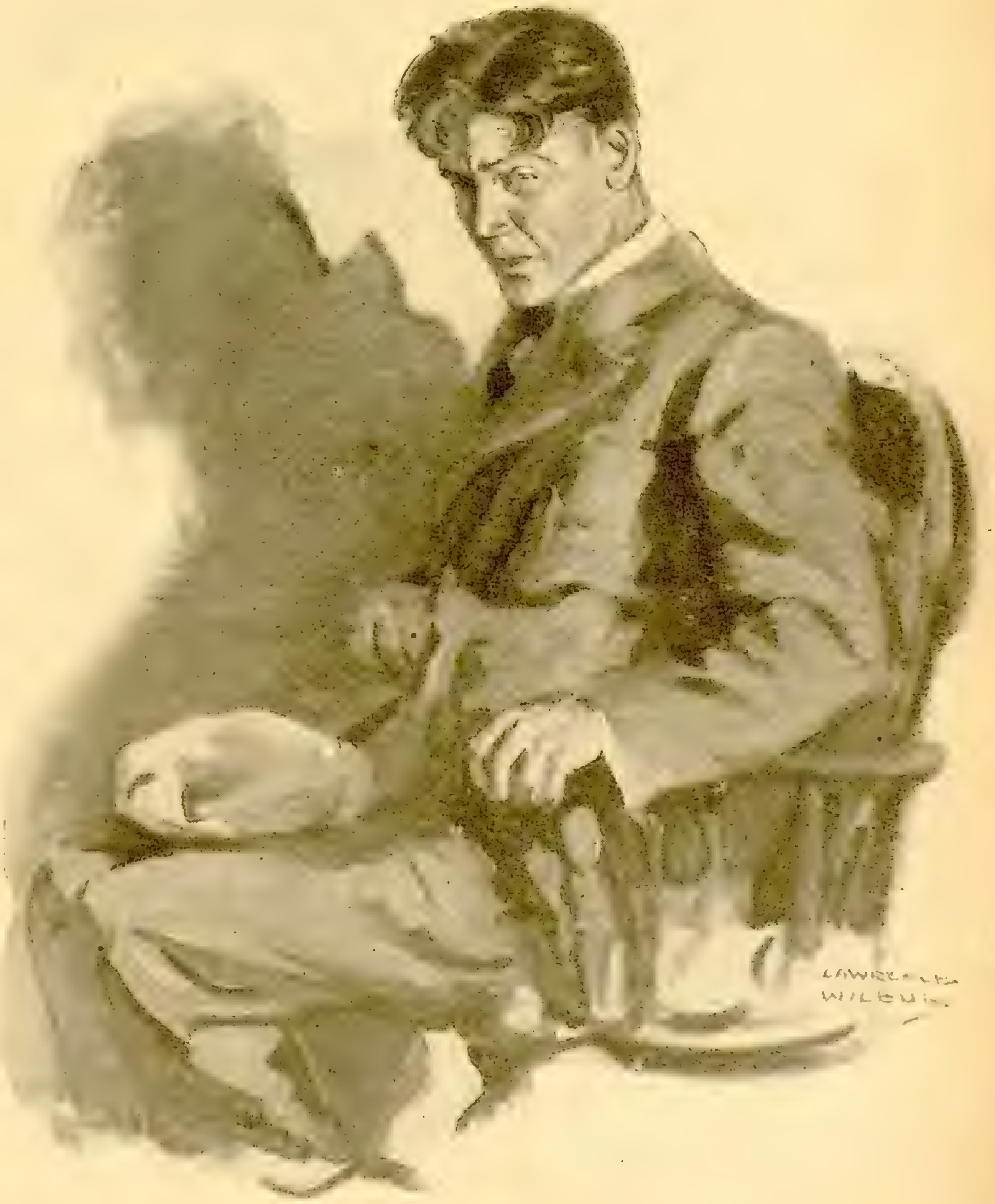


Shown the fragments of the blade, Mr. Tucker now remembered that he did own a knife. This he had tried to destroy.

THE CASE OF TOMMY TUCKER
Continued from page thirty-one

note behind? Why did he not destroy it? For it bore at least a suggestion that the caller was known to her. Did he see it at all, or know she had written it? If he did not, it is interesting to speculate on what would have happened if she had named in her note the bearer of ill tidings.

Mr. Page went out to call in the neighbors and the doctors. Not till after nightfall, and after a snowstorm had begun, did the medical examiner arrive. He, making a cursory examination by the light of oil lamps, was at first disposed to suspect suicide. It was not until later, when two other wounds had been discovered, one in the heart and one in the back, that these, together with the absence of any weapon, proved that not suicide but murder had been committed.

Newspapers took up the case with vigor, and, aside from one contribution to the cause of justice, played for the most part a thoroughly mischievous rôle throughout the long history of the case. This is not to say that the more reputable papers did not record events honestly. But the yellow press screamed itself hoarse: first, abusing the police for not making an instant arrest; second, abusing them for making an arrest and bringing the offender to trial; and finally, leading one of the most hysterical and maudlin of all agitations for the reprieve of a condemned man.

The police began by investigating the actions of everyone known to be in the vicinity of the Page house at the time of the murder. As Mr. Charles L. Tucker, called "Tommy" Tucker by his friends, was known to have been somewhere in the neighborhood, the police, four days after the murder, asked for an interview. They knew that he was a widower of twenty-four; that he had worked at a boathouse at Riverside, as elevator boy in the South Station—where Mr. Harold Page was also employed—and as a clerk for a Boston firm of stationers. At this time he was out of employment and lived with his parents in Auburndale.

Most uncharitable suspicions have been expressed about the death of his young wife, which had occurred, I think by drowning, about a year before at Riverside. He was with her at the time, or near by. I have known persons who were quite willing to convict him of crime in this death, for which there is no evidence at all, but were firm in their belief in his innocence of the murder for which the legal proof is complete.

TUCKER said he would tell the police all that he had done on March 31. He had spent the morning at work on his parents' lawn. At noon he changed his clothes and ate dinner. Then, lighting his pipe, he strolled down to Weston bridge. He walked a little way—but only a little way—up South Avenue. At one place he saw a man working in a trench. Mr. Tucker paused a while to look at a squirrel, and then—innocent as a lamb—returned to his home at 1 P. M.

It was then that he met Mr. Bourne, with whom he returned to Weston bridge. Then occurred the incident of Woodward, the fish wagon, and Miss Mabel Walker. Tucker gave the police an unexpurgated account of the afternoon's idyl, which ended in another return to his home. Even so, there was an hour or more, somewhere between 12 and 1:30, which was accounted for only by Mr. Tucker's unsubstantiated narrative. But the police had really nothing against him, and they let him go.

Some able newspaper reporters were working on the case, and they soon intimated to the police that certain workmen had seen Tucker much farther along South Avenue, toward the Page house, than he had admitted that he had gone. Moreover, the papers printed his picture, together with the news that he had been at the police station. Young Woodward saw this article, and suddenly remembered the sheath. He gave it to his father, who, in turn, handed it to the selectmen of Weston.

Again the police became interested in Mr. Tucker.

Did he ever own a knife, he was asked; a hunting knife?

Oh, no! Or, maybe, there was one he had sold a year ago, or lost in the river.

Did he own a sheath?

No; absolutely not.

The officer then held up the sheath found on the fish wagon. Was that his?

Oh, yes; now that he thought of it, three days after the murder, fearing that he might be suspected, or that the police might try to fasten this crime on him, he had hidden this sheath in the pocket of the overcoat which the officer had before him.

There were teeth marks on the sheath; a cast of Tucker's teeth were taken, and proved to fit the marks.

MEANWHILE his house was being searched under a warrant for property which had been stolen by him at an earlier date. In the pocket of a coat were found the broken fragments of the blade of a hunting knife. It bore bloodstains. In the pocket, with these fragments, was a pin with a Canadian emblem, subsequently identified by Amy Roberts as belonging to Miss Page.

Shown the fragments of the blade, Mr. Tucker now remembered that he did own a knife. This he had tried to destroy when he feared the officers were persecuting him by their unjust suspicions.

His trial took place nine months later. Miss Page was now dead and buried and, except by her family and friends, almost forgotten. The horror caused by her atrocious murder had subsided. Fickle and foolish public sympathy had veered, and now centered upon Tucker, "the boy Tucker," for it appeared that he was an innocent, "clear-eyed" boy, undergoing grievous persecution by the police. Just what being "clear-eyed" had to do with it, and why it is any more pleasant to be murdered by someone who is clear-eyed than by another whose eyes are cloudy, is always a mystery to me.

But this was a case of circumstantial evidence, and the usual ill-informed distrust of it began to be expressed. Nobody had seen Tucker kill Miss Page; nobody had seen him enter or leave the house. The state nevertheless showed that he had opportunity for the murder; by his own admission he was near by. The motive was probably theft; he was hard up; he wished to get money to go to St. Louis. After the murder and the disappearance of ten dollars or more from the house, Tucker was shown to have appeared in Boston with a similar sum of money. The medical testimony never wavered from the statement that the blade of his knife fitted the wounds and the cuts in the clothing of the murdered woman.

Handwriting testimony was introduced at tremendous length. The state allowed the prisoner the largest amounts of money for his defense, and for expert witnesses in his behalf, ever spent in a capital trial in Massachusetts. The authorship of the three words and two letters in the J. L. Morton note was hotly contested by most of the experts in the country. Those who testified, for the state, that the writing was Tucker's own succeeded in convincing jury and court.

The defense, fortified by the sympathy and applause of all the sentimental persons in the state, fought every point with utmost determination. Tucker's chief counsel was able to make a campaign for the Governorship on the reputation he gained in the trial. A band of enthusiastic young men tried to establish Tucker's alibi. Some of these witnesses were such blatant perjurers that they clearly did harm to the defense.

Other witnesses tried to establish the assertion that the Canadian pin was Tucker's own property, and on this contention alone seemed to believe that they had demonstrated his innocence. All the other damning circumstances were nothing at all to them; once it was shown that a faded photograph of Tucker represented him wearing a similar pin in his cap, he must instantly be acquitted.

While at the outset many persons believed in his guilt, they thought that it could not be proved before a jury. As the trial went on, and as many of the newspapers published only part of the evidence, with comments unfavorable to the Government even these persons began to think the evidence was inconclusive. The jury, nevertheless, after about seven hours of deliberation, found Tucker guilty of murder in the first degree.

Various legal expedients and delays prolonged his life for another year and a half. The popular agitation increased to proportions never before known in that state, and reached the utmost limits of absurdity and cruelty. Sensational newspapers discovered in Tucker not only an innocent lad but a hero and martyr, a model to youth.

The public hysteria took its usual course. The prisoner was held guiltless, a fair cherub, while the family of the murdered girl became targets for slander and abuse. A great mass of anonymous letters were received at this time. Enormous petitions were circulated, praying for commutation of the sentence. With utter lack of scruple, some of the circulators of these petitions set down the names of entire families, including babies in the cradle.

THE cause of all this agitation is still mysterious. It increased like a snowball rolling downhill. Tucker's character, prior to the murder, was anything but good; he had the support of no particular sect, nor of any political or social organization. Yet meetings were held in his behalf, one of them in Faneuil Hall, and thousands seemed to be going mad in their efforts to save him.

And all of this in behalf of a man found guilty by an exceptionally intelligent jury, after a prolonged trial! Every subsequent decision sustained the verdict. Justices Sherman and Sheldon stated that the verdict was a true one, and that a verdict of acquittal would have been a failure of justice. And this was undoubtedly the opinion of everyone who had followed the trial, and had not formed snap judgments based on misleading newspaper reports.

Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., gave a long hearing to the petitioners. A few days before the date set for the execution, the Governor gave out a remarkable statement, the result of his own investigations. He had walked over the roads and paths in the vicinity of the crime; taken time tests to prove the truth of the government's contentions; and examined all the exhibits.

"I HAVE myself," he wrote, "fitted the blade of the knife of Charles L. Tucker into the slit in the bloodstained corset of Mabel Page."

He was, he said, compelled to an undoubting belief in the prisoner's guilt.

Tucker was executed in the night of June 11-12, 1906. In public utterances he continued to protest his innocence; but I have been told by a responsible person intimately connected with the case (though not with the prosecution) that he made a private confession of guilt, probably to a clergyman.

Judge Sherman's words in passing sentence of death upon Tucker are particularly pertinent:

"I believe that many crimes are committed because their perpetrators have not understood the force and effect of *circumstantial evidence.* I feel confident that many murderers would have been deterred and prevented from committing their great crimes if they had known what Chief Justice Shaw and other great judges and lawyers have often declared—that circumstantial evidence may well be full as safe and satisfactory to prove the guilt as what is called direct evidence. The frequent declarations against such evidence by men who hardly know what such evidence is, and who can know but little about it from observation or experience, I fear lead men to commit crimes with a belief that, if no witnesses are present, there can be no conviction."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Genie of the Bottle

Mother had purchased a large thermos bottle, the first the family had owned, and she explained its use to Louise, five, and John, four.

"You see, children, when we go for picnics this bottle will keep the cocoa hot or the milk cold."

After a moment of wide-eyed amazement, John asked, "But, mother, how will it know which to do?"—Thirza Riggs, 6816 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Why Bring That Up?

Jane, four years old, was out riding with a party of five grown-ups. She asked each in turn if he or she could count to a hundred.

After all had answered in the affirmative, one of the party said, "How about you, Jane? Can you count to a hundred?" Whereat Jane promptly answered, "Well, I'm not asking myself."—Mrs. Frank Masten, 529 Maple Ridge Rd., Bethesda, Md.

Keeps Your HAIR NEAT

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

Sylvia Sidney and William Collier, Jr., in Street Scene.

ST
SC

Street Scene, The
Make

FREDERIC

Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass in Waterloo Bridge.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

SAMUEL GOLDWYN is one of the oddities of Hollywood. Also one of its best mysteries.

Born Samuel Goldfish, he once was a salesman for a glove-manufacturing concern in New York. He also was a brother-in-law of Jesse Lasky, who stepped from vaudeville production to movie making back in 1913. Goldfish stepped, too.

First affiliated with his brother-in-law, Goldfish launched out for himself in 1916. With Edgar Selwyn he starred Maxine Elliott, Mary Garden, Mae Marsh, and Madge Kennedy and hired a battery of what he called "Eminent Authors." The company was named Goldwyn Pictures, a combination of the words Goldfish and Selwyn. Then Goldfish legally changed his name to Goldwyn.

Step by step, Goldwyn has condensed and tightened his movie-production activities. Right now his only star is Ronald Colman. But he makes frequent productions, such as his new hit, Street Scene.

Out in Hollywood they tell a million funny stories about Samuel Goldwyn. He is the butt of a lot of them. Indeed, he is becoming a sort of legendary figure of humor. But even Hollywood cannot discount the fact that he makes uniformly better pictures than any other single producer.

Apparently there are two Samuel Goldwyns. One is the man they tell stories about. The other is the conscientious producer who makes good pictures.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ STREET SCENE

CAST

Rose	Sylvia Sidney
Sam	William Collier, Jr.
Abe Kaplan	Max Montor
Mr. Maurrant	David Landau
Mrs. Maurrant	Estelle Taylor
Sankey	Russell Hopton
Mae Jones	Greta Grandstedt
Emma Jones	Beulah Bondi
George Jones	T. H. Manning
Vincent Jones	Matthew McHugh
Olga Olsen	Adele Watson
Karl Olsen	John T. M. Qualen
Shirley Kaplan	Anna Kostant
Willie Maurrant	Lambert Rogers
Filippo Fiorentino	George Humbert
Greta Fiorentino	Eleanor Wesselhoeft
D. Buchanan	Conway Washburne

Directed by King Vidor.
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.

Because it was directed with sensitive and sympathetic skill by our best native director, King Vidor, this Pulitzer prize play by Elmer Rice emerges from the Hollywood mill a vibrant, moving, and searching cross section of life as it is lived in a single brownstone tenement in New York's West Sixties.

Here are the trivial tragedies, the commonplace heartaches of a set of men and women trapped by life in a s
tenement. Although the thread of
moves from floor to floor, it is
the story of passion and pitiful in
on the second-floor front, wher
the Maurrants.

Drunken, sullen, suspicious,
rant sneaks back to find his u
wife with the milk collector. He
them both and tries to escape.
police take him away wounded, he
behind his young daughter and h
younger son.

These children must find thei
way in life.

Mr. Vidor's camera never ente
sordid tenement. It searches out
in the windows, on the street ste
on the teeming sidewalk in front,
ing the narrow, cramped souls
dwellers with a relentless eye.

No recent picture has prese
scene of more cumulative strengt
the return of the sodden Maurrant
with the lust of murder. Mr.
presents this with great force.

You see a single vengeful and
thought explode before your eye
ing as the street slowly clears
policemen, curious humans, truc
ambulances.

I cared less for the characteriz
of Estelle Taylor as Mrs. Maurra
Sylvia Sidney as her daughter,
than for the unforgettable perfor
of David Landau as the jealous,
Maurrant and William Collier,
the sensitive young Jew who love

M
GE
EEN

nd Waterloo Bridge -
Pictures

MES SMITH

re is a fine bit, too, by Anna Kostant his boy's sister, a spinster schoolher.

his is a fine and worthy screen na, superbly directed.

★ ★ THE SPIDER

CAST

hatrand	Edmund Lowe
everly Lane	Lois Moran
lexander	Howard Phillips
arrington	Earle Foxe
le	El Brendel
he Kid	Kendall McComas
stelle	Manya Roberti
r. Blackstone	George E. Stone
nspector Riley	Purnell Pratt

Directed by William Cameron Menzies
and Kenneth MacKenna.
Produced by Fox.

his was a corking novelty stage odrama by Fulton Oursler and ell Brentano. At the very height of iritualistic-magical performance by rewd charlatan, a man is murdered eriously in the audience. The magiypnotist calls all his wiles, all his edge of audience psychology, all echanical trickery to his aid in g out the murderer in the ce.

potent punch of the footlight is present in this adroit adapta-here are some superbly tense mowhen Chatrand draws the net the murderer, row by row and eat.

reen gives a wider opportunity Great Chatrand's magic. Edowe is an excellent Chatrand, I liked better John Halliday in f the stage production.

Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, and Lois Moran in The Spider.

★ ★ ★ WATERLOO BRIDGE

CAST

Myra	Mae Clarke
Roy	Kent Douglass
Kitty	Doris Lloyd
Mrs. Hobley	Ethel Griffes
Mrs. Wetherby	Enid Bennett
Mr. Wetherby	Frederick Kerr
Old Woman	Rita Carlyle

Directed by James Whale.
Produced by Universal.

This is a story of London in wartime. It was written as a stage play by Robert E. Sherwood, who has been and still is a film critic of parts. Indeed, Mr. Sherwood sat with me at a preview of this screen version of his drama with mingled emotions, I suspect.

Because the drama is very well acted by Mae Clarke, the street girl of Front Page, and by Kent Douglass, the younger brother of Five and Ten, and because it is finely directed by James Whale, who made Journey's End, the film holds a real dramatic tug.

★ ★ THIS MODERN AGE

CAST

Valentine	Joan Crawford
Diane	Pauline Frederick
Bob	Neil Hamilton
Tony	Monroe Owsley
Mr. Blake	Hobart Bosworth
Mrs. Blake	Emma Dunn
Andrew de Graignon	Albert Conti

Directed by Nicholas Grinde.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The modern young heroine of this Mildred Cram story is confronted with this problem: should she stick by her mother, who has been maintained for years in Paris by a wealthy Frenchman, or should she marry the moral and upright young son of the strait-laced New England Blakes?

The girl faces this dilemma when she goes to Paris after her father's death. Divorce had separated her from her mother years before.

Both Joan Crawford and Pauline Frederick are guilty of overacting as daughter and mamma. The drama doesn't jell.

Pauline Frederick and Joan Crawford in This Modern Age.

Do you know that—

James Cagney and the Warners have solved their difficulties and Cagney has started work on Blind Spot?

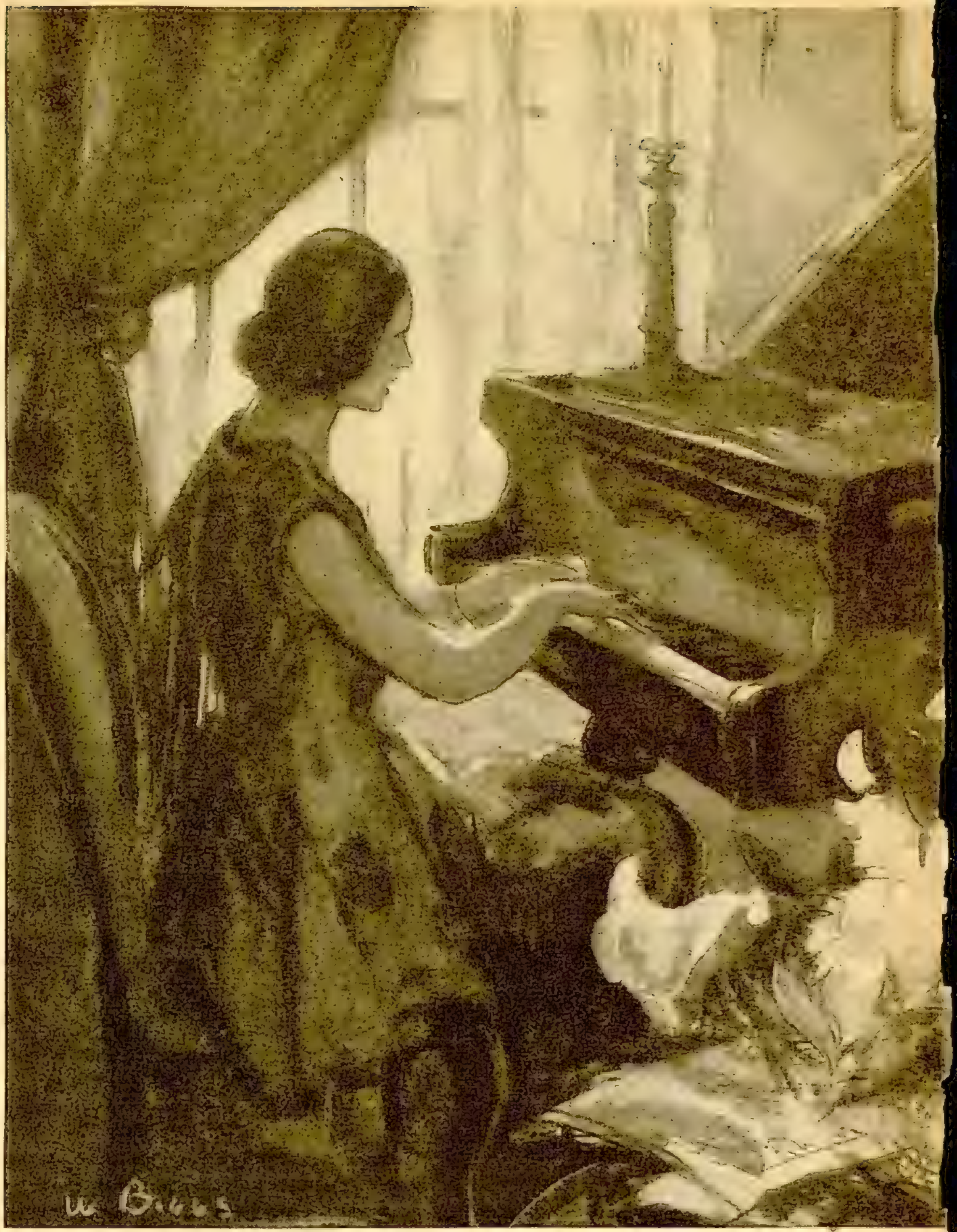
Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son.

The Story of a Critic Who Was Human

Picture by
WALTER BIGGS



" We always asked Leona to sing. I wish you cou

The V

(Reading time: 6 minutes 51 seconds.)

BILLY BOYLE was sitting in the club when Mark Shevlin came trundling in. In an instant the two men were pumping hands in a dual incoherence of greeting.

" Where'd you come from, you old rhino, you? " finally came from Boyle.

" The Gobi," Shevlin answered. " Tell me the news, old man! "

" You haven't heard! " Boyle exclaimed, his gay look sobering. " Arthur Dalton was buried yesterday."

" Arthur dead! " Shevlin exclaimed, aghast, " Arthur *dead!* That's a body blow to me. Why, Billy, I loved Arthur Dalton! "

" So did I! He was not one of those people everybody loved. But a few . . ."

" How did it happen? " Shevlin asked presently.

" Pneumonia! It's the end of a strange story, Mark. His uncle, Elisha Dalton, is lunching with me. So let me tell it to you before he gets here. You knew that Arthur was musical critic on the Orb? "

" Oh, yes! I know, too, the kind of critic he became. He told us, you remember, that he was going to keep his work and his social life apart. He was never going to permit himself to get pally with singers or impresarios. Did he live up to that? "

" Absolutely! " Boyle answered. " His friends were all men like myself, drawn from other professions. He used to give informal Sunday breakfasts, and I can tell you I missed them as rarely as possible. He had the knack of getting pleasant people together."

" He was a pleasant person himself," Shevlin commented.

" He could charm a bird down out of a tree," Boyle declared simply. " By the way, he had a remarkable musical background."

" Nobody knows that better than I," Shevlin said. " Arthur's mother died when he was a baby. Mr. Dalton took Arthur to Bayreuth summer after summer."

Boyle took it up: " Arthur developed into a whale of a writer. He became the most hated—and quoted—of critics. About ten years ago he went home for a summer to Fair Weather. And there happened to him, in the old home town, one of the strangest things . . ." Boyle veered from his narrative. " Ever hear of a Chautauqua tent show? "

" Oh, yes. It was an established rural institution when I left."

" A tent Chautauqua came to Fair Weather that summer. One night Arthur went to the show. He came in on a program of song, all done by a certain Leona Hartshorn."

" Leona Hartshorn! " Shevlin repeated. " Never heard of her."

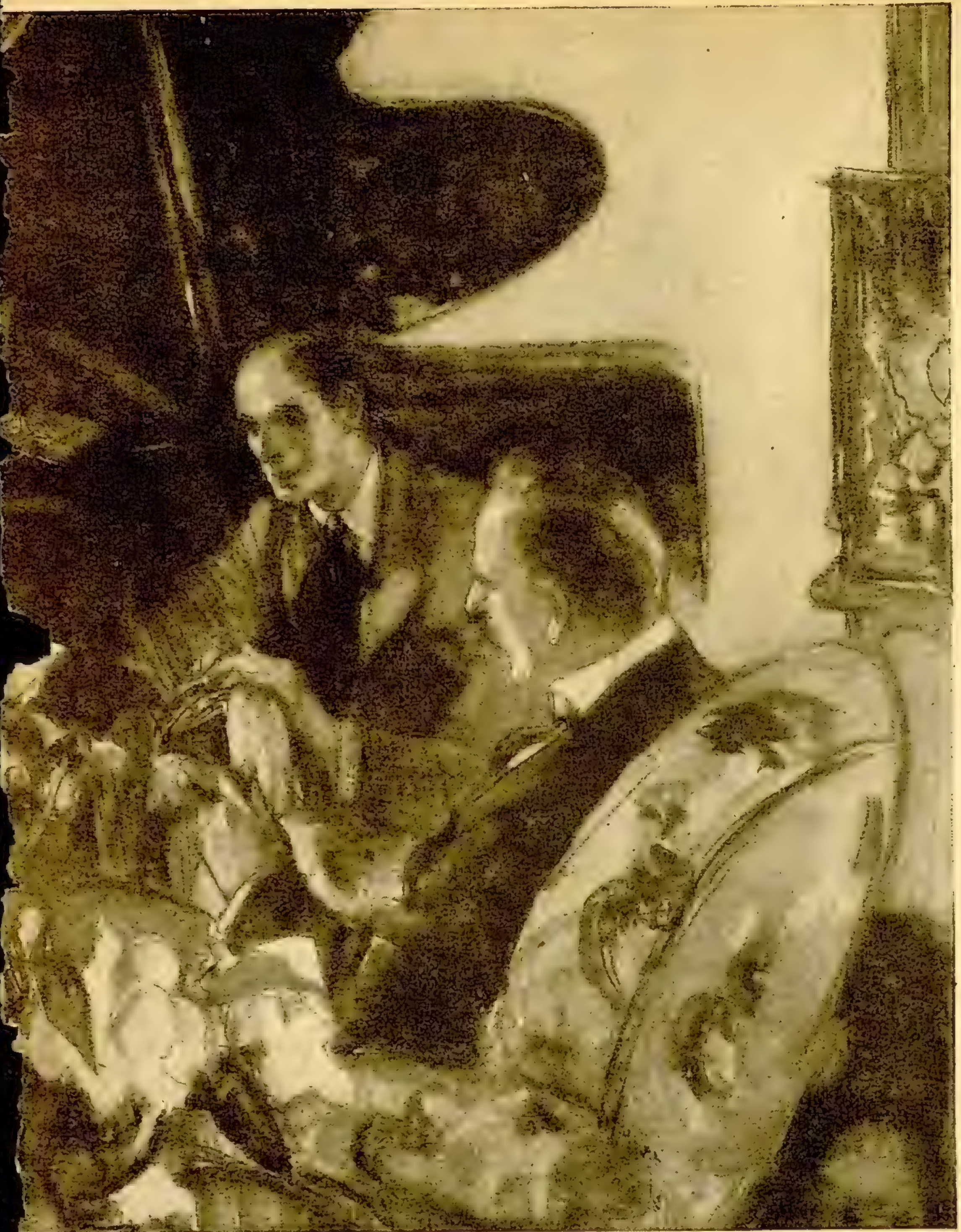
" Nobody else had. I can't explain what happened, Shev. It was as though Arthur fell under a spell at her first note. To make a long story short, she appeared in a different town every night for a month. It was always the same program, yet Arthur was always in the audience. Leona specialized on folk songs—lullabies and the like. Finally Arthur got the manager to introduce him. When Leona discovered that her admirer was the great Dalton, she almost fainted. You can imagine how she felt when the great Dalton told her he thought she had the most beautiful voice he had ever heard."

" Next," Shevlin threw in, " came a concert in New York."

" Of course. Arthur advised her on everything. He managed what preliminary publicity he could. He talked her up to anybody who would listen to him—and everybody would listen to him in those days. We all went to the concert. An extremely brilliant audience, naturally, with Arthur hand-picking it. But . . . In all my life I have never suffered such a disillusion and—on Arthur's account—such a disappointment. All you could say was that her voice was above the average and that it had a pleasant quality."

" Well, I'll be—" Shevlin began. " How did the audience react? "

" Politely. After each number came brief adequate



ave seen Arthur's face. A man listening to angels!"

OICE

By Inez Haynes Irwin

Author of twenty books, many articles, and hundreds of short stories. She was born in Brazil, brought up in Boston, and is equally at home in New York, Massachusetts, California, and Europe. Her husband, Will Irwin, is also a well known writer.

applause. I don't know how Arthur felt about that. I happened to sit where I could catch his profile. All the time Leona sang he was white with rapture. His review was the most perfect bit of musical criticism that has ever happened in America."

"What did the other critics say?" Shevlin asked.

"OH, it was awful! When they didn't pan her they praised with faint damns. It was the strangest newspaper phenomenon—that ring of tepid criticism surrounding Arthur's flaming words."

"Gee, that was tough! I hate to think of old Arthur—"

"We all did. Arthur being Arthur, the inevitable happened. He became Leona's unofficial press agent. The Orb was seriously embarrassed. What his enemies said!—and how! His friends—I'll say our work was cut out for us just defending him."

"What does she look like?" Shevlin asked.

"I like her looks. She is tall, dark, and slim. The contour of her features is indeterminate, but there is a softness of eyes and lips and hair . . ."

"And what kind of woman is she?"

"Lovely!" Boyle answered promptly. "
like to have her about. She is not brillia
a talker, but she is intensely sympat
She listens with absorption. Her com
are pertinent—if you know what I mean

Shevlin said that he knew what he
"What came of it all?"

"They married. Arthur left the O
devoted himself to promoting his wife. H
always had an income. He did not give
his Sunday breakfasts. They had shak
down now to an old guard; new people rar
came. They were as delightful as ever, thou
By tacit consent—we handed this respo
bility about—we always asked Leona to si
I wish you could have seen Arthur's face.
man listening to the caroling of angels! T
was something poignant in his look, as th
he were recapturing a lost happiness."

"Did he land her as an artist?" Shevl
manded.

"Never! He grew thin. There
strange gleam in his eyes that . . .
continued to fall away from him. Na
his public had long ago vanished. T
nobody so voiceless as the deposed criti

"Was she a financial success?"

"No. Arthur managed to pick up
engagements to keep them always hopeful. They
believed that next year would be better."

"And he never suspected his error in judgme

"The last time she sang for Arthur, I had drop
just about a week ago. At that time he was a
improving. He asked her to sing some cradle
I've no recollection which ones. I was too
watching Arthur's face. It was as luminous as
glass window with a light behind it."

He broke off abruptly. "Oh, here's Mr. Dal
Dalton, let me introduce one of Arthur's old
Mark Shevlin, the explorer. Arthur's uncle,

Mr. Dalton extended a sinewy hand. He ha
of the countryman. His hat had divided his f
a sharp ring into an upper white stratum a
crimson one. "Glad to meet any friend of Ar
said. "It's a sad business you've come back t

"It's a great blow to me," Shevlin answere
"I'm going this afternoon to call on Mrs. Dalto

"She'll be glad," Mr. Dalton said, "to talk
body who knew Arthur. That's her only comf
She can't sing any more."

The two men murmured something inarticula

"Funny thing about Leona's voice," Mr. Da
on meditatively. "Ellen, Arthur's mother, d
he was so young he couldn't remember a thi
world about her. He was Ellen's only baby.
a beautiful voice herself. She used to hold hi
hour, singing little lullabies.

"Leona's voice is exactly like Ellen's. My wife
speaks of it. If I close my eyes when Leona's at
piano, I'd take my oath it was Ellen—Ellen hol
Arthur in her arms and singing him to sleep."

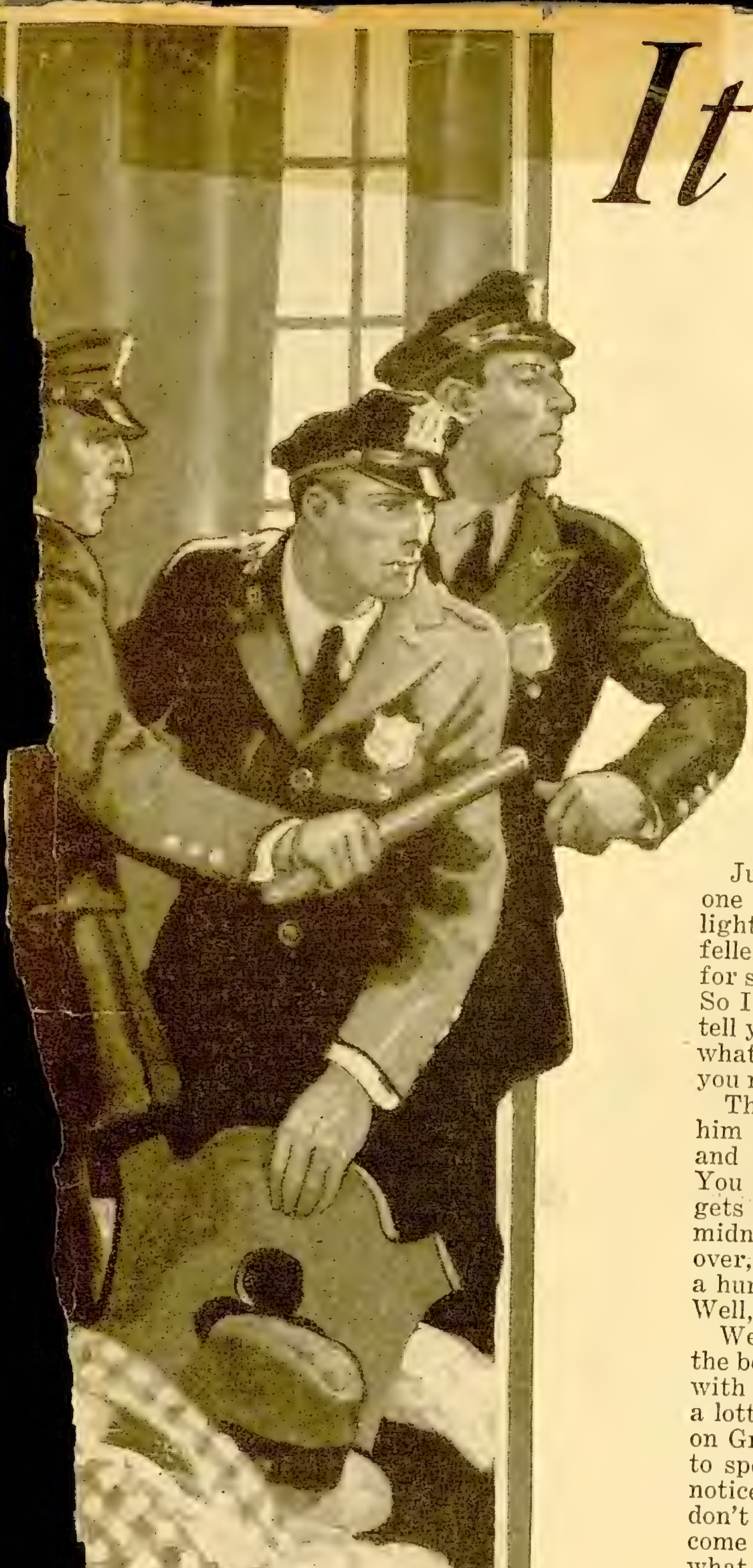
THE END

It Must Be

A Frank Expression of th
Have Had on a

By KONRAD

Pictures by BARTOW



eading time: 21 minutes 40 seconds.)

tters as serious as a discussion on speakeasies
ant information from experts. Let Joe Tabarino
you what he knows on the subject. He has been
siness (he refuses to call it a racket) since the
h Amendment to the Constitution has become
our land. He says:

erence between a business man and a reformer
he business man tries to find out what the pub-
nd then gives it to 'em. And the reformer finds
he public wants and then tries to take it away

o this business in a funny way. I had a restau-
n Greenwich Avenue. Served nothing but food.
ody artistic used to come in: Dreiser, and that
hose face he smacked—I forget his name; and
ood Anderson, and O'Neill, and Van Loon, and
like that. And there was no kick coming. Business was good, and I was proud of all them people coming to me and talking to me. And I says to friends, "Nothing but the brainiest people comes into my place."

Then one day after prohibition a guy comes in, walks up to me like that, in my own place, and asks: "Where do you get your liquor?" "I ain't keeping any liquor," I says, "'cause I don't sell any liquor." So he says, "Well," he says to me, "you can't keep a corner like this away from us. This place gotta sell liquor! It's on the list. And if you don't, we'll have to put another guy in here."

Just like that—as if I didn't own the joint! And I had one look at the feller, who was playing with his cigar lighter, and I stop saying what I wanted to say. Well, a feller's gotta make a living. And I'd had the restaurant for so many years, I couldn't let it slip out from under me. So I says: "I'll buy a bottle or two." So he says: "I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll put two men in tonight to see what can be sold in this joint, so I'll know how much you need."

That evening he came back and brought a supply with him and two waiters, and they goes from table to table and asks the customers: "Want a little something? You want a little something?" And most everybody gets a little something. The place stays open till after midnight and the customers are happy. When it's all over, the big guy comes over to me and says: "Sold over a hundred dollars' worth and there's fifty for you in it. Well, do you wanna sell liquor or not?"

Well, what was I to do? That guy came in and was the boss of the place. Because I didn't like how he played with the cigar lighter when he talked to me. There were a lotta things I had to find out right here in this place on Greenwich Avenue. I thought that people who came to speakeasies just wanted a little drink, but I gets to notice that they wanted something else with it and I don't know what. Some eats. Some don't. Women come in. The whole place changes. And I don't know what to make of it! So one night what should happen but some dicks came in and pinch the place. Well, was I scared! The people was scared. Them dicks made a row, broke up a few dishes, nosed into people's cups, and smashed a mirror and a few chairs. But before we got to court the next day them things was fixed up O. K. Complaint dismissed. The big guy with the cigar lighter had fixed it all up.

But I got scared. I thought none of them people is going to come to my place any more. It was in the papers, you know. But would you believe it? The following day the place was crowded! Why, them people enjoyed the thrill of seeing the house pinched! That thing in the paper was just like an ad. I could never of paid for it if I wanted. They come and come and come again, and more than before. For the drinks and for the thrill.

Well, after that, when things got dull a little, the big guy staged a raid for me. You know—got some phony dicks to come in and call out:

"Hold your seats, everybody! This place is raided!"

Then we'd go in the kitchen and all have a laugh. When

REFINED

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. V. Matteson

they left the people was happy and held on to their drinks and ordered another one as if they was afraid they'd never get another drink in their life. It was funny to watch the faces of them people. They were all excited. But there was few women only coming into the place still. They hadn't learned yet to come to a speakeasy much.

Later, did they learn! It's what I always say to people who say that people drink a lot more liquor since prohibition. I say: "It ain't so. Maybe more liquor is being consumed. But that's 'cause women too have learned to drink. Before prohibition only men drank. It's like the cigarettes that sell twice as many since women took to smoking 'em. It's why you got twice as many barbers since women bob their hair." That's what I tell 'em. The women have become human beings like the rest of us.

But them raiding thrills got kinda boring, you know. People didn't mind 'em any longer. And so I tried again to find out what the people wanted. Then I fixes up in the back of the restaurant a little bar, just like in the good old times—sawdust on the floor, big mirrors on the walls smudged with chalk, and pictures of prize fighters and race horses, and white-aproned bartenders. You know, like in the good old days. And that gets 'em for a while. And that too becomes stale. And so I says to myself:

"Joe, you ain't no reformer. You're a business man. You gotta try to find out what the people wants."

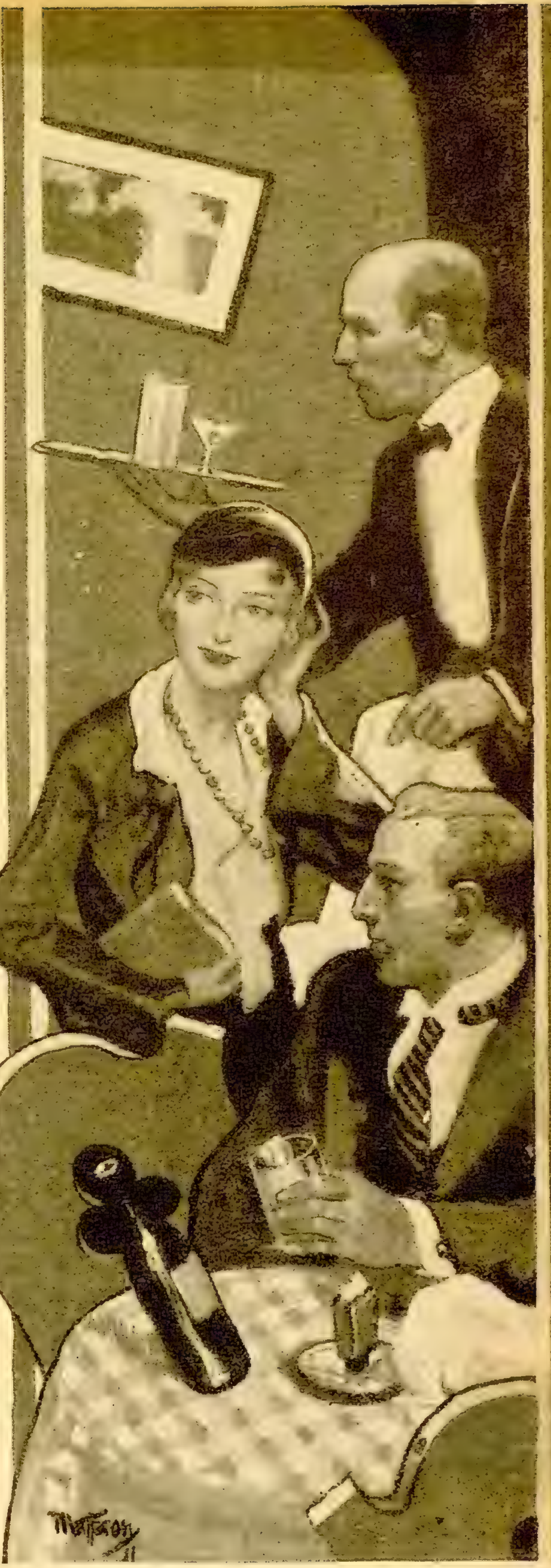
So I fixes up the place nice and cozy and homy like, with gray walls and low lights and small little tables all over, fire all the old-time waiters and get me some nice eddicated ones: a Frenchman, an Austrian, and a Russian baron who knows how to serve refined people.

YOU know—it's what happened at schools when they put the boys and the girls together in one class. It makes the girls a little rougher and it makes the boys a lot nicer, quieter. That's what happened since prohibition. The old-time saloon, with men talking rough and playing rough and having a little squabble and a fight and cursing, ain't a go any more, now that women comes into a place instead of going to tea rooms. Drinking's got refined.

I ain't saying that prohibition is going to last forever. Drinks is coming back, and no kick from me on that. I'd sooner pay a license to sell drinks than have a lotta other troubles. But when drinks does come back, the saloon ain't coming back with it. Places like mine is gonna be all over town; nice, quiet, homy, refined places, where a lady can come in. And it's nice for the men, too, to have refined company instead of being rough.

These eddicated waiters know just how to talk and how to serve them people. That's how it's gonna be when them reformers find out that you can't take everything the people likes away from 'em.

Even the bootleggers gotta cut out the rough stuff. Well, they're still killing one another off a little. But it's the old-style bootlegger that gets killed; hijackers and double-crossers. The rough guy, the gangster, gotta go. He ruins the business. A new class is coming into it; a nice, quiet, refined type that goes about things in a business way. Well, there's still "Legs" Diamond and Al Capone, but they're played out. There's a new crowd in the business now, I tell you; the kind that knows how to wear a tie and clothes. The old kind that chewed a big cigar, played with a cigar lighter, and talked to you as if you were his buddy has gotta go.



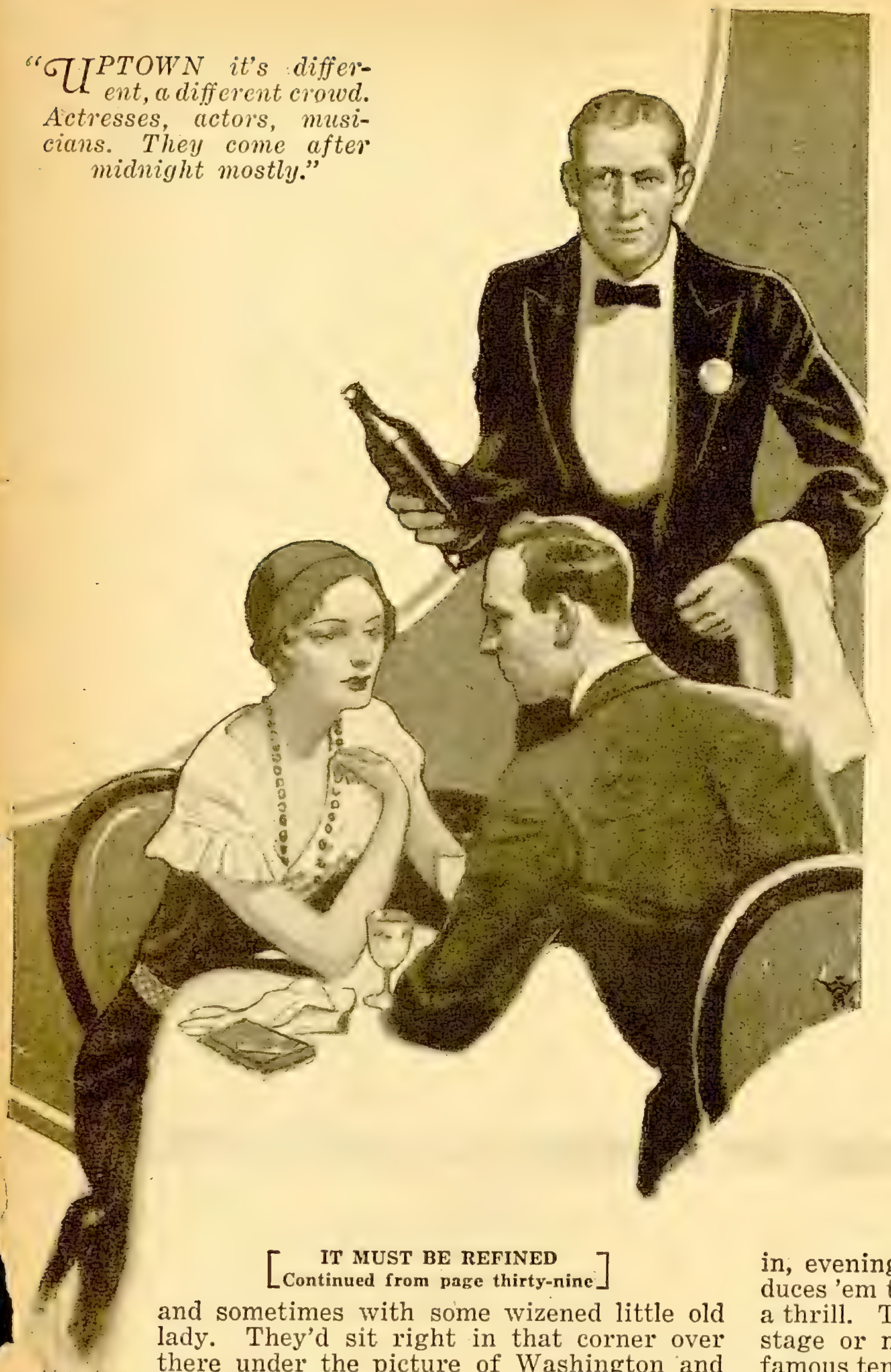
"Raiding thrills got kinda boring. People didn't mind 'em any longer."

Them that sells liquor in the homes now is polite and tries to be right, tries to find out what you wants and gives it to you. You let 'em in by the front door now. That's how I divide now the boys: front-door and back-door boys. Why, I know some fellers look no different than you and me that sells liquor! There ain't much money in it no more. Just steady and reg'lar, like insurance or any other business. It's gotta be quiet and refined.

I tell you what happened. For weeks and weeks I seen a wizened little old feller coming in here, sometimes alone

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"UPTOWN it's different, a different crowd. Actresses, actors, musicians. They come after midnight mostly."



IT MUST BE REFINED
Continued from page thirty-nine

and sometimes with some wizened little old lady. They'd sit right in that corner over there under the picture of Washington and have their little drink. They'd talk. Sometimes they'd sit for hours. They didn't disturb nobody. Say! Old folks gotta have their fun, just like other people.

But one day I opens the paper, and didn't I see a picture of the old guy in it! A minister he was, and he'd delivered a long lecture on the sins of the city, speakeasies, and called 'em dens of vice and iniquity and all that. Good Gawd! What he didn't say about speakeasies! The devil himself walked on his hind legs in such places. And he ain't ever seen any rough stuff here, the snooper! So I made up my mind to lam him the first time I sees him again.

And sure enough there he was a few days later, all alone.

I says to myself, "Joe," I says to myself, "you better leave him alone. He can't hurt you and he didn't mention your name or your place. Let him be."

And then he got to come steady every day right after lunch, when there was hardly nobody here. He'd sit down at that same table and scribble. So one day I walks up to him and I says: "Watcha doing here, reverend father?"

And he looks up at me and sees that he's caught and says: "Don't mind me. This is the quietest place to work in."

He's been coming here ever since and writing with a glass before him all them terrible sermons he delivers. When evening comes he goes away. Well, we all gotta make a living. I sell liquor, and he preaches against it.

Way down on Bleecker Street I got another place. Just for the business men around the neighborhood. The food is good. They mostly wants wine with their food, see? Occasionally someone comes in with a dame and wants some champagne. But that's rare. It's cocktails and red ink mostly.

I put a brother of mine into that place, and he got me into plenty of trouble. He ain't been eddicated in this country, see? He don't know American ways. And he used to get his liquor from a guy that controlled that district. It wasn't yet like today where one main guy does it all. That was before the big guys had bumped off the small ones to get the business organized in a business way.

One day a man comes in from another gang wanting to cut in, and asks my brother where he gets his. My brother tells him, and he says he will give it to him cheaper. My brother falls for it. Well, a day later both gangs wrecked the place. There was some shooting. Wasn't much left of poor Gino when I got there. It was his fault just the same. He shouldn't of tried to help the other guys cut in. He ain't been eddicated in America. I opened another place and put his wife in. She's keeping it straight all right. They got four children, you know. They gotta live.

NOT all speakeasies is alike. I got three uptown—over Fifth Avenue way, you know. Not the same kind of people comes in there. You gotta have an entirely different set-up. Down here, in this place, nobody comes for lunch, see? Artists sleep till after lunch. They work mostly at night. They begin to come in after lunch, and then they come for dinner, and maybe stay till midnight. But uptown it's different, a different crowd. Actresses, actors, musicians. They come after midnight mostly. And because of them celebrities some business men brings in, evenings, their buyers from outta town, and introduces 'em to them celebrities. It gives the outta-towners a thrill. They go home and say they seen Miss This, the stage or movie star, or they seen Pasquale That, the famous tenor. Them outta-towners like to mop up everything when they come in. You gotta watch 'em. You gotta keep them places fine. No rough stuff.

French waiters are the best for that. Why, the bar and the raiding hadda be cut out from the very beginning in the clubs. Them people don't want their names in the papers. They want good food and a drink with it, and they come down to have it. Say, ain't they entitled to it?

There's one place, half of City Hall is always there. Nobody ever comes there that don't know who wrote "Will You Love Me in December?" Nothing wrong in that. Haven't seen a drunk there in a year! And it ain't because drinks ain't expensive, even for them people. The food ain't exactly cheap. We certainly do charge for the food! Dinner and a little bottle for two and coffee and liqueurs comes to twenty bucks at least.

Them places uptown open for lunch. Not much drinking then. A cocktail or two, that's all. At about five o'clock, when offices close, a few more people comes in before taking a suburban train. And then comes dinner, and with the dinner red ink. But the big go is after the theater. Gosh, it's a pleasure how the place smells after that! Perfume and everything. That's where I goes after the show. After dinner I puts on my tuxedo and goes uptown. Fine people! I knows everybody and everybody knows me. When they says hello to me, I says, "Good evening, Mrs. Cooper," and she says, "Good evening Mr. Tabarino." Not Joe, you know! It's Mr. Tabarino! Them people has got eddication.

Sometimes there's a little rough-house when people from Hollywood comes in. When they come to town they want to have everything in one day. All the speakeasies and night clubs in one pocket, and the clothes from all the stores in another pocket, the Empire State Building on their heads, the Chrysler on one foot and the Woolworth on the other. And they always get into arguments with the waiter. They're always afraid of being charged too much, them people that earn millions. But there's plenty refined people among them, too.

Once there was a little shooting in the place. Well, such things can happen anywhere. A man came in, found his wife sitting at a table with another guy, and bing! But eddication showed.

No scrambling, no screaming. Just a little scare. Up stands a gentleman and he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, please keep your places. This is a regrettable accident in our club. The injured man will be taken to a hospital. Please keep your seats quietly."

And so they keep their seats while waiters took away the gun from the man, hustled him out, and two ladies talked to the crying lady and made her keep quiet, and the man who'd been shot was put in a taxi and taken to a hospital. In five minutes everything was quiet just as if nothing'd happened! That's how things are when you deal with refined people. Quiet. Nice. Like the colors on the walls.

You betcha in a place where the customers like red velvet and things there'd 'a' been a riot!

GOT a joint way down on the East Side near Brooklyn Bridge. There again you gotta find out what the people wants. You see, no sugar daddy ever comes in there—hardly ever. There come men that want a drink. They take their drink standing and walk out. Can't sell 'em no wines there. Well, in that joint I put in some old-time bartenders. You know, the kinda men them people likes to get acquainted with over the bar—likes to tell 'em their troubles, what's happened in the family, when they're outta work. Old bartenders are used to listening to the troubles of poor people, keeping an eye cocked while wiping the zinc. Makes a feller feel good to know somebody's listening to his troubles. Gotta let them people have their own kind—the kind that has their own kind of troubles.

But even that's a nice quiet place. None of the rough stuff of the old-time saloon. That's gone.

What I say is that even if drink comes back officially the old-time saloon is gone. We've got too far ahead, too civilized for it. Everything is more refined and quiet today. You gotta thank prohibition for that. It sure did a lot to help. God bless the women! They come in at first just for the deviltry of it, and then they liked it better than tea, and stayed.

That downtown place sure was hit bad by the depression. No women comes in there. It's only workingmen and salesmen, and they were hit bad. The whole business has been hit bad. We ain't selling half of what we used to sell last year. One day the big guy with the cigar lighter comes along and says to me, he says: "What's the key to that? Buying from somebody else?"

And so I looks at him straight and I says: "Go see for yourself." He goes down to Pearl Street and he stays there a whole day and watches what's being sold. And then he goes back the next day, and goes back the third day. And he sees that I ain't double-crossing him, that I ain't buying from somebody else. So he gives me this watch and says, "Joe, you are one straight guy."

Them guys gotta lot of trouble of their own. What with getting the roughnecks outta the business, and the hijackers in their coffins, and protection, and every little thing, they got their hands full. They can't ask the law to protect 'em against the crooks of the business. They gotta do it themselves.

Take that gin joint. Many a time I gotta good mind to close it up. It ain't paying expenses. And then again I think: "Joe, you can't do such a thing. The customers have come into your place when they earned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now I SLEEP as late as TOM

"MANY a woman would stay in bed longer if it wasn't for her husband and his breakfast coffee! Good wives know that good coffee is a big thing to a man who wants to start the day right—but some of them haven't learned that G. Washington's lets you make good coffee at a second's notice!"

The best coffee you've ever made—and no waiting, no mess, no work of any kind! That's what the new G. Washington's Coffee gives you, day in and day out.

G. Washington's is real coffee that has been brewed for you. Put a teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water and serve. That's all there is to it. All the things that are so hard to get right when you make coffee the ordinary way have already been attended to by experts—along with the roasting and grinding!

Get a can of this amazing miracle coffee with your next grocery order. You'll find it economical, because even the tiny can makes as many cups as a big can of ordinary coffee. FREE; for sample write G. Washington, 215 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, N. J.

G Washington's COFFEE

the coffee part of the coffee bean

IT MUST BE REFINED
Continued from page forty-one

plenty of dough, and they gotta come in somewheres now and have a little nip and talk over their troubles. Gotta play fair with 'em. Nobody asks for credit."

Well, uptown it ain't like that, of course. Uptown they do hang up sometimes. But then, we ain't losing nothing by it. Them guys pay up. You know, lawyers and people like that. You send 'em the bill at the end of the month. They pay up. And say, when they call you up at night when they're having a little party at home, you ain't losing anything by it, either!

At them places, the clubs uptown, the places in the Village, and the joint down near the bridge, you know exactly what you need. You know exactly what them people is going to drink. But Harlem's got me stumped. I opens a place up in Harlem. Just a rough-looking place. No tapestry, no nothing. Just a place. For a trial. Gin, two bits a shot. Niggers come. One brings another. A second brings a third one. And then there's twenty or thirty of 'em. Their women-folks comes along. They gets noisy and dances and sings, and it's just straight gin all the time—for a while.

Konrad Bercovici, the author of this article, and at right, Don Fernando de Los Rios, now Minister of Justice in Spain.

And then one night I sees a coupla white folks come in. Actors like, or writers maybe—they always noses around. And they sit down at a table and they ask for whisky. Well, I thinks, just two strangers too polite to go out when they see the colored people—don't want to insult 'em. But the following night six white folks come; and then ten whites. And then it becomes half and half. Them refined folks becomes friendly with the colored ones, and then the whole place changes. The colored men wants to do like the white men and drink whisky, and the whites want to do like the black folks and have gin.

And just when you're about set, thinking you've figgered it out—bingo! The colored customers leave 'cause too many white folks are coming around; or the white folks get sick and tired of it and go back to their own clubs. And so you're left holding the bag, with a lotta bottles and things you can't sell.

And then it's all back again. Sometimes the white folks come back first and then the dark ones foller, and sometimes the dark customers come back first and the white ones are on their tail. Oh, well!

I had another place in Harlem. You oughta lamped it. Fancier than the devil! Colored actors and colored jazz players, and all the refined colored folks came there. Gee, I didn't know they could be so refined!

Tell you how I got to fix that place—and lose it.

ONE night a man comes in here, one that writes songs and makes money outta them. I've been knowing him for many years. Used to come down and eat at my place when he didn't have a seat on his pants. Then he wrote a song that caught on and made a lotta money. But he still comes down to my place. And he says to me:

"Joe," he says, "you think your clubs are fitted out nice. I'll show you a place you ain't seen none like in your life."

So he drives me up to Harlem in his new car, knocks at a door of a brownstone house up in the hundreds, and a nice clean colored man comes out and says eddicatedly, "Good evening." My friend introduces me and gets me a club card. And was it fancy! The walls are dark brown. The lights low. The waiters walking around in felt shoes to make no noise. The tables were all occupied with nice, quiet colored people. There ain't a white man in it. They're talking in soft low voices, whispering, so polite. Why, you could hardly hear the clink of the money. And them waiters bowed three times when they gets a tip!

In a corner there was an eight-piece orchestra playing so soft you could hardly hear 'em—like in a dream. Never heard anything so soft. And a girl gets up to sing—oh, so soft, so soulful, she broke my heart. No rough song, no rough stuff at all.

That place was called the Full-Dress Club. For refined Negroes. The women was in evening gowns; the men was in white shirts, full dress, and pattern-leather shoes. Professional people. Doctors, lawyers, and musicians. I could see that they was too polite to tell us to get out, but I could see we wasn't welcome. They never says anything rough or does anything rough, and they was ever so polite, but I can see the customers get up and bow to one another and bow to the proprietor and walk out embarrassed like. And so I says to my friend:

"Let's get out. I ain't a guy to spoil another guy's business."

And in partnership with that song writer I opens a place like that one in Harlem, and put a colored man in to make 'em all feel at home. Money is money. Money off'n the blacks is just as good as off'n the whites. The banks takes both kinds and says nothing, you know. But a different crowd comes in—a colored crowd that likes to mix with white people. After a while I sees that that's no good.

WELL, that's the trouble with not knowing people. See, I know white folks and can find out what *they* want and give it to 'em. But I don't know the other kind. So I sell out quick to the colored man I put in, and he made a fortune.

You gotta know people. Take the Jews. You can't do nothing with 'em. Them that wants to go to a speakeasy goes uptown. Them that stays downtown don't never have to go to a speakeasy, 'cause they're God's chosen people in this country. They get wine. The law gives it to 'em. And what the law don't give 'em they take. And their women ain't much for drink. Got too many children to take care of.

And you can't have a speakeasy for the Italians either, for that matter. They sell booze, but they don't drink it. You gotta keep your head clear in this business. You can't take it when you sell it. Take myself. I take a little wine once in a while, but I ain't never drunk any hard liquor. Most Italian folks make the wine themselves, anyway. Red ink. That's all. Can't get 'em to drink anything else.

Take the Germans up in the Eighties on the East Side. Yorkville, you know. Plenty speakeasies there. But they've gotta be of a different style. Can be run only by Germans. Germans wouldn't come in a place like this. They got a different kind of refinement—kind that goes with beer. You gotta have things painted on the walls. You gotta have an orchestra playing German music. German folks come in with their wives and children on Saturday and Sunday. It's family places. They come to dance there, and eat sausage with garlic, and smelly cheeses. And they drink mostly beer. Why, there ain't a bottle of whisky sold in a week!

Each kind of folks got its own habits.

You ever been to one of them places? You can spot 'em a mile. Why, they got men outside to pull people in—them Swiss mountain climbers with bare legs from the knees down, and sleeveless leather jackets, and a funny kind of little hats. Gotta know that, see? A German likes to be seen when he goes in with his family for a glass of beer.

But I wouldn't own one of them places for nothing in the world. Gotta have some fun when you do business.

When prosperity comes back I'm gonna open a swell place I got an eye on. Ultra-refined! In the East Sixties. I'm gonna organize my business. Just refined and ultra-refined places, clubs. I like nice people. Artists. Actresses. Musicians. I like fine folks. It refines you. When it comes back—for it will come back—I'm gonna get ready to have a nice kind of trade. I like to be on good terms with good people. When they call you up for omething and you bring it to 'em, hey take you in through the front loor and says, "How do you do? Have a cigar?" They treat you decent and make you feel right at home. And if there's ladies around they introduce you: "My friend Mr. Tabarino." They shake your hand and thank you for having obliged 'em. And "Do you want to sit down a moment?" Them are people with homes and families that gives a party sometimes. Decent folks. That's the kind of trade I want.

They ain't gonna be no more saloons. Say, that old-time bartender is better in the truck business than in the new business, anyhow. He's dead. He's gone. We don't want him any more. The folks who come today to speakeasies never went into a saloon in the old days in their life. A saloon was just a place for drunkards and workingmen and sluts. Now a real speakeasy is the place for decent, nice, refined, eddicated people who wants to have a little drink and a chat and a smoke together. A business man has gotta find out what people wants and give it to 'em. Them reformers that wanted to take it away from 'em just doubled the number of people using liquor.

But they did something! They took the rough stuff outta it. It's a gentleman's business now. I can tell you something funny about the Russian places —but I gotta go to a conference with some guys now. Excuse me; someone's calling on the telephone. . . .

Yes. . . . Yes. . . . A French boat is coming in tomorrow. . . . Upon my word of honor. . . . You never got no complaint about my stuff. . . . O. K. Will you please mail me a check for that little bill? . . . O. K. First thing in the morning! . . . Thanks. G'-by.

And sticking out his chest, Tabarino said to me:

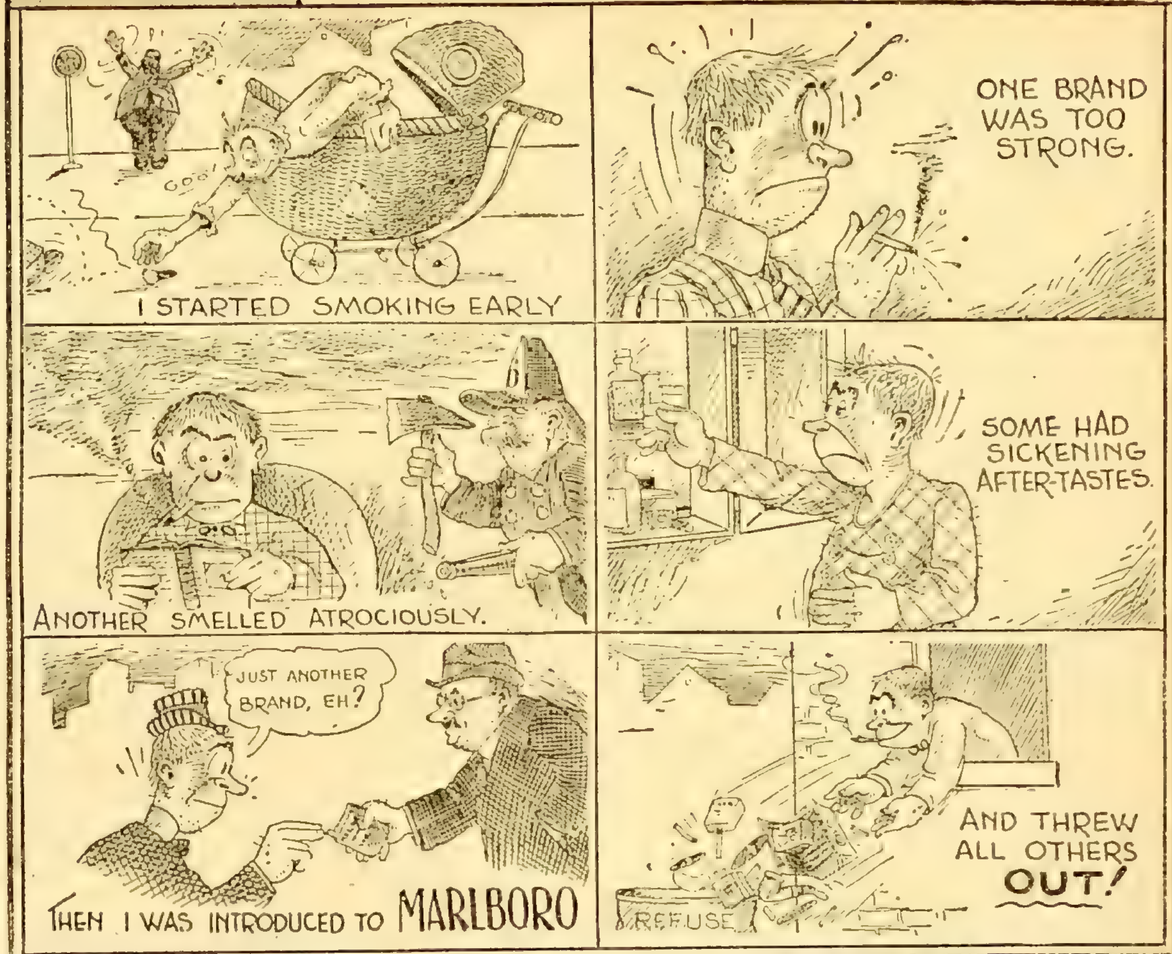
"That's a fancy customer! Did you hear me talk to him? . . . Well, I gotta go. Excuse me. See you some other day."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

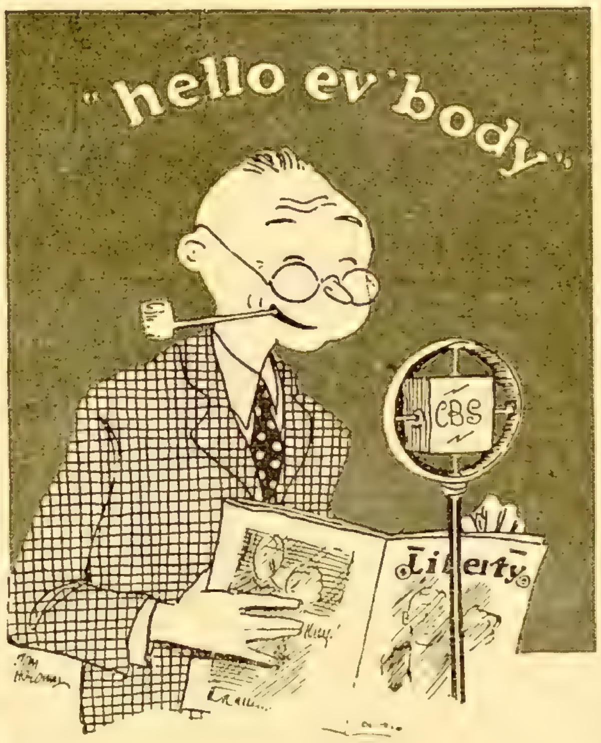
1—Coach dogs.
2—King. Shah.
3—Frost or cold so intense as to blacken vegetation, usually unaccompanied by hoarfrost.
4—Any item of one's property except real estate.
5—Asunción.
6—The Fifteenth.
7—Huckleberries.
8—Let the purchaser beware.
9—Irrepressible laughter.
10—A reward; a recompense.
11—A variety of coal.
12—Seven.
13—Jonathan Swift.
14—Davison.
15—Ninety.
16—Hanford MacNider.
17—In Agra, India.
18—Aurora.
19—A large mosquito or other biting or stinging insect.
20—Our American Cousin.

11th Prize WHY (I) CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST
Mr. Harris Brightly, University City, Mo.


I STARTED SMOKING EARLY
ONE BRAND WAS TOO STRONG.
ANOTHER SMELLED ATROCIOUSLY.
SOME HAD SICKENING AFTER-TASTES.
JUST ANOTHER BRAND, EH?
THEN I WAS INTRODUCED TO MARLBORO
AND THREW ALL OTHERS OUT!
REFUSE

...55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO
PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette



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EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT!

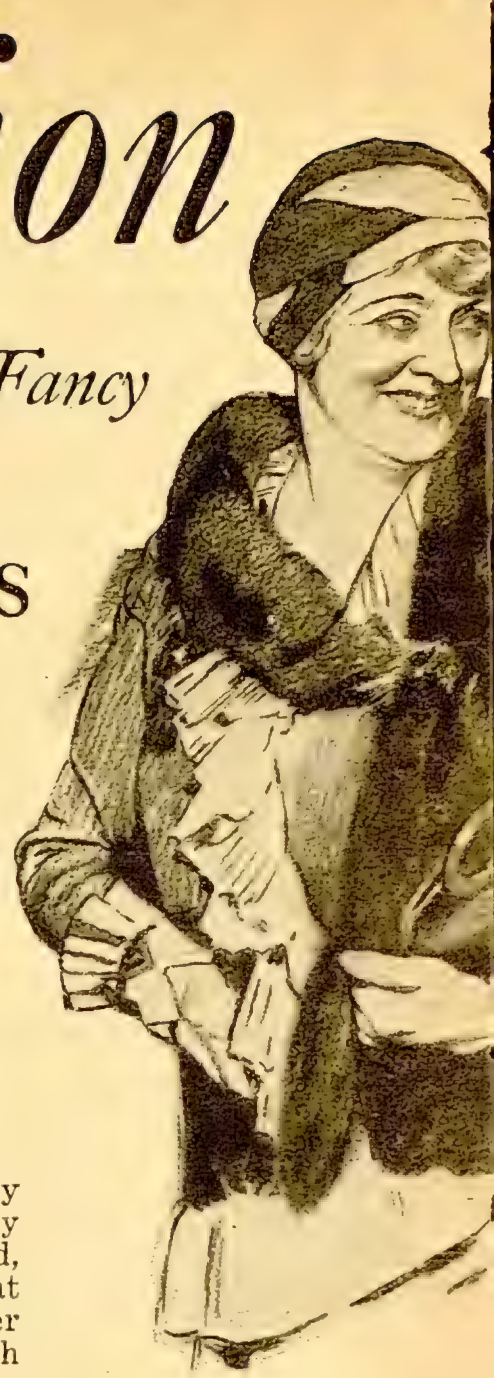
Class Reunion

The Story of a Young Man's Fancy

By

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Pictures by J. HENRY



(Reading time: 13 minutes 15 seconds.)

THEY were elderly. Horribly elderly, dingily elderly, comfortably and uncomplainingly elderly. It gave Rhoda Delaine a little shock as she came through the swinging glass doors and caught sight of their dreadful hats, of their curious faces turned toward her. One of them wore a feather boa. She flashed a suspicious glance at her own face in a wall mirror. Am I as old as that? I can't be so horribly old, dingily old, comfortably and uncomplainingly old!

Every shop window in Bond Street had reassured her as she walked slowly along in the sunshine. The new *corsetière* had certainly been a success—she looked appraisingly at the slim, taut reflection of her waist and hips—and that particular shade of rouge was flattering. What hats one wore today! It made her want to laugh when she remembered the great cart-wheel things that they had worn in her youth. But these ridiculous scraps were jaunty, there was no denying it, in a way that the cart wheels had never been. In the old days, when one wanted to feel jaunty one wore something called a toque and a braided sailor blouse. She had a photograph somewhere . . .

She had purposely walked on the sunny side of the street, feeling the warmth against her furs and through the thin crêpe of her dress. She had always loved warmth; basked in it like a cat. Delicious day! The shops were full of pretty, useless things that sparkled and flashed color, and at the corner a man was selling violets and gardenias. Once, in the old extravagant days that belonged to the toque and the sailor blouse, poor young George le Massey had insisted on getting out of their hansom and buying a great market basketful of violets for her. Yes, that *corsetière* had certainly been a success. . . .

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

author of this story, has been a writer of poetry and fiction since she was six. She was born in London, lives there now, is twenty-five and married.

And then she walked into the tea shop with her still beautiful, buoyant tread and found "the girls" waiting for her. Horribly elderly, comfortably and uncomplainingly elderly. She recognized none of them but Alicia Crane, and Alicia, with an excited flush on her high cheek bones, was jumping up to embrace her.

"This *is* nice, Rhoda!" Possessive, but a little flustered too, she led her round the circle of hats and faces. "I wonder if you remember anyone? Bunny? Do you remember Bunny Loring? And Dorothy Wells and Hester Marsden and Lily Hooper?"

She could remember none of their names, none of their faces, but she said easily and graciously that she remembered them all. And all the time she was panic-stricken, she longed to flee.

Incredible, she thought as her lips framed smiles, incredible that these faces once meant something to me, that I saw them almost every day for three of the most impressionable years of my life. "The girls!" Yes, perhaps they had stayed in her mind that way. Perhaps she would have recognized them in blue serge dresses with their hair down their backs, but not as these elderly women with aging hands and eyes.

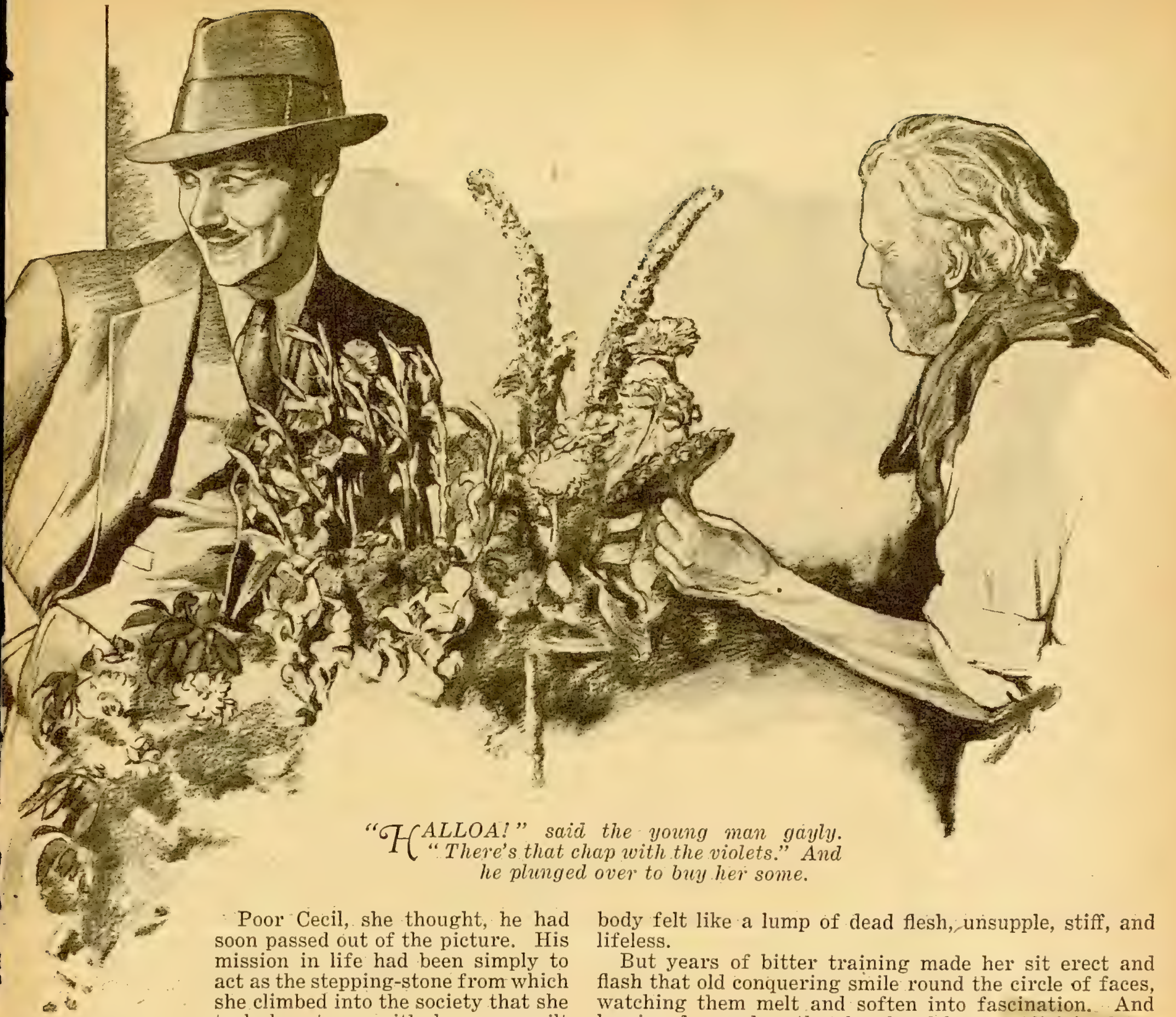
She looked at them carefully. "Dingy" was the word that had leaped into her head when she first saw them, but now she did not quite know why, for they all had an air of settled prosperity. Dowdy, expensive clothes; handsome furs; sheen of pearl earrings against nicely waved gray hair. Bunny Loring, pretty and faded, had a Persian lamb coat tossed over the back of her chair in spite of the warmth of the spring day.

All comfortably married and prosperous except Alicia Crane, and poor Alicia, thought Rhoda, amused and faintly contemptuous, poor Alicia had the unmistakable air of a woman who sleeps and has always slept alone; the unmistakable air of the poverty-stricken gentlewoman. It was Alicia who wore the feather boa (heavens, when did one last see a feather boa?) and the worst of the dreadful hats. She had told Rhoda, when they met accidentally in the street, that she was doing secretarial work for a children's charity. "Such a fine thing!" she had said with a lighted face. "You must come and see over the home one day, Rhoda." And Rhoda, careless and generous, had promised a check. Poor Alicia. . . .

"This is quite like old times!" she said, smiling falsely round at all the strangers' faces. "The thousands of years since we all left Miss Carew's! What have you been doing with yourselves? How is it that we've never met?"

She listened, smiling and sipping her tea, but she knew only too well the truth that lurked behind their evasive answers. Life had taken them different ways. Their ways had taken them to marriage and prosperity; bridge four times a week; sons, daughters; comfortable worries over servants and ailments and straying husbands. Her way had taken her to marriage and uncertainty; rebuffs and victories; glitter, fame, heartbreak; desperate struggles to keep her youth and her amazing beauty.

She knew that they were looking at her curiously, with a hint of envy. The beautiful Rhoda, the famous Mrs. Delaine! If you knew, she wanted to cry to them, what a struggle it has always been! She could see that behind their careful faces they were trying to think back to the Rhoda Mitchell who had left school at seventeen to become Rhoda Delaine.



"HALLOA!" said the young man gayly. "There's that chap with the violets." And he plunged over to buy her some.

Poor Cecil, she thought, he had soon passed out of the picture. His mission in life had been simply to act as the stepping-stone from which she climbed into the society that she took by storm with her spun-gilt hair, her profile, her astonishing deep-blue eyes. And after that the notoriety, the amazing idolization given her by the public in a decade that worshiped beauty! The Delaine blouse, the Delaine shoes, named after her, the people who stood on chairs in the park to see her drive by in her smart little victoria! Even royalty had smiled approvingly upon her. Her photograph in a Bond Street photographer's window had been enough to draw a crowd.

Well, they were over now, those days. Most of the men dead, most of the money spent. But the sickening uncertainty was over too, thank God and one of those dead men who had loved her. She could bask in the sun as she liked now, go where she pleased. And for a moment she understood the avid curiosity that peered out, sharp and foxlike, from behind the cover of those careful faces. They were curious about her because she was a bad woman, and in their comfortable lives they did not often come in contact with bad women. Yet there was envy in their faces. They stood in the warm circle of their sons and daughters, and envied her the glamour and glitter of those few poor years. . . .

FOR a moment she wanted to laugh, to tell these old friends that the heartache and the anxiety had far outweighed the glamour and glitter, although there had been good moments in those years. And then she felt suddenly old, tired, listless.

Her hand flew defensively to her dyed hair, to her throat where the muscles had begun to sag beyond hope of redemption. Inside those horribly expensive corsets her body felt like a lump of dead flesh, unsupple, stiff, and lifeless.

But years of bitter training made her sit erect and flash that old conquering smile round the circle of faces, watching them melt and soften into fascination. And leaning forward so that her hand lay on Alicia's sharp knee, she said in her beautiful warm voice:

"WHAT a nice idea, this tea! I'm sure it's your idea, Alicia—you used to be so good at organizing things in the old days at Miss Carew's."

"Well, I thought it might be nice to have a little reunion. We meet so seldom, although we've always kept in touch. And such luck running into you by accident like that, Rhoda! I hadn't an idea that you were in England, even."

"I'm not very often," she said easily. "I'm living abroad now, you know. Yes, I've got a house at Cap d'Antibes—this is only a visit."

She saw the isolated thoughts exploding in their minds like fireworks and lighting that avid gleam of curiosity again. Riviera. Casino. Bad woman. And she cried:

"So clever of you to recognize me, Alicia, after all these years!"

"Of course I recognized you at once. I came out of the shop and I thought, 'My goodness, there's Rhoda Mitchell!' Of course you've been photographed so much, Rhoda—"

"Oh, what nonsense! I don't suppose you've seen a photograph of me for years. But *you* haven't changed, Alicia. I'd have known you anywhere."

What a liar I am, she thought wearily, what a terrible liar!

And again, sipping her tea and laughing and chattering, she felt a surge of fatigue and depression. The others had relaxed into easier talk. Comfortable talk.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

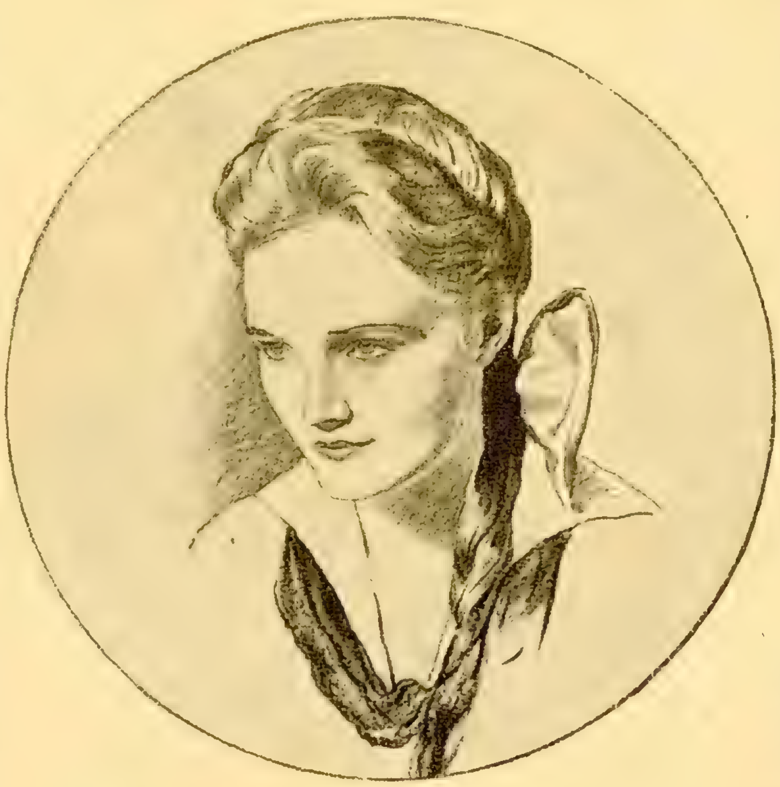
Solid words and phrases. My son. Charles going to take the cure at Carlsbad. My daughter had her second baby last week.

“ Hester, you don't mean to say that you're a grandmother? ”

“ Oh, yes, Marion has two now. Such a duck, the last! They say it's going to take after me. Ridiculous, of course! You can't tell at that age. And my son Raymond has a great boy who is up at Eton, so you see I'm a grandmother of long standing, Rhoda.”

My son. My daughter-in-law. My grandson up at Eton. Solid words that were like bricks shutting them into a circle, with her on the outside. They had forgotten her now. She leaned back, listening and watching. For a moment it struck her with a gleam of ironic amusement that she and Alicia Crane were standing together on the outside of the circle—poor Alicia with her unmistakable air of a woman who sleeps and has always slept alone, and Rhoda Delaine, with her unmistakable air of a woman who has loved and been loved. Ironic, that! But still she felt bone tired, bone sad.

What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? . . .
I feel chilly and grown old.



They were trying to think back to the Rhoda Mitchell who had left school to become Rhoda Delaine.

George le Massey had been fond of quoting that, although a Boer bullet had put an end to his chances of ever feeling either chilly or old. Why was she thinking of him so much today when she could not even remember his face? . . .

Bunny Loring was struggling into the Persian lamb coat. “ Well, Alicia, my dear, I'll have to be running. We're dining early tonight. The children are coming to dinner, and they're dragging us to a theater.”

“ I must be going too.” Mrs. Delaine stood up, easy and confident. “ So many thanks, Alicia; it's been delightful. One day you must lunch with me before I go back to my little retreat. Yes, we must keep in touch—”

What a liar, she thought again as she passed from the eclipse of the swinging glass doors into the sunshine, what a dreadful liar! For she knew very well that she would make no effort to keep in touch with Alicia or with any of the others. Rather, she would forget them as quickly as possible. She would hurry them back into the oblivion of forgetfulness where they had been all these crowded years.

BR-R-R! The sun had gone in, and the street was a narrow canyon of shadow. The cripple with his tray of violets and gardenias had vanished. She started to walk slowly toward Piccadilly and her hotel. Her mind went forward gratefully to the hotel room as though it were home; to the comfort of taking this horribly tight hat off her aching head and these horribly tight corsets off her poor old body!

Poor old body! The words that came into her head sounded terrible; she had always tried resolutely to keep them away. And yet at the same time she wanted to rush home and stare long and cruelly at that failing body in a mirror. She wanted to switch on all the strong lights and subject her face to a minute and pitiless search. She would drag all its pitiful secrets to light—its flabbiness, its fatigue, the long white incisions of beauty operations that were hidden artfully by the hair on her temples—and then perhaps tomorrow she would find the courage to—to what? To buy herself a feather boa like poor Alicia's?

She was thinking wearily that this new London was a very crude and exhausting and violent place—I'll go back to Antibes tomorrow; I'm tired out; I'll creep back and stay there this time—when she noticed that a man was following her. The tempo of his steps, faltering and keeping time with hers, had beaten itself almost unconsciously into her thoughts. She paused to look in a shop window and he paused too, a few yards farther down.

He was about thirty-five, and very good-looking, with a small dark mustache and impudent blue eyes. A red carnation was in his buttonhole. He, too, was looking at her out of the corner of his eye, and as he caught her glance he smiled and took off his hat.

“ Will you come and have tea with me? ” he said.

Mrs. Delaine's famous blue eyes stared into his blue ones, at first coolly, and then with the irrepressible beginnings of a smile. At the same time the weariness seemed to leave her body; exhilaration and confidence flooded in a warm tide through her limbs. She lifted her beautiful long neck and smiled up into his smiling face.

“ But aren't you rather a presumptuous young man? ” she asked.

“ INSUFFERABLY,” he said promptly. “ I've been following you ever since you came out of that tea shop.”

“ I should be cross with you.”

“ But you're not going to be. Please! ” he begged, impudent and charming. “ You're going to come along and have tea with me. I can't tell you how much I'd like that.”

“ But I've just had tea.”

“ Then you're going to have some more.”

Rhoda Delaine tilted back her head and began to laugh uncontrollably. The thought had come into her head: What if any of “ the girls ” should come along and find me with this absurd boy? And at the same time the life and the new confidence were surging like a drug through her veins. She felt young and electric.

The sun had come out again in a burst of pale yellow warmth.

“ Do you know,” she said, “ I'm going to show you just how presumptuous you are, young man. You've made a mistake this time. I'm old enough to be your mother very easily, my dear. My name is Delaine—Rhoda Delaine. If you haven't heard of it your mother will have.”

She saw his eyes widen and his brows go up. He flushed rather nicely.

“ I agree,” he said, “ that I ought to apologize most humbly, Mrs. Delaine. But it only shows how good my taste is. Will you come along to the Ritz and have some tea and listen to the apologies that I shall make upon the way? Ah, please do! ”

“ I'm staying there,” she said weakly.

She felt so buoyant, so young! In a shop window she caught sight of her taut, slim reflection. Yes, that *corsetière* had certainly been a success. . . .

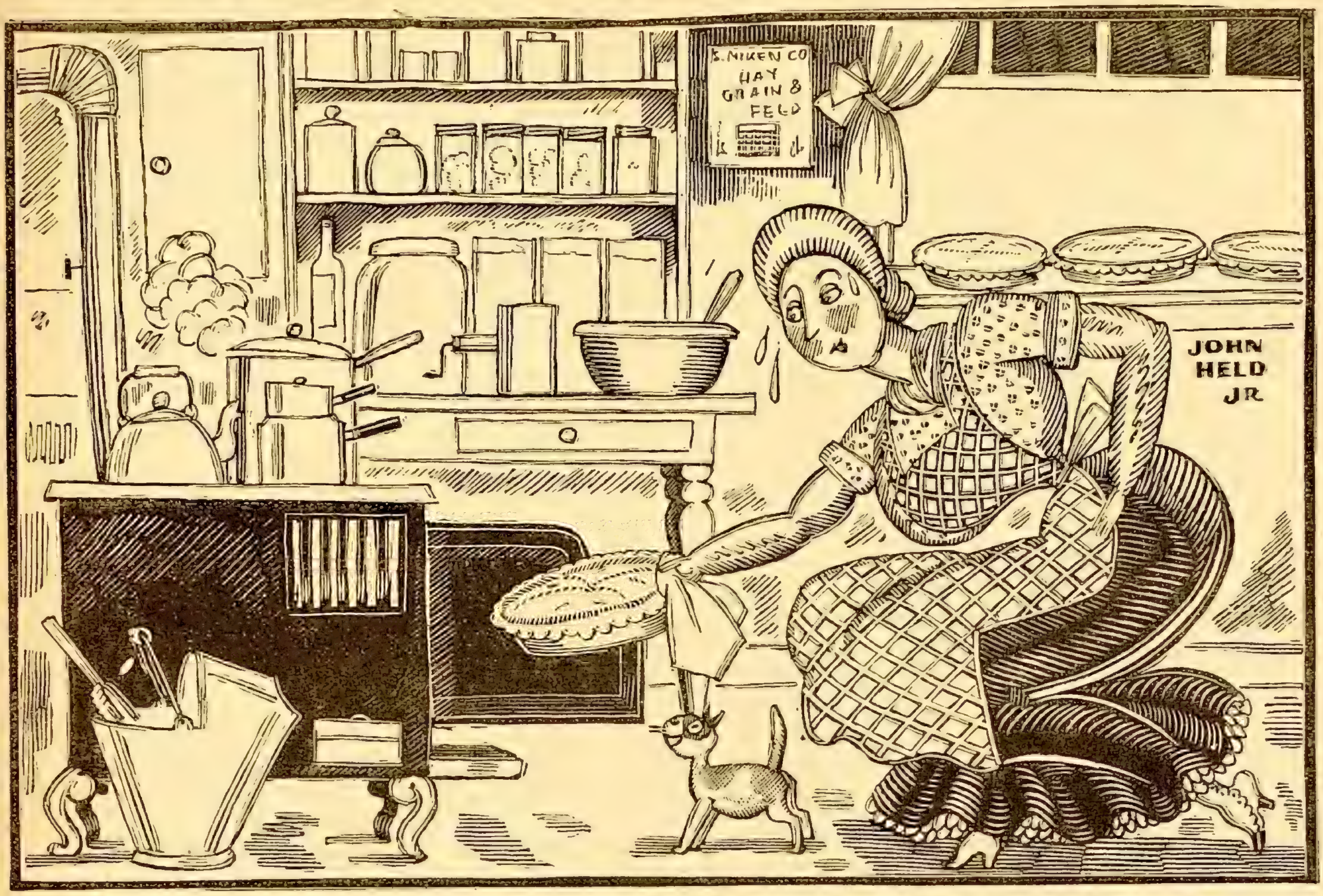
“ Halloa! ” said the young man gayly. “ There's that chap with the violets! ” And he plunged over to buy her some. She stood waiting, smiling helplessly at his broad shoulders, basking in the sunshine. He reminded her of someone. Who was it? George le Massey—that was it! Funny how poor George's face came back all of a sudden, sharp as a photograph.

She stood waiting, basking in the sunshine like an old cat.

At the same time she turned toward a shop window so that her profile, her still beautiful and unravaged profile, should be the first thing that he noticed when h came back with the violets.

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.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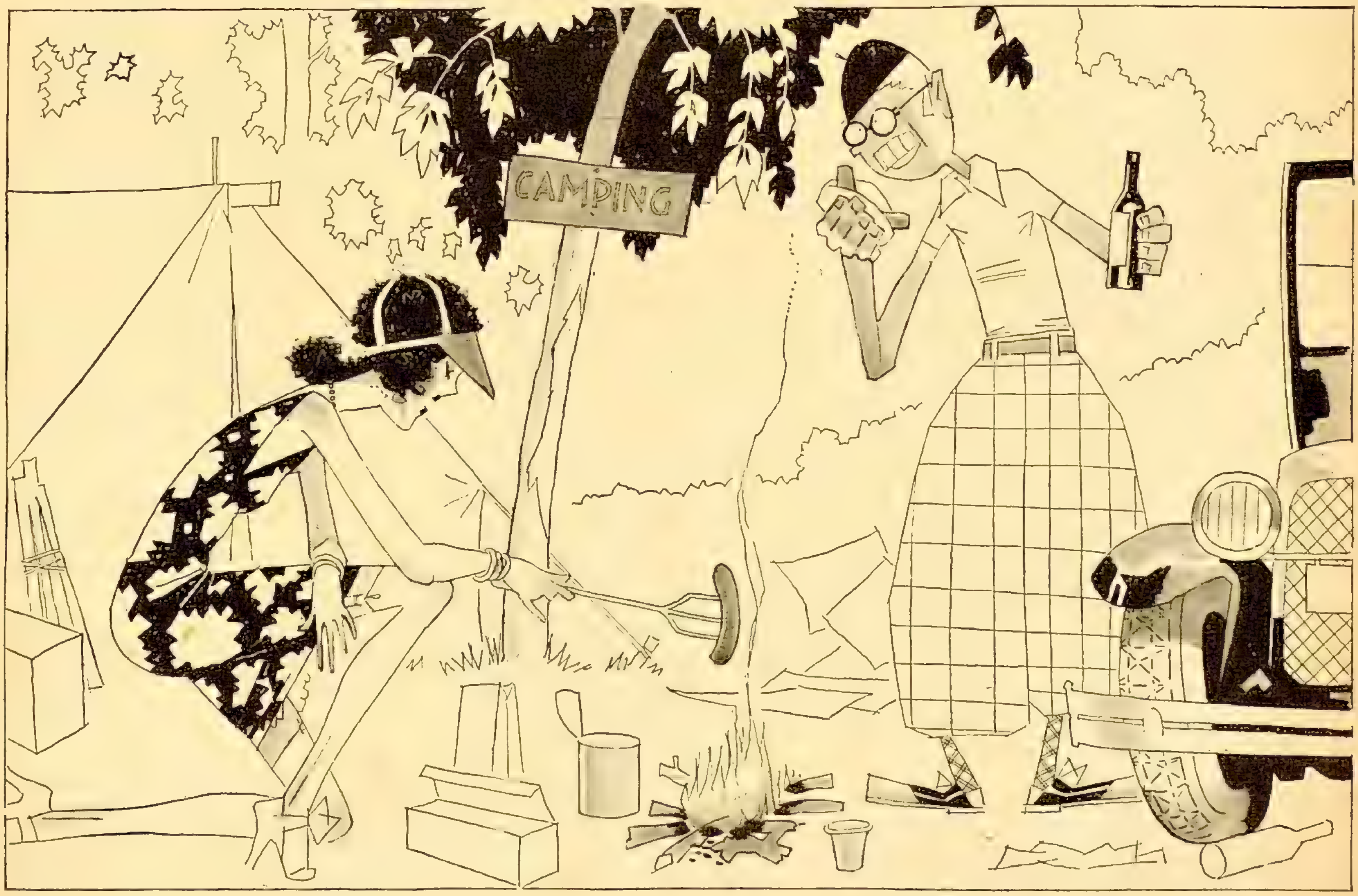
Housekeeping When Woman's Work Was Never Done

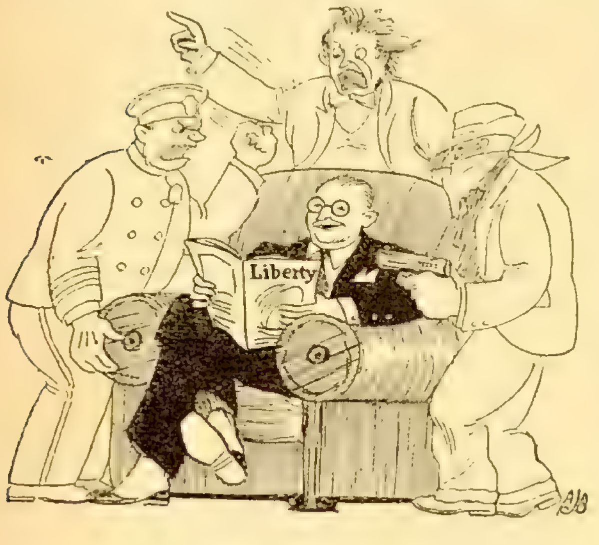


Housekeeping . . . . Now the Hot-Dog Era

Vox

Oil on Troubled Mr. Waters

Salt Lake City, Utah—Beset by racketeers, gangsters, preachers, bankers, politicians, agents, lawyers, bootleggers, reformers, salesmen, mosquitoes, judges, collectors, and facing unemployment, taxes, judgments, depression, notes, accounts, birth control, farm relief, traffic laws, and vice suppression, it is indeed a grand and glorious feeling to know one can enjoy Liberty from beginning to end for a nickel a week.—*C. E. Waters.*



Thoughts on the Admitted Fact that Farmers Must Live

New York, N. Y.—Your editorial, “Starving the Goose That Lays the Golden Eggs,” states that the farmers “cannot seem to ‘get together.’”

There you put your finger on the trouble in a nutshell, and we should censure instead of pitying these farmers who have been given by law special rights in the matter of combining and making any sort of agreements in restraint of trade that would put any other business interests in this country on the highroad to prosperity inside of three months.

The farmers have this power, but, as you remarked, seem unable to get together.

Why?

1. In the first place they lack the brains to see where their real interest lies.

2. They don't seem able to play straight with each other, and, from bitter experience in the past, they don't dare to trust each other.

In the face of such conditions, there seems to be only one thing that can be done for them, and for us, because it is a fact that on their prosperity depends to a great extent the prosperity of the rest of the country.

We have seen a great light, it seems to me, for the farmers' helping, in the recent action by the governors of Oklahoma and Texas, who simply shut down the production of oil by closing the wells, until prices reach a decent living level; and also in the recent action of the State of Louisiana, which has passed a law, signed by the governor, looking toward the forbidding of cotton planting next year.

To judge by the news reports, the farmers themselves are greatly overjoyed at this cotton development. If such action is legal, and presumably it must be, since no question seems to be raised on that point, let the corn- and wheat-growing states clamp down the lid on excess production in a similar, though not so drastic, way.

We have given the farmer the means to help himself at the expense of the rest of us; he has neither the head nor the heart to do this. Now let his government, in the case of the individual states, *make* him do it. Apparently he will utter a fervent prayer of relief when it does, and the rest of us will get some business out of him, which we surely need.—*Junius H. Stone.*

Talladega, Ala.—Congratulations on your editorial, “Starving the Goose That Lays the Golden Eggs.”

Agriculture, the basic industry, has been made to pay for the factitious prosperity of other industries. One-hundred-thousand-dollar salaries, on up to a million dollars per annum, have been made possible by bankrupting agriculture with discrimination in legislation.

High freight rates, high tariffs, will have to cease if this country gets back to normal. The farmers use more steel than all the railroads, and yet nails, wire, and machinery are higher by 100 per cent than prewar prices. A mowing machine that cost $8.50 to manufacture is retailed at $80 to the farmer.—*G. T. McElderry.*

Uh-Huh

New York, N. Y.—Rallying to the defense of her sex, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin says, “Working girls get rather tired of hearing the *just like a woman* line.”

She quotes a highly successful woman executive as saying, “Women behave exactly like men as soon as they get out in the world and take up men's work.”

Great Scott! Are they proud of *that!!?*—*Bill Burton.*

Oh, Just Anywhere and Everywhere

Wildwood, N. J.—I've read worse mags than Liberty! Don't know where, though.—*A. Pollack.*

The Shock of New Ideas

St. Louis, Mo.—Stimulating? You bet. When I read Liberty I feel as if I were under a mental shower bath.—*Gus.*

Bull's-Eye

Petaluma, Calif.—I don't care so much for Liberty.

But I'm here to tell you Channing Pollock's story, “To What Red Hell,” is one of the finest I have ever read.

Print more like that one and all my regrets for many a lost nickel—lost each week at the news stand—will vanish.—*Jerry Coe.*

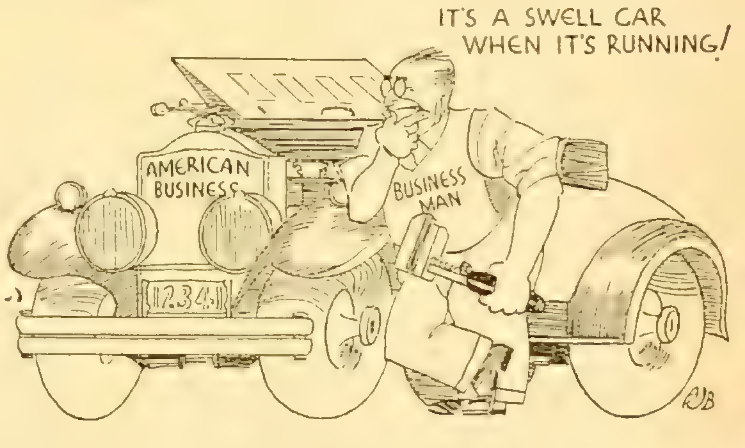
Wanted: Driving Lessons

Birmingham, Mich.—I read the article headed by the rhetorical question, “Are Americans Fools?” The author, Jay Franklin, asks many searching questions and his sarcastic references appear to be well founded, but he does not go quite far enough.

No one will attempt to assert that the average American, in the things to which he addresses himself the most earnestly, does not attain a high average of success. His failures are largely at points where he does not attempt to interfere, or at those which show up his present lack of organization.

If the public, instead of joking about President Hoover's fact-finding commissions, would on its own responsibility set up and follow more such institutions instead of relying on its own faulty judgment, we might arrive somewhere.

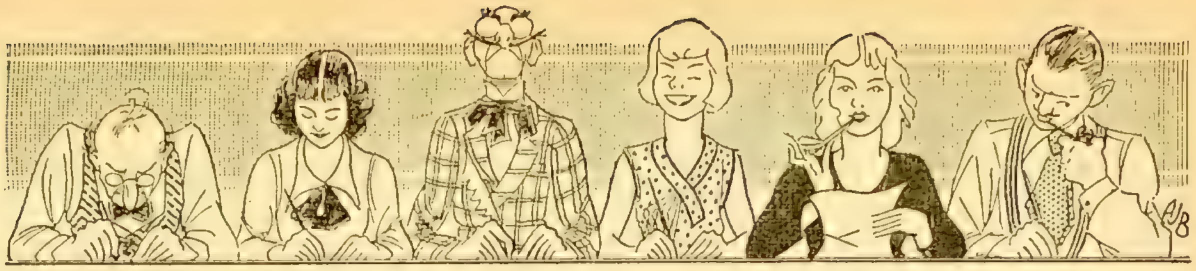
We are like incompetents nominally in control of a machine which we do not know how to operate and some good fact-finding study will certainly do no harm. Just how to keep the machine running, how to shift gears, how and when to operate brakes and steering wheel are things the American business man must learn.—*Ralph I. Coryell.*



Sweet Dreams!

Chehalis, Wash.—I'm living for very long time (33 year) in Chehalis and ever since most worthy editor has published it, I'm buying Liberty magazine once each week. Used to having insomnia but since new magazine appear, I'm making myself comfortable for sleeping, starting to read Liberty and going to sleep right away quick. My friend Dr. Ichi doing the same thing likewise. Thank you very much.—*Togo Takashida.*

Pop



"The Pope and Mussolini"

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—Referring to ur recent article, " The Pope and Mus- olini," the only definition applicable to is " Roman Catholic propaganda."

It is nothing new, to be sure, but I hought that your capable staff had suf- icient common sense to stay out of such urbulent waters of controversy.

As long as you are started, it would lease the writer if you would continue he papal articles and really enlighten he man in the street with a history of hat's been going on there since time mmemorial. I would suggest that you pen these historical essays with a de- ailed account of the Borgia Popes and ur ancient flapper Lucrezia.

I salute Richard Washburn Child for is crust in endeavoring to publish an nbiased account of the Pontifical Fuss. t can't be done.

The Roman Catholic Church hasn't hanged one bit from those ancient times nd its attitude is generally a matter f geography and just how much they an get away with.—*J. Alfred Turnbull.*

And Make the Royal Gorge Giggle

GRAND MARAIS, MINN.—Eddie Can- or's articles would put a perpetual grin n even the Great Stone Face.—*E. R. Bushman.*

"Tinkle of Praise"? It's a Pæan

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. — Sometimes I hink it is balm to an author's heart to ear the tinkle of praise from an appre- iative reader. Their brain child may wear horns for some, and wings for thers, but I wish to say here and now hat for sheer gripping interest, vital echnique, and smooth-running descriptive analysis, Beatrice Grimshaw is a past master of the short story. I hope some day to read a novel-length narrative by this gifted writer.

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW'S ALL RIGHT!

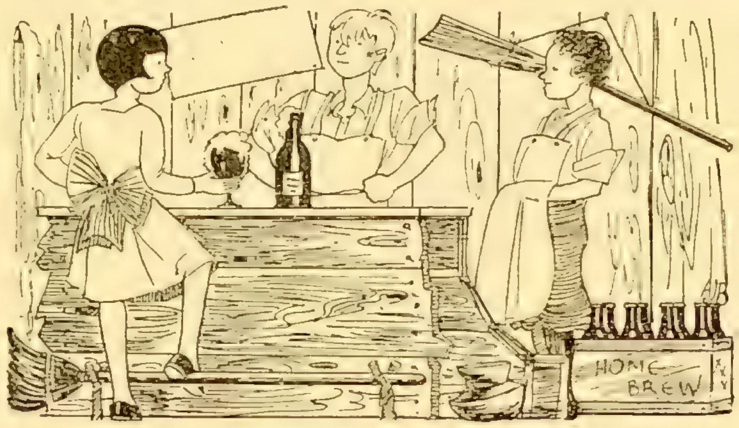
To suffer the hardship of these out-of-the-way islands, that the reader sitting in comfort at home in civilization may relax and enjoy a thrilling half hour of South Sea lore and customs, is not only self-sacrificing on her part, awe-inspiring to the layman, but educational as well.

Keep on giving us Beatrice Grimshaw's stories!—*(Miss) Ray Fisher.*

Just a Grand New Game

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liquor-loving kids! That's going to be the next gift that the noble experiment lays in our laps.

When parents put on booze parties, do they think little Billy and little Mary don't know about it? Do they realize there's only one thing more imitative than a monkey, and that's a boy or a girl? Only the other day I heard three kids, a girl and two boys, talking about " playing speakeasy." They were arguing about who was to be bartender, and I gathered that one of the boys was planning to swipe his old man's home brew.



How sweet the U. S. A. will be when it's a nation of boozing babies!—*Pat.*

We Think You Wasted Two, Too

TRENTON, N. J.—I am wasting two cents just to tell you that your stories and articles cover a lot of space but don't say anything!—*A Reader.*

Tribute from Ted

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Gosh darn it all, just when I have Liberty all doped out, and diagnosed, and am saying to myself that it's such-and-such a kind of a magazine, you change it, and bring new things into it.

And that policy, Friend Editor, is the explanation of why I like your mag. Nothing set or cut and dried about it. —*Ted.*

Egg-zactly

CHICAGO, ILL.—Letters have been coming to this Institute regarding the concluding installment of " A Masseuse Looks at the Stars," by Sylvia. In it she said: " It is practically impossible to obtain an egg that has not lain in cold storage for anywhere from ten weeks to ten years."

Sylvia would appear to be going out of her way to offend some twenty million farm people. An egg properly cared for immediately after it has been laid can be delivered anywhere in America in an excellent, nourishing, and easily assimilable fresh condition, Sylvia notwithstanding.

The time which has elapsed between laying and eating is of small importance as compared with the way that eggs have been handled.

It is a serious matter to unsettle the confidence of readers of Liberty, numbering millions, in the wholesome quality of a great basic food like eggs.—*Paul Mandeville, Sec'y, Institute of American Poultry Industries.*

Aw, You Want to Standardize Everything

MERIDIAN, MISS.—Please ask Alice Duer Miller to make up her mind what color the Countess Ina's eyes are in the story, " The Woman He Wanted."

First she said they were " inky black pools " and next she said " opened her blue eyes."

When I read a description I can see the character and I don't care for people with one blue eye and one black one.—*Margaret Graves.*

Call for Christians

LUDLOW, KY.—Your wonderful editorial, " Gangsters Murdering Little Children," rang true. But what will you gain from the blockheads and grafters running our country?

They are gathering the gold and they don't care who suffers. Where are the Christians of today?—*W. B. Miller.*

You'd Better Go Back to Europe

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Here is the Vox of one more Pop.

Your otherwise splendid magazine lately seems to be given to the literary efforts of the more attractive sex. Although I have read every story Liberty printed since my arrival in this marvelous country three years ago, I yet have to find a story of merit written by a woman.

It is impossible for me to consider the usual shallow love interest meritorious. —*Dutchy.*

Look Again. It's on You

TULSA, OKLA.—When you send Leslie Thrasher a check in payment for the " brilliant " designs on your magazine cover, and then have to devote a half page on the inside explaining to the public what it is all about, just who, please tell me, is the joke supposed to be on?

You or Mr. Thrasher?—*Eleanor N.*

From One of Ours

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.—Through the aid of Vox Pop, the contests, and other features I have always felt that Liberty was partly mine.—*Ralph D. Berkman.*

Two New Puzzles

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HORIZONTAL

1 A plant
5 Morass
8 Appropriate
11 Sleeveless garment
15 Formal proposition
17 Inflamed with love
19 Kind of firecracker
20 A negative
22 Pertaining to the nostrils
23 Silly
24 Of a wall
26 Shallow vessel
27 A tomtit
28 Sales at second hand
30 Term used in the game of tennis
31 Firearm
32 Regard studiously
33 A fish
35 Unused
37 Scoriated lava
38 A pronoun
39 A toy
41 Mother of a quadruped
43 None
44 List of political candidates
46 Enticed
48 To fasten with a sticky substance
50 Instrument for perforating the skull
51 Contrivance
52 More recent
54 A nut
56 Observed
59 Syllable denoting hesitation
60 Skin tumor
62 Salt
63 A fowl
64 Greek letter
65 A limb
67 Small mark
69 Encore!
70 Conducted and managed, as a business
71 Row
73 Irrigated
76 Comprehension
77 Heron
79 Fixed attention on
80 A province in the Philippines
82 Portion of a palm stem (plural)
84 Man's name
85 Chide vehemently
86 Snoring sounds
88 Pacifies
90 A number (plural)
91 Saturate
92 Oriental sauce
93 A trial

VERTICAL

1 American Indian
2 Ultimate
3 Keep
4 Species of goose
5 Undeveloped shoot
6 Either
7 A classification
8 Leaf of a corolla
9 One indefinitely
10 Japanese measure
11 Shade of red
12 Ascended
13 Contrite
14 River in Scotland
16 Italian word for three
18 Fairy queen
21 Declaimer
24 The pieces used in various games
25 Side of a triangle
28 Deer
29 Dejected
31 A fuel
32 Applauded
34 Plundering (plural)
36 Grief
38 Scatter
39 Airs
40 A lever
42 County in Alabama
45 A coin
46 Lick up
47 Lair
49 Collection of things belonging together
52 Grassland
53 Usurp
55 Antics
57 Issues forth
58 Urge payment
61 The present
63 Secreted
66 An animal of the weasel kind
68 Hole through which liquor is drawn
69 Small plot of ground under cultivation
70 Rematch
72 Brings to maturity
74 Warm thoroughly
75 Harvests
76 Unit of weight for gems (variant)
77 Formerly
78 An explosive
80 Dry, said of wine
81 Remainder
83 A swine
85 Arm of the sea
87 Syllable sounded in solmization
89 An exclamation

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-three

WOMEN SUFFER NEEDLESSLY

THERE is no need today to suffer from periodic pains which tatter your nerves and make you a semi-invalid for 3 or 4 days. A couple of Salicon tablets two or three times a day is all that is necessary. Salicon is perfectly safe to take—does not interfere with nature or affect the heart or upset the stomach. Besides periodic pains, it relieves the pains of headache, neuritis, lumbago and rheumatism. A small package in your purse is comfort insurance. 25¢, 50c and $1.25 in all good drug stores.

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Westphalia
Thuringia
Resolute
Deutschland
New York
Lituania
Estonia
Polonia
Drottningholm
Gripsholm
Kungsholm
Asama Maru
Shinyo Maru
Korea Maru
Tenyo Maru
Taiyo Maru
Siberia Maru
Makura
Cleveland
St. Louis
Milwaukee
Reliance
Albert Ballin
Hamburg
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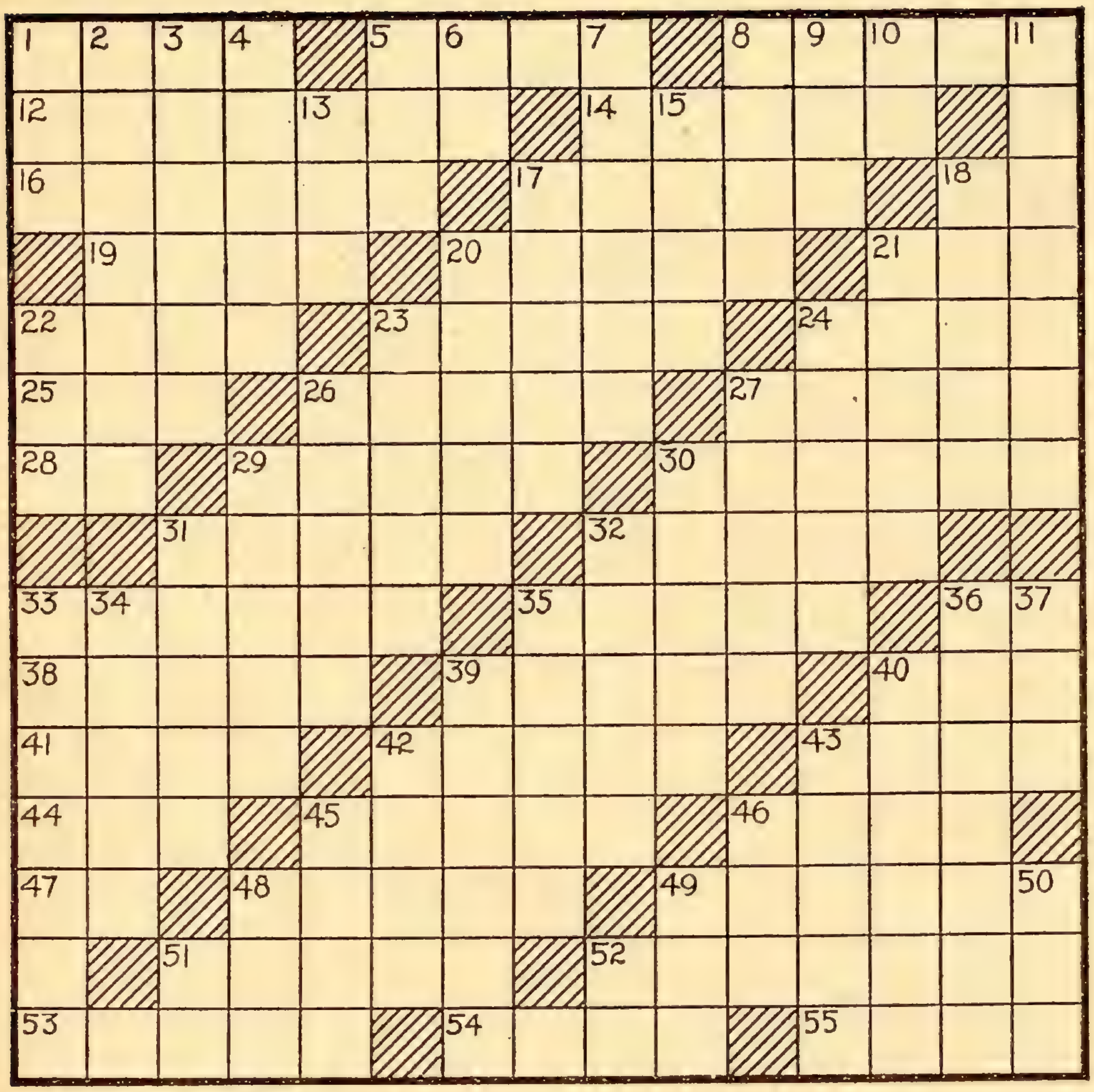
Ancon

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Masculine personal name
5 To feel one's way, as in the dark
8 The lower part of the leg (plural)
12 Reduced in rank
14 Spiritless; unanimated
16 An implement used in golf
17 A dress of state or office (plural)
18 A conjunction
19 Frosted
20 Tramped; marched laboriously
21 A salutation
22 Poems
23 Threw off, as in the form of vapor
24 Article of diet, usually served cold
25 The matter or thing
26 Acted
27 Malevolence; grudge
28 While
29 Genus of European and Asiatic herbs
30 Cut into thin pieces
31 Opposed with firmness
32 To stand on end, as hair
33 Ascended by steps or by climbing
35 To push along carelessly or rudely
36 Partake of reality
38 Part of a horse's harness (plural)
39 A plant of the onion kind
40 Cardinal number
41 Hebrew measure of capacity
42 Soft and adhesive dirty substance
43 A ribbed fabric, especially corduroy
44 Espouse
45 Extends across from one limit to another
46 Tibetan priest or monk
47 Combining form: connection with
48 Lean
49 Buccaneer
51 Winged
52 Legislative body (plural)
53 A sylvan deity or demigod
54 One of the gaits of a quadruped
55 An old measure of weight for wool (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Augment
2 Mocks
3 Vestment formerly worn by the clergy (plural)
4 Goes from one place to another
5 By
6 Alleged force or natural power
7 Summoned forth, as from seclusion
8 Hastened
9 Pronoun
10 Small fresh-water fish of Europe
11 Scattered
13 Man's nickname
15 In bed
17 Freezes or congeals into hoarfrost
18 Elliptical
20 Containing, or characterized by, sensible moisture
21 Feminine personal name
22 Anglo-Saxon money of account
23 Ignited
24 A stag in the third year
26 One-tenth of a tael (plural)
27 To drudge; toil
29 More pallid
30 Heater
31 Celebrated
32 Fills up cracks or joints with putty
33 Rains
34 Gem carved in relief
35 Glisten
36 Chided vehemently
37 Terminus
39 Kind of wine
40 A fruit
42 Petty quarrel, especially a verbal one
43 A measure of weight for gems
45 To box
46 The linden
48 Artfully or meanly cunning
49 A fit of peevishness
50 A letter of the alphabet
51 By
52 Thus

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-three

I WANT MY-MOTHER!

NEXT to a mother, the best friend a dog can have is an owner who knows Sergeant's Dog Medicines and knows how to use them.

The medicines most needed at this time of year are: Sergeant's Special Medicine for the reduction of fever in puppies and dogs, and Sergeant's Condition Pills, a tonic alterative, and for loss of appetite.

A Famous Dog Book Free

For complete information on how to care for your dog, diagnose his ailments, administer treatments, feed him properly . . . write for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Contains "Symptom Chart" and many pictures. Get your copy. It may save your dog's life. IT'S FREE.

Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. It builds health and stamina.

Our veterinarian will give you *free* advice about your dog's health. Write him fully.

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FOR THE COMPLEXION THAT MEN ADMIRE . .

AGNES SOREL

What a great joy has come to women in these wonderful French beauty products that build up and preserve the charm that men so much admire.

"Why, you look just like a girl." This is indeed a compliment, coming from the man who means it when he says it. It is heard and deserved frequently since the Agnes Sorel Beauty Treatment came to America.

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In drug merchandise—you will always get the best from your NYAL Druggist

boys—it's easy

Win Free Prizes!

A cinch! Thousands of wideawake fellows in the United States and Canada are doing it—why not you?

And they're such peachy prizes too—bikes, skates, football and camping equipment—a choice of more than 400 dandies, any one of which will make you jump for joy. And you earn money too—for spending and the bank account every young fellow ought to start.

Easy, pleasant work right in your own neighborhood selling Liberty, brings you such great rewards.

Shoot us the coupon below and we'll send you full details on how to go about joining the great army of Liberty Boy Salesmen and getting free prizes galore.

MAIL NOW!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division*, 10-3-31
MacFadden Publications, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

NAME...AGE.........
ADDRESS..
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Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

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Clothes Make the Man

A New For the Love o' Lil

THIRTY-FIVE dollars that he didn't know he had! And from where? From the most unexpected, goshdarnedest, priceless place that any mortal man can hope to receive a check—the Income Tax Comptroller! Imagine making such a mistake that months—*lifetimes*—later you're sent thirty-five dollars out of the air!

This week's cover picture.

Sandy grinned as he indorsed the check and received from the paying teller three crisp tens and one crisp fiver. He crossed the street, delighted with himself, with the world in general, and with the very modish and presentable young wife who met him in the hotel lobby.

"Never saw you look prettier!" He kissed Lil—and it was, somehow, more than a perfunctory kiss.

"It's my new dress," Lil beamed happily. "It's so grand to feel smart and dressed up again after a sloppy summer of sticky-hot clothes, floppy pyjamas, and sports shoes. I bought this dress an hour ago. I just *had* to look nice when my husband actually asked me to luncheon."

Automatically something in the back of Sandy's brain warned him about giving his wife no more than ten minutes' notice for luncheon and dinner dates in the future. Then he immediately felt ashamed of the thought.

"You look a million," he chuckled, and put his arm through hers to march her proudly into the dining room.

"I saw the darlingest hat to go with this outfit," Lil confided wistfully. "I could hardly tear myself away. I'm going to get it some day, if it's out of style by the time I save up enough from the house money."

Sandy, seated opposite her, caught the childlike longing, and his heart melted. So did his wallet. After all, a hat, and then there'd still be enough for—

"No, you're not, Lil. We're going over to the shop right after lunch and buy that hat!"

"Sandy! You love! If I were younger I'd come over and sit in your lap and hug you breathless."

Sandy laughed appreciatively, blessing himself for possessing such a pretty and engaging young wife. The weather was cool again. The food delicious. The music enchanting. The city inspiring. And life was good.

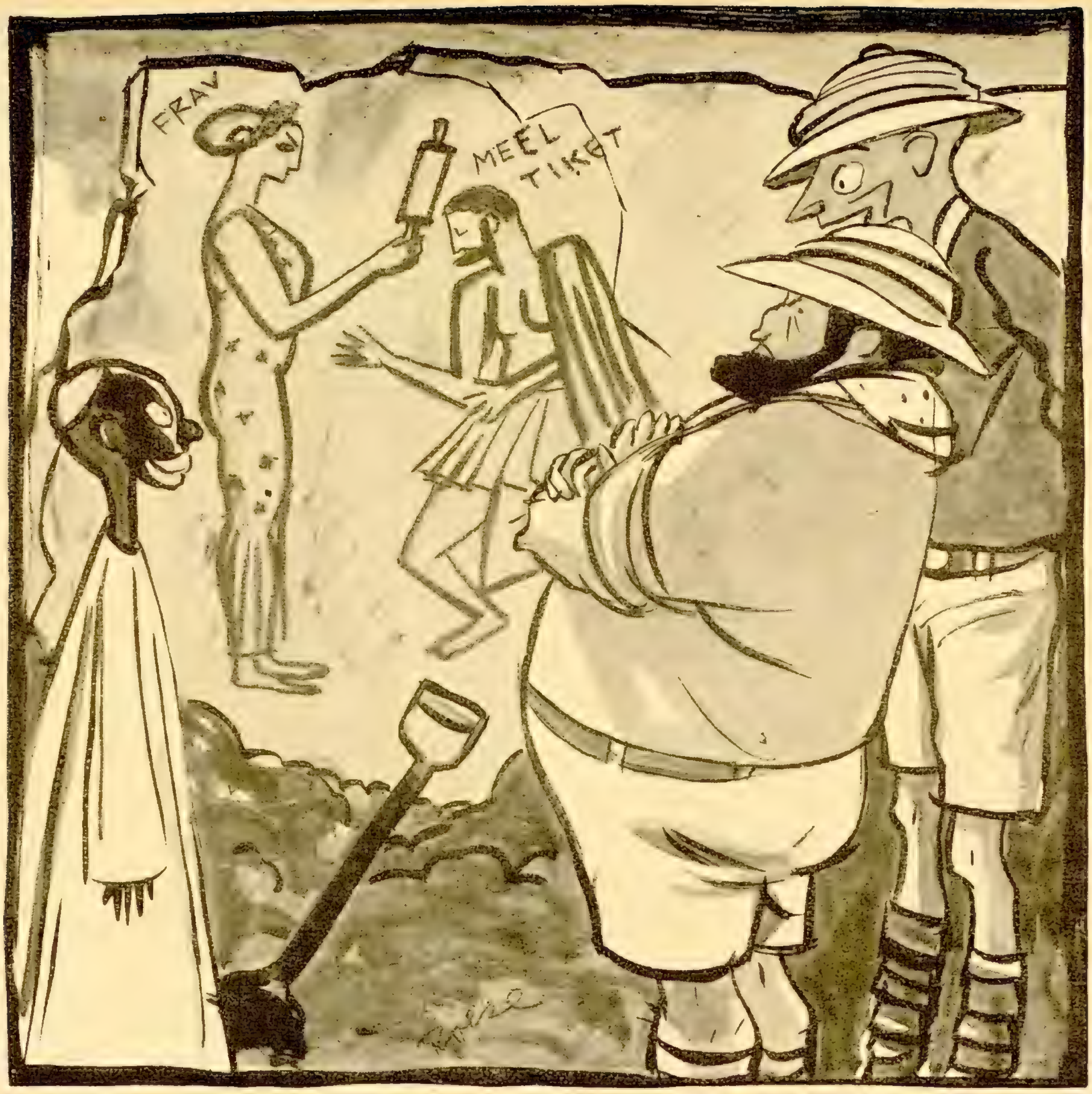
But later, in the shop, a good deal of this philosophy waned. The hat was thirty-five dollars! How did a little hat with a feather get to be thirty-five dollars? Why, think what that thirty-five would do! The dog he had wanted so long—his club dues—the end of that nasty plumber's bill—the fence around their house painted white—the banjo clock he had craved.

"Look, Sandy! Isn't it too ducky?"

"Um-m-m. Very ducky indeed," he mumbled.

Then, as he gazed at Lil, he marveled. Gosh, she did look a knockout! Not but what she looked just as nice without a new dress and a thirty-five-dollar hat. She did look tickled as a child with a new doll—and, Lord knows, she went without plenty of things, and never complained, either. Lil couldn't guess what he was thinking as he took out the three crisp tens and the crisp fiver and paid for the hat. But she was happy and thrilled at the proud, possessive look on her husband's face. She knew—as every woman knows—that clothes pretty much make the man—and after that it's up to her to hold him.

(Next week's cover adventure: Who's Cuckoo Now?)



Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

That the girls of Pincus behaved very much like the girls of today is seen in the fresco.

The PINCUS WALL PAINTINGS

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 44 seconds.)

THAT human nature has, unfortunately, not changed very much in the last four thousand years is shown by the recently discovered wall drawings in the ruins at Pincus on the little island of Maxl, near Greece. They are just as lousy drawings as a great many people make today.

The island of Maxl, and its promontory Pincus, was, as so few of my readers know, the scene of the ancient mythological battle between Kybos and the Mixthos. The Mixthos, as even fewer of you know, was that unpleasant animal in Greek mythology which had ears but no head, which gave it an aimless appearance but helped it greatly in its rather devilish work of bumping into things. (It is from this vicious bumping into things on the part of the Mixthos that we get our verb "to mixthos" or to bump into things.)

If it had not been for the fact that it had no head, the Mixthos would have been half man, half beaver. With no head, however, it couldn't really be half much of anything. This made it very self-conscious.

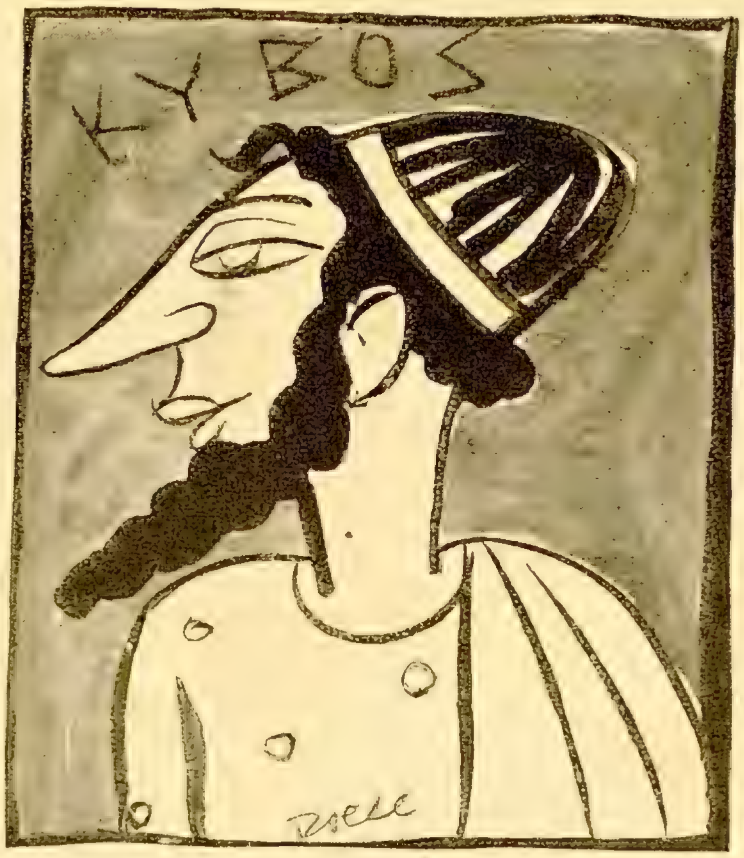
According to the legend, which I am now telling you, Kybos, who was a youth living in Pincus, determined that the Mixthos must go. How he rented a small boat and went out to the rock on which the animal lived, and how he finally, after eight years of splashing about in the water, killed the monster and freed Pincus, is a story which I have little energy and no interest to recount for you. Which is doubtless all right with you, too.

If you will take your map of Greece and turn up the lower left-hand corner so that it touches the upper right-hand corner, and then will tear the whole thing into small bits, you will see where the ancient site of Pincus was.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

The ancient site was later changed (because, as one of the local wags said, "It was *such* a site!") and is now located at a point more inland and away from the trolley line. It is here that the excavations have been going on under the direction of Dr. Lorp of the British Eden Musée, and it was here that the wall drawings were discovered, much to everyone's disappointment.



Kybos, a youth living in Pincus, determined that the Mixthos must go.

The drawings were made on the walls of a house which seems to have been more of a small cart or express wagon. On account of its small size, several members of the expedition expressed doubt that it really was a house, holding the view that a house should be large enough to allow a full-sized man at least to wedge his hip into it.

"I think that we are making a mistake in calling this thing a house," writes Prof. Enoch to his wife in England, "and many of us are threatening to return home if Dr. Lorp does not give up his madcap idea that it is. How did it come out about the insurance on the sofa? I wrote to the Indemnity and Assurance people and told them—" But I guess that we are getting into the dull part of Prof. Enoch's letter to his wife.

All that we are interested in are the wall drawings—and we are not so gosh-darned interested in those.

Since, however, the head of the expedition persists in calling the find a "house," we are justified in calling the boards which inclose it "walls" and the drawings on those boards "wall drawings." If we begin to question and doubt now, at this late date, we shall have nothing to work on at all. The Pincus Wall Paintings is the subject of our paper, and the Pincus Wall Paintings it is going to be.

THE drawings themselves were evidently made with an old chocolate lozenge by one of the smaller and less deft of the children who frequented the neighborhood. The lozenge was probably well wet in the mouth of the artist, and then seized between the thumb and other thumb and worked up and down and forward and back until the drawing was completed. Some sort of fixative, such as a corn muffin, was then spread over the whole thing, and it was allowed to stand for weeks before being looked at. A great many times people forgot to look at it at all.

The fresco on one side of the wall shows one of the old Pincusian games in which only the young men and the girls over fifty took part. It evidently had to do with an ox, and, from the fresco drawing, consisted of dancing round and 'round the ox until the creature became so mortified and fidgety that he got to crying. As soon as the ox started to cry the boys and girls threw rather heavy flower bulbs at him, and the game broke up in a riot of color with several people getting sick.

That the girls of Pincus behaved very much like the girls of today is seen in the fresco showing the girls of Pincus behaving very much like the girls of today. Here we see that they too had their hair-pullings and face-liftings, for the young ladies depicted on these ancient walls seem to be just about as miserable as their sisters of the twentieth century. The only difference was that in Pincus they wore their lipsticks, powder puffs, and bath sponges on a chain around their necks instead of carrying them and spilling them from a so-called "compact" every eight minutes.

IN the drawing in question the artist has shown us several of the young bloods of the day standing on the corner, by what corresponded to the Pincus Pharmacy and Fountain Lunch, giving the *keemos* (or "one time over") to the girls as they pass by on their way to nowhere in particular unless they get a break.

Unfortunately, the entire right end of this picture has been broken off by the four thousand years of thumbing it has had, and so we are unable to see the next corner and find out exactly what happened. Even if the missing piece were right in the next room, I doubt if I, for one, would get up to go in and see it.

Close to these wall frescoes, in the same hole, the excavators found a rare old bit of Pincusian belt buckle—or perhaps it is just an amalgam filling for an old Pincusian tooth. At any rate, it shows the skill of the ancient workmen in fashioning things out of metal for which there could be no possible use. Brides of today think they have a tough time trying to figure out what some of their wedding presents are for, but a glance over a collection of *objets d'art* unearthed in these old Greek towns makes one wonder how the brides of those days ever set up housekeeping at all. Maybe that is why so many of these strange little articles are found buried in the ground. The groom probably took them all out the week after the wedding and slyly dropped them in a hole in the garden.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

AUGUST 29 LIMERICK WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

No novice at tennis was Ben;
He triumphed again and again.
But he lost a love game
When he courted a dame—
And now claims the racket of ten.

Herbert W. Neander — Schenectady, N. Y.

$50 SECOND PRIZES

He thought "love" meant "nothing" till then.
Mary Ward — Seattle, Wash.

"Love all" is his motto since then.
Frank R. Spear — Malden, Mass.

$25 THIRD PRIZES

He knew how to win but not when.
F. M. Shurtleff — Salt Lake City, Utah

His heart needs restringing again.
Ben Burns — Buffalo, N. Y.

So he did not "ring the belle" then.
Elsie Smith — Ottawa, Can.

She married him, reader—AND THEN!
Camilla Manson — Murfreesboro, Tenn.

$10 PRIZES

G. W. Schultz, Reading, Pa.; Stewart Hopkins, Newark, Del.; Madeline S. Block, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Anna F. Biele, Cleveland, O.; D. H. Smith, Charleston, W. Va.; A. F. Landis, Jeannette, Pa.; L. B. Kramer, Cleveland Heights, O.; E. B. Julian, San Francisco, Calif.; Bertha Hill, St. Louis, Mo.; Lisabel McKenzie, Flint, Mich.; W. S. Snipes, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Luther E. Johnson, Indianapolis, Ind.; T. G. Scott, Youngstown, O.; Ruth A. Rogers, Duluth, Minn.; George W. Sauer, Bellevue, Neb.; Mrs. Louise Noble, Beaumont, Tex.; Hugh Stewart, Little Rock, Ark.; Sally Merritt, Aberdeen, Wash.; Alene Young Foster, Asheville, N. C.; Mary E. Miller, Portsmouth, Va.

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

*"**BARBASOL** *had me 'roped' the first time I used it. No trick to get the kind of shave you want with it—a clean, quick, smooth one."* —TOM MIX

The entire country is hailing with delight the news that Tom Mix has signed up with Universal to return to the screen in talking pictures. Once again we will thrill to his amazing horsemanship and his hair-raising stunts.

**Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

WHY "put your face on the spot" every time you want to shave? There's a better way than the old-fashioned torture method of rubbing harsh soap into a tender skin.

Use Barbasol, the *modern* shave. Takes the curse out of shaving—leaves your face feeling like a million. Because it's a cream, not a soap.

No need to work your face into a lather just to soften a tough beard. Barbasol will do it. Softens the hairs while it holds them erect for a clean cut close to the skin. Gives the razor proper resistance. You'll see the difference the first time your razor goes zooming through the foliage without any stops for pulling and scraping—and makes the toughest whiskers take the count quick and clean, without a murmur.

Barbasol's so easy. So quick. So smooth. Bury your old shaving brush and bid goodbye to lathering and rubbing in. Just smooth on cool, soft Barbasol and give yourself the shave of a lifetime. Wiry beard—tender skin? Those are two reasons Barbasol's the fastest-selling shaving cream in America!

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Rubbing is not necessary . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, also large jar 75¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 51, Indianapolis, Ind.

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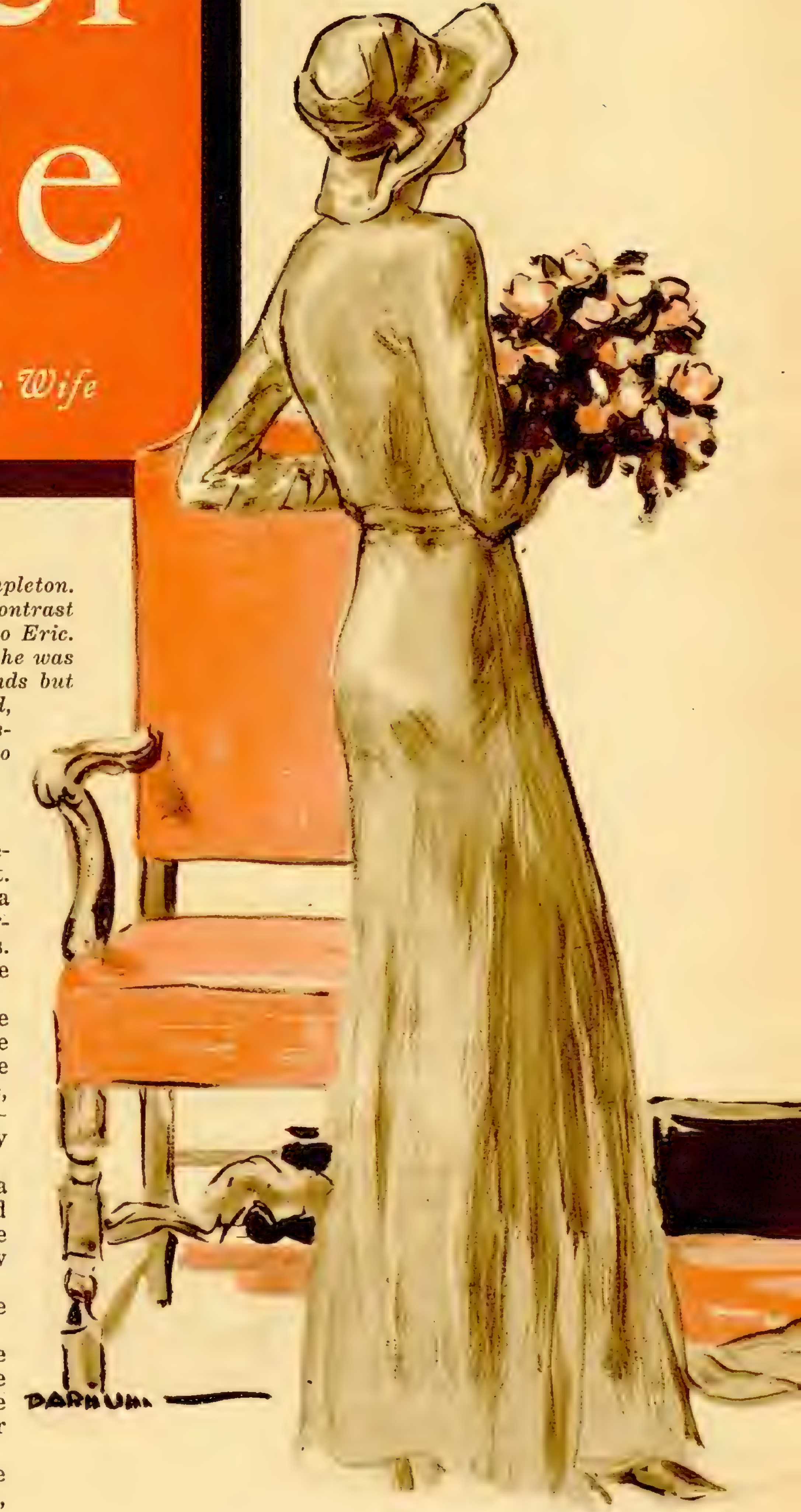
Silver Bride

A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife



"I always knew you were a bit of a darling," she told

(Reading time: 28 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the madness of Marcia Templeton. Bewildered by the devotion of Eric Morven in contrast to the coldness of her husband, she consented to go to Eric. The car in which he drove her away overturned, and he was desperately injured. Marcia placed him in safe hands but visited him secretly each year. Maurice Baronford, the cynical suitor of Marcia's daughter, Goldie, suspected this. Goldie accepted Peter, Eric's cousin, who was with her when Baronford called.

PART NINE—THE POWERS OF EVIL

WILSON'S eyes opened very wide as he ceremoniously ushered Goldie and Peter out. Peering over the stair rail, he had a glimpse of them descending hand in hand, and murmured, "What-o!" to himself with much emphasis.

They were still hand in hand as they entered the drawing-room where Baronford was waiting.

He turned sharply at their coming, and then he stood still and watched them with a slow malice dawning in his eyes till they reached him. Goldie spoke, her voice very clear and resolute: "Maurice, this is a very old friend of mine—Peter Tregassa—who has just come back from Canada—to marry me."

"Indeed!" said Baronford. He gave Peter a single comprehensive glance from head to foot and then addressed himself to the girl as if they were alone. "This is a very good act," he said. "How did you manage it?"

The color flamed into her face. "Ask him!" she said.

Baronford's lips drew back. He did not give Peter a second look. "I fancy that has been done already," he said, "by—Lady Templeton. Please congratulate her for me on the success of her maneuver!"

"She had nothing to do with it," declared Goldie hotly. "He came entirely on his own, didn't you, Peter?"

Peter turned to her. "I came on my own, certainly," he said.

"By Lady Templeton's invitation, I think," put in Baronford smoothly.

Peter was silent.

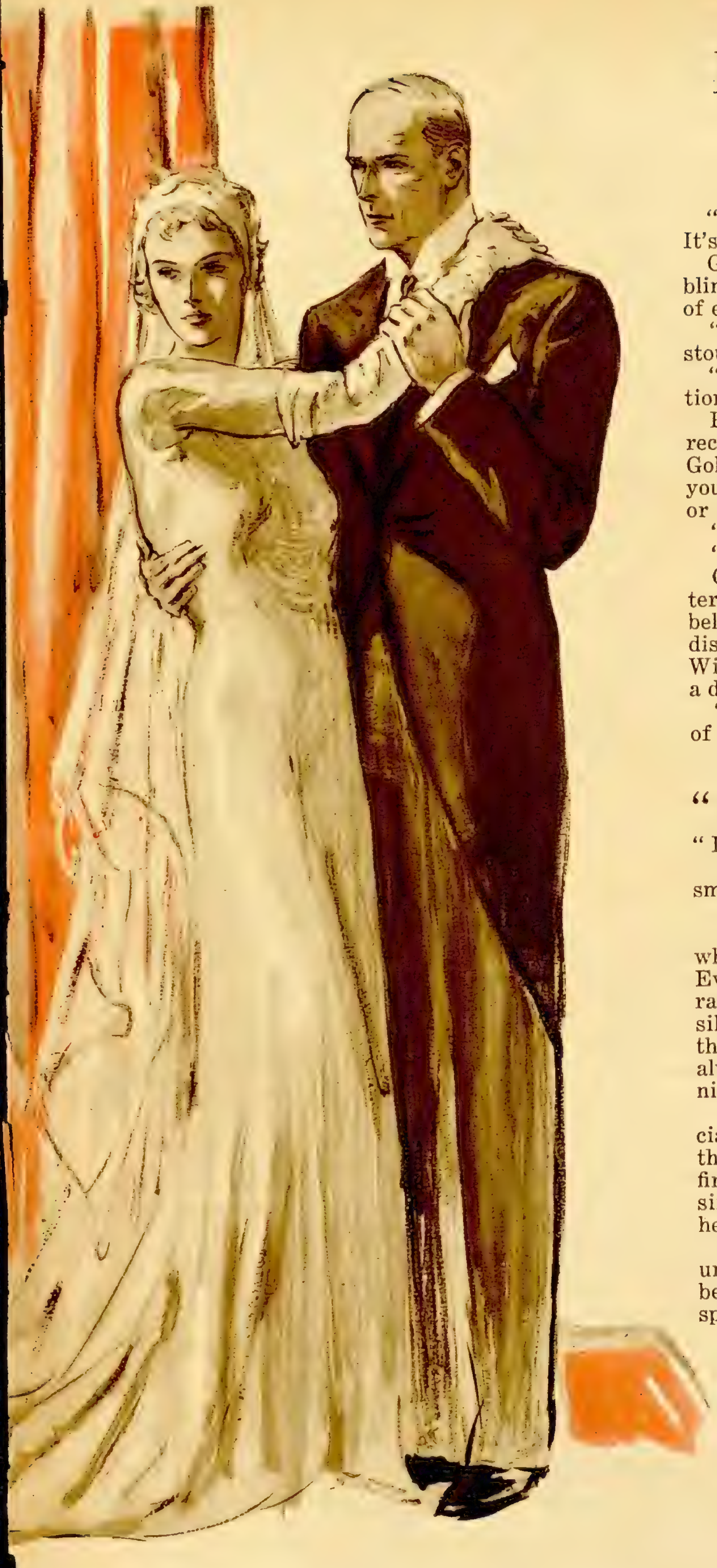
Goldie gave him a quick look and plunged for safety. "Well, it doesn't matter, anyhow. We've cared for each other for the last ten years, and now we're together again we're going to get married."

She lifted her chin defiantly. Maurice Baronford was laughing. "Ten years! My dear Goldie, you must have been in your cradle when it began! Well, I congratulate you—and your mother too. Don't forget to ask about her share in the transaction! You'll invite me to the wedding, I hope. And, by the way, if it doesn't interfere with your plans, I shall hope to see you at mine. Vir-

By

ETHEL M. DELL

Pictures by JAY BARNUM



w, what do you think of your own bride? Isn't she—a rose?"

ginia and I—on the thirtieth! I came in this afternoon to tell you all about it. But as you are otherwise engaged I won't stay. Good-by, both of you! Allow me to wish you—all that you deserve!"

He was on his way down the long room as he spoke the last words. He effected his exit with dignity, and Peter checked Goldie as she made a nervous dash at the bell.

"Don't, darling! Let him show himself to the door! It's—kinder!"

Goldie yielded to his arm. She was pale and trembling. "Aren't I a fool, Peter? I feel as if—the powers of evil have been let loose!"

"They shan't touch you, anyhow," declared Peter stoutly.

"And—what did he mean about—mother?" questioned Goldie. "It wasn't—her doing, was it, Peter?"

Peter hesitated a second, then spoke with simple directness. "Your mother has been very good to me, Goldie. I told her all those years ago that I cared for you. And she did send me a message to say it was now—or never!"

"The artful dodger!" ejaculated Goldie.

"Or the fairy godmother!" amended Peter.

Goldie broke into a laugh—the merriest she had uttered for months. "The same thing, my dear boy, but belonging to different periods! No, darling, you mustn't dishevel me again at present. Remember, I've got to face Wilson! Let's go back and have some tea! I'm dying for a drink."

"Come on then!" said Peter, catching the infection of her gayety. "I'll race you up the stairs!"

II

"SHE'LL soon be here now, sir," said Dan Bellamy in the tone of one who seeks to soothe a petulant child. "It's gone five o'clock, sir, so she can't be much longer."

"Perhaps she isn't coming!" said Eric with a twisted smile.

"Oh, you bet she is, sir!" responded Dan.

Yet he looked with some anxiety at his charge's face, which was gray and strained under the fast-graying hair. Every year it was the same—the anxiety of waiting, the rapture of fulfillment, and afterward the long, long silence of desolation. Not once yet had she failed him, this faithful friend of his, though the trysting place had always hitherto been the Castle Hôtel, under Dan's benign patronage.

This year, against Dan's own judgment, Eric and Marcia were realizing a long-talked-of dream and keeping their high festival on the rocky coast that had seen their first reunion. It had long been Eric's most earnest desire, and with Peter's return to take possession of his inheritance the proposition had become feasible.

But Peter was not now on the scene, and Dan rather uneasily wished he were. He had been present a week before to assist in transporting his cousin to this far-off spot on the Cornish coast; but Tregassa Castle was not to be vacated finally by its tenant until the end of the month, and so he had stayed only long enough to establish the cripple at Truelove Farm, in the care of his old friends the Riders, before hastening away to rejoin his fiancée.

Goldie, adhering to her prophetic decision, had fixed upon her parents' wedding day for the ceremony of her own, and it was Peter's plan to take formal possession of Tregassa Castle immediately afterward. He wanted Eric to remain for this, but Eric's decision in the matter was not yet made. He could not, or would not, see beyond the present —the one week in the whole year in which it could be truly said that he lived.

At the sight of a car rounding a bend in the moorland road, Eric gave a sound that was half laugh and half an inarticulate expression of thankfulness. She had come to him again, and their one week of paradise had begun.

The car stopped close to them. Her slender figure, clad in gray nurse's uniform, descended. She came to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-seven

Eric, smiling, radiant. "How sweet of you to be waiting for me!" she said. "And how good to see you again!"

His hand held hers fast. He looked up at her with a sort of painful relief. "I've been waiting—a long time," he said.

"Oh, not so long, sir!" protested Dan officiously. "Good afternoon, sister! It's a pleasure to see you again." He turned his attention to Eric. "I'll wheel you inside, sir, shall I? Sister and you will be glad of a cup of tea."

The farm parlor was to his mind a very poor substitute for the spacious bed-sitting room which Eric was wont to occupy at the Castle Hotel, but he had done his best to create comfort there, and when he had finally established them near the window where the fitful rays of the sinking sun streamed in, and had pulled the table with the tea tray on it close to Marcia's side, he gave a last look round and effaced himself.

"He loves you very dearly," said Marcia. "But I expect you miss Webb, don't you?"

"There's only one person in the world I ever miss," he made answer. "Without her, I live in a sort of torpor and never notice who comes or goes."

"Eric!" she protested. "But you have my letters!"

He smiled at her. "Yes, dear, every one of them—placed in a sacred box which is labeled, 'To be burnt at my death.' Dan will see to that."

She shook her head. "You shouldn't keep them. They're not worth it—so sketchy that I am often ashamed of them; but life is so full— Tell me about the journey down! Peter wasn't sure if it was too much for you."

"Nothing is too much when you are on the way to achieve your heart's desire," he said. "Besides, Peter's a big noise now and getting quite good at managing other people's concerns."

It was her turn to smile. "Yes, I love Peter," she said. "He has turned out exactly as I hoped he would. You haven't seen him and Goldie together yet?"

"I have not." Eric spoke with a hint of grimness. "I thought it kinder—to Peter I mean—to postpone a meeting with her until the irrevocable step had been taken. You may remember—we were not the closest of pals ten years ago."

Her eyes met his meditatively. "Was that the reason, I wonder?" she said.

"Perhaps not the only one," he admitted. "It's a complication—this engagement—isn't it?"

"But you're not sorry?" she said swiftly.

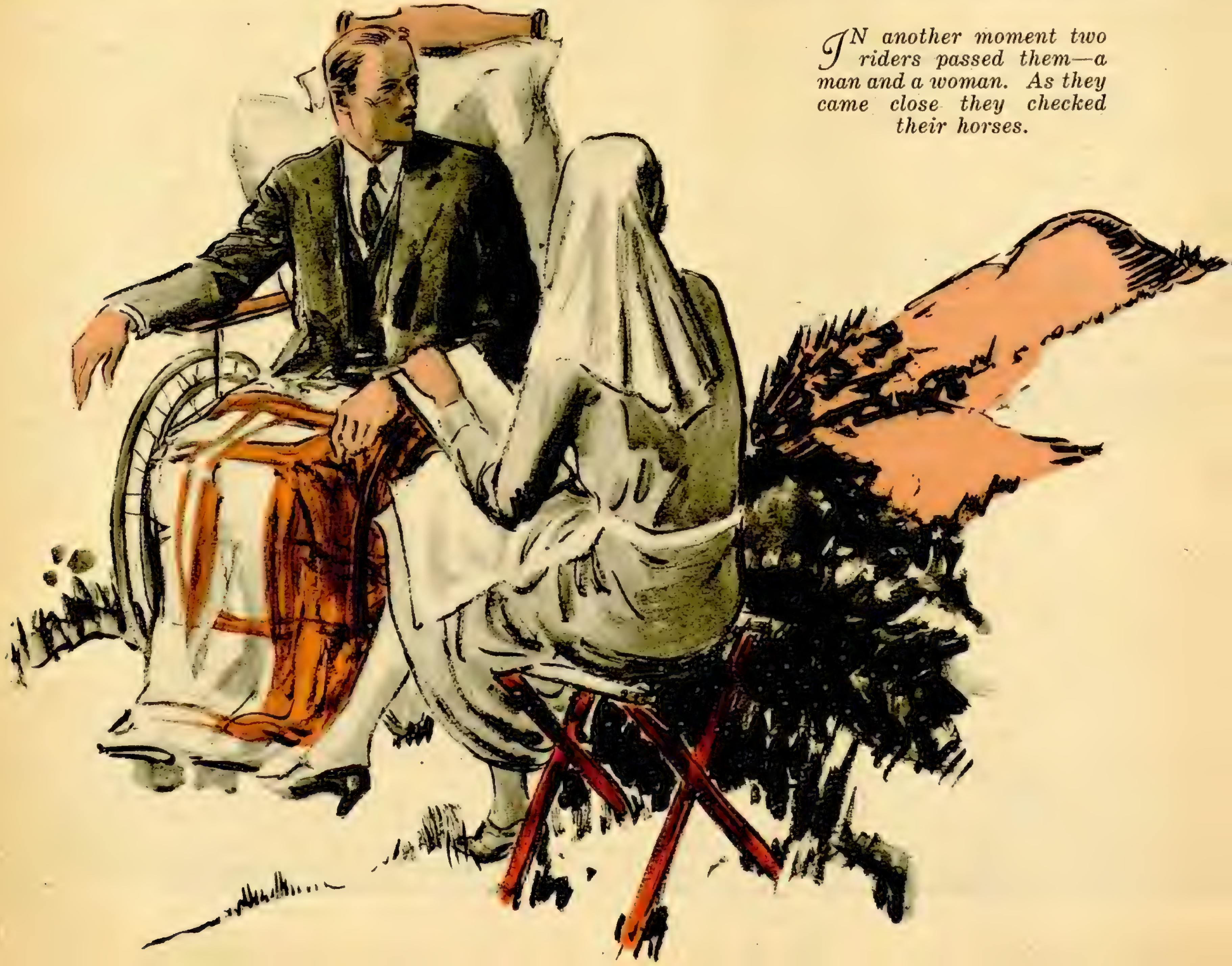
"Sorry!" He echoed the word with a faint laugh. "Could I be sorry for anything that brought you the most infinitesimal fraction of an inch nearer to me? No, dear, I'm not sorry. And Peter's a good chap. He'll never give us away."

MARCIA'S face, slightly flushed, was turned to the window. She was gazing out over the richly colored moorland with an odd concentration, as though seeking to distinguish something not as yet in sight.

He broke in after a few moments almost imperiously: "It's not going to make the faintest difference, really. Peter and I are great pals, but we've never lived together. I don't expect to see a great deal of him, especially when he's married."

"You will go back—with Dan—to Martinworth?"

"That I don't know. I haven't decided." He spoke with a touch of exasperation. "I never can look beyond our holiday week together. Perhaps—if I can endure it when you're gone—I may stay on for a bit, to please Peter. He wants me here when he takes possession of



IN another moment two riders passed them—a man and a woman. As they came close they checked their horses.

Tregassa Castle. The people there don't clear out before the twenty-ninth. They got a month's extension for a house party. They're a hunting crowd."

"It would do you good to stay here," said Marcia gently. "It's a very long journey for only a week."

"I'm not sure that I shall stand it without you," he said stubbornly.

She turned her look upon him. "Now you're exaggerating, aren't you? But it's wonderful to be here again—quite wonderful. Do you remember that night, ten years ago, when I got lost and came struggling here through the fog?"

"I remember—everything," he said.

SHE turned to the tea tray and filled his cup. As she put it within reach, she said, "I wish you would consult a surgeon again, Eric."

"Just to be told that by all the rules of the game I ought to die in the next six months?" he suggested.

"No. No one would tell you that now. You've outlived that, at least. And you've not lost ground. There must be a cure—I am sure there must be a cure—for a case like yours."

He pushed aside his plate and felt for his cigarette case. "You have confidence enough to save an army from rout," he said. "Do you really want me to do it, Marcia?"

"It would mean a very great deal to me," she made warm reply. "Much more than I could possibly tell you."

His eyes lighted. "As much as that?" he said.

She smiled at him, but her lips were trembling. "I think I want it—almost more than anything else on earth," she said in a low voice. "Eric, don't you ever say to yourself that but for me—but for my miserable moral weakness—"

"Stop!" he said sharply. "We're not going to discuss that. And at least we were partners in that show. Is that your only reason for wanting me to get well?"

"My dear!" she said, and all the gracious sweetness of her was in the words. She stretched her hand to him across the table in mute protest.

He took and held it. "You're so wonderful, Marcia," he said. "I only see you for one week in the year, and each time it comes round I torture myself with the thought that you will have changed. And then you come to me just the same—just as beautiful—as generous—as splendid in your giving—" He broke off. "I don't know how you do it. Your ways are beyond me. There is no other woman in the world who could do the same."

"But what nonsense!" she said. "I call that sheer morbidity—if there is such a word." Her eyes smiled at him, rallying him. "Now light your cigarette and let's enjoy ourselves! I'm going to have another cup of tea."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-nine

There fell a long silence between them, and a strange peacefulness settled slowly upon the face of the man as though his spirit were aware of some healing touch beneath which the weary fret of circumstances seemed to be smoothed away. The face of the woman in that quiet hour—with all its serenity and its strength of purpose—was the sadder of the two. The sun dipped lower and lower to the heaving gray waters.

The glorious colors of the moorland began to fade. And there in the western sky, hanging, as it were, between earth and heaven, there shone a gleaming curve like the fragment of a severed golden ring.

Eric was the first to speak. "Do you know I can't quite get over Peter being received into the bosom of your family? Does everybody approve?"

"Of course," she said lightly. "I made the match, didn't I? No one would dare to disagree with me."

He laughed. "Sorry! I forgot you were so formidable. Then why didn't you arrange for the wedding to take place earlier in the year?"

"Oh, that! That was Goldie's doing."

"Thought she'd keep him dangling for a bit, eh?" suggested Eric with some of his old sardonic humor.

"No, no!" protested Marcia. "Don't be so uncharitable! The child had a particular reason for wanting to be married on the eighteenth of this month. It was just a fancy—and a very pretty one."

"Well, what was it?" he said.

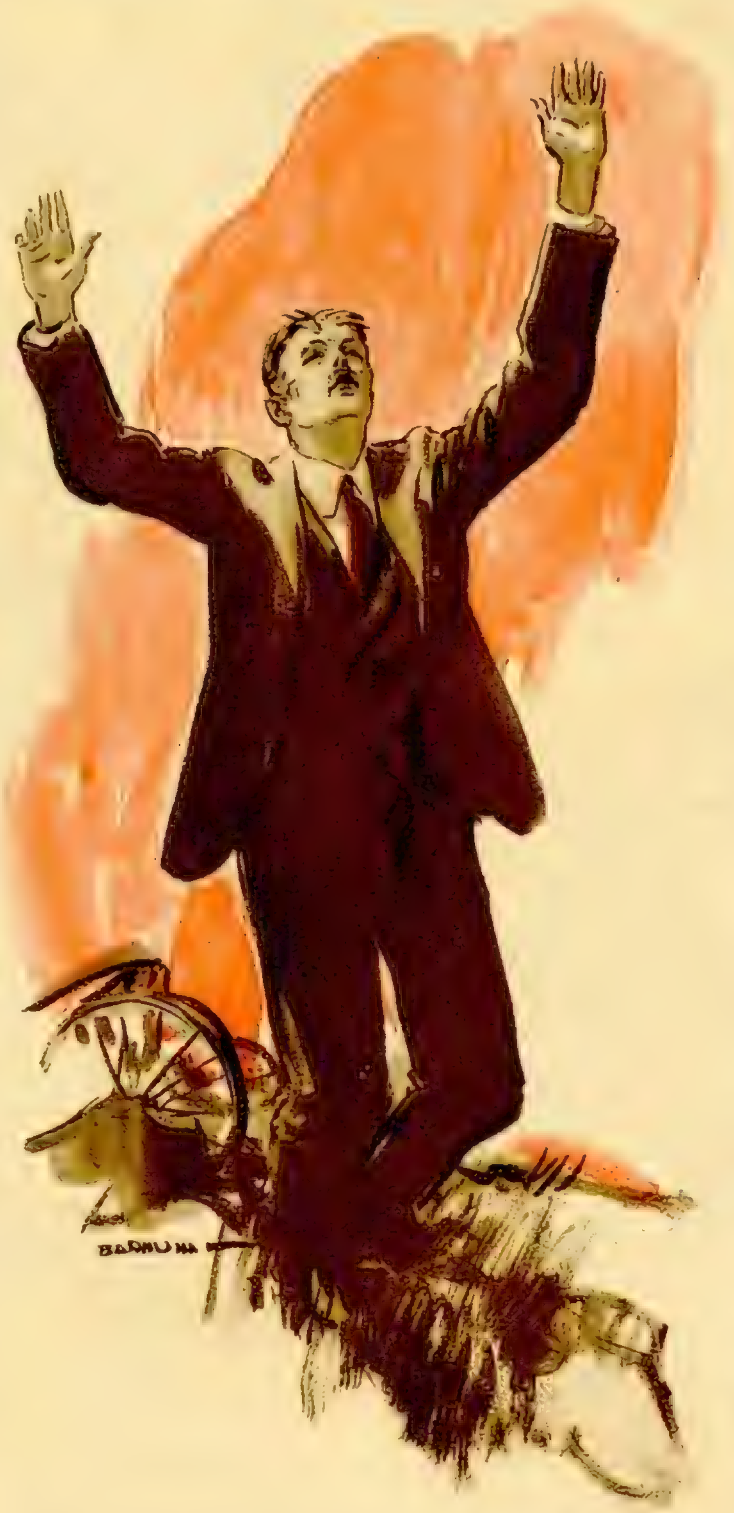
Again she hesitated, but only for a moment. "Do you really want to know? Well, I'll tell you—though I expect you'll laugh. She is going to be a silver bride—and a very lovely one. It is to be—a silver wedding altogether, so she says. It sounds romantic in these prosaic days, doesn't it? But it was entirely her own idea. She insists that I am to wear silver too."

"Afraid I don't see the point," said Eric.

She laughed rather tremulously. "No. I hadn't come to it. It is to be a sort of double silver wedding, you see—hers—and mine."

"Yours!" said Eric, as if startled.

She bent her head. In the falling dusk her face was in shadow. "Yes. My silver wedding," she said.



He stood up, swaying, and raised his arms. "My God!" he cried aloud. "The miracle!"

HE made a sudden movement of the hands that was almost like a gesture of despair, then sat in absolute immobility during the passage of many seconds. When he spoke at last, his voice was cold, curiously edged and concise, as though the irony of it were lifted as a shield. "Have you actually been married twenty-five years? I should have thought you had hardly been alive as long as that."

Her faint laugh had a deprecating sound. "Ah!" she said. "It's time I left off pretending to be young—even with you."

He spoke suddenly, jerkily: "Marcia! Will you—kiss me?"

She bent immediately with a movement that was largely maternal, and—as once long ago—her lips touched first his forehead and then met his own. He clasped her with a desperate closeness, finally pressing his face against her breast. "Forgive me," he whispered almost inarticulately, "if I ever ask—too much!"

She laid her hand upon his head, holding it to her heart as though she comforted a child. "I shall never have to forgive you for that, my own dear holiday pal," she whispered back very tenderly.

And in the silence that came upon them, all sorrow and all bitterness were put away.

The return to Pentreith and the passing of those early October days had a dreamlike quality for Marcia which she would have found difficult to define. Almost insensibly she had come to regard this one week in the year not so much as an oasis, but as a stretch of quiet water between the roaring rapids of her life. Often as she approached it, it was with an unacknowledged dread—the fear of a possible undercurrent more dangerous than the open vortex; but always when she reached it she found calm, complete understanding, unruffled peace.

AFTER that first evening no faintest ripple agitated the still surface of their intercourse. No difficulties of any sort rose between them; no urgencies disturbed their quiet idyl. To all outward appearances they were patient and nurse. In their most intimate moments they were lovers of the spirit rather than of the flesh, and it was seldom that any endearments passed between them. Only at rare intervals a word or touch would rekindle the spark, but it was never apparent for long. It died down again as swiftly as it arose, and the steady comradeship would take its place. They spent practically the whole of their time on the moor or on the grassy track that ran up to the headland where once Dennis had gone in quest of gulls' eggs.

"When we come here again," he said on the afternoon of their fifth day, "I want you to sketch the cove down there with the tide coming in, just as it is now."

Marcia turned from her sketching block to look. "I wish Dan wouldn't put your chair so near the edge," she said. "I told him so yesterday."

"And I'm afraid I countermanded the order," he rejoined. "I can't see the cove properly unless he does."

She looked at him with an attempt at sternness. "Eric, you are not to countermand my orders. If you were alone up here, it wouldn't be safe. Suppose a gust of wind came up—"

"My dear, it would have to be a very powerful one to send me over the edge at this distance," he pointed out. "And may I remind you that the wind invariably blows from the opposite direction? Also that there are stones wedged under the wheels? Also that the odds are all in my favor? Nobody ever goes over the edge twice!"

She shuddered a little.

"Well, I don't like to think of it, so please be sensible! What was it you were saying about the next time we come? Oh, the cove! I don't believe I could ever do that. Besides, by then—"

"By then?" he repeated, as she paused.

She began to smile. "I was going to say something that may sound cruel, though you know I don't mean it so. By then, I think—very possibly—you will be getting about on your own feet."

"Ah! Do you?" he said.

A dull thudding on the moor behind them interrupted him.

In another moment two riders passed them—a man and a woman—accompanied by a half-grown Alsatian and an Irish wolfhound. The two dogs were jesting together. The riders were silent. As they came close they checked their horses to a walk, but Marcia, glancing at them, saw only their profiles as they went by along the cliff track. Neither turned to look their way.

Yet, when they were past, a burning color was on her face, and the hand that sought to continue her sketch was powerless.

"That's some of the crowd at Tregassa Castle," murmured Eric, as the two quickened their pace and passed out of earshot. He did not notice anything peculiar in Marcia's silence for some moments; then he was concerned by it. He turned and looked at her closely. "My dear, what's the matter?" he said.

She mustered a smile with difficulty, not meeting his eyes. "Nothing, dear, nothing!" she said, and bent to erase a few aimless marks upon the block before her. "I know them both, that's all. I wonder whether—they knew me."

"Who are they?" he asked briefly.

She answered as it were mechanically: "The man is a certain Maurice Baronford who at one time was very keen on marrying Goldie. The woman is now his wife. They were married last summer. Her name was Virginia Freeman. She used to be—a friend of mine."

"USED to be!" He echoed the words, half laughing. "That's very expressive. Well, she certainly didn't look at you as she went by, if that counts for anything. Do you imagine she saw you?"

"I don't know," said Marcia gravely; her eyes were following the figures dwindling in the distance. "Well—nothing can alter it now if she did."

"And if she did?" he said.

Marcia turned to her sketch and put in a few deft touches. "As a matter of fact, he is the one most to be feared," she said.

"And why?" questioned Eric.

She hesitated a little. "Because I—circumvented him," she said finally. "Men in his position—K.Cs.—don't like being circumvented."

Eric laughed suddenly and unexpectedly. "Was he in love with Goldie, then?"

Again she hesitated, but only for a second. "No," she said; then, very quietly: "He was not in love with her. He desired her, that's all."

"Ah! And the mother hen flapped her wings in furious indignation and drove him away. Was that it?" teased Eric.

"It may have looked like that—to him," she admitted.

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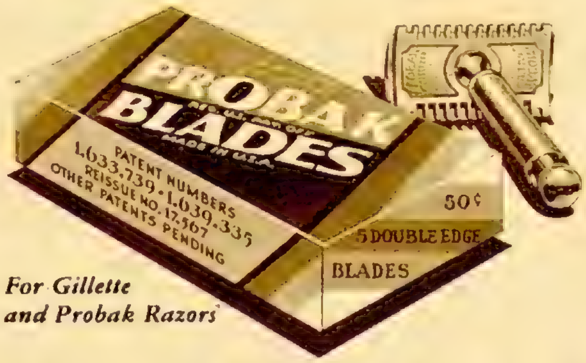


For Gillette and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-one

"Ah, well, never mind!" he said lightly. "He didn't look at you either. And, even if he did, no one could see you with the same eyes in that nurse's garb of yours."

"I hope not," said Marcia, still gravely.

It was he this time who made the reassuring gesture. He touched her shoulder gently. "My dear," he said, "there is always a way out for you. Never forget that!"

She did not turn her head. Her attention was apparently focused upon her sketch.

As his hand fell, she uttered a faint sigh. "But is there ever a way back for those who have wandered too far?" she murmured under her breath.

III

IT was over. The world was empty—incredibly empty—save for the crying, wheeling sea birds who seemed merely to emphasize the desolation. The sky was a heavy uniform gray; the moor a dull drab; the sea a tragic, changeless waste, veiled in a leaden mist.

The only definite thought in Eric's mind was that it was somehow more endurable than laughing waters and radiant sunshine. He had sent Dan away. Somehow the fellow's sympathy, silent though it was, was more than he could bear. To be an object of pity was a situation that revolted him.

He was in a state of mind to loathe the entire human race—with the exception of the one being who had passed beyond his reach, had gone back to the ties that bound her, the love that called.

He had made Dan, though sorely against his will—"for it's going to rain, sir; you can see it coming up, one of them nasty sea mists"—wheel him up the grass track to the point where they had been wont to sit together.

Peter had wished him to stay on for a time, and he wanted to find out if human endurance could be induced to stand the strain. But he had soon sent Dan away with curt insistence because the honest blue eyes held such a wealth of compassion that he was perverse enough to feel sick and surfeited.

The slow hours crept away. It was cold up there on the cliff, but it was infinitely preferable to the simple homeliness of Truelove Farm, the warm firelight, the shadows on the wall. He had told Dan not to come back for him until four, but he had a shrewd suspicion that his faithful attendant was not far away; that a brief whistle would call him to his side.

But he hesitated to give it. The tide was beginning to run into the cove below him, and it was a sight that always held his fancy. He loved the roar of the breakers just outside and the swirl of the great waves rushing in and then drawing out again, leaving only the spread whiteness of their foam. It was like life—so full one moment, so empty the next; only—unlike life—it was bound to be filled to the utmost at last.

The scene took on a grayer shade. The afternoon had begun to wane. He pictured Marcia seated at a window in the tearing eastward-bound express, seeing what he saw, pitying him in his loneliness—only her pity was divine and had no sting. And he remembered quite suddenly that at the last she had made him promise to go in early that day. In his misery he had forgotten it. Well, he would summon Dan at once. The impulse, even as it moved him, was checked. There came behind him a thudding sound, and abruptly a man's voice called a sharp order.

In the same instant he heard the taunting bark of a dog at play. Two animals rushed panting up behind his chair. There came a shock, a startled yelp, and the chair was in motion, gliding down the grassy slope, and gathering speed as it went, toward that grim gray edge of rock which had aroused Marcia's misgivings two days before. It was like an avalanche, paralyzing, inevitable, transforming in a moment complete security into vivid and appalling danger. And in that moment there flashed into being in Eric's soul that which he had believed to be long dead—the most urgent and most primitive instinct of all, the desire of life. It went through him like a flame, consuming all besides. Frantically he sought to grip the wheels that were racing him to his doom.

It was a wild effort, and even as he made it he felt himself like a stone flung at random over that unguarded precipice. And he was conscious of the awful rush of the wind, and the immense roar of the sea that was like the triumphant shouting of a wide-throated monster claiming yet another victim for its prey.

Then came darkness.

He was down on the rocks now, and the wheeling sea birds were far, far above him. Curiously he found himself repeating his own words: "Nobody ever goes over the edge twice." And somehow—though of course he was dying—he wanted to laugh. It had been such an extraordinary catastrophe. Then he remembered the tide—the tide that was coming in.

"Damn it all!" he said. "I don't want to be drowned as well!"

So, with a movement that was oddly unfamiliar, he wrenched himself upward. It was like the forcing of rusty joints, and he likened himself whimsically to a suit of armor that had stood in one position for the passage of centuries.

Then came pain, colossal and piercing, and a cry of agony escaped him. He rolled over on his face.

"O God!" he gasped. "O God!"

And—was it in answer to that agonized appeal?—suddenly he found strength. His knees were doubled under him. He raised himself up on them, and they bore his weight. The darkness passed like a film from his sight. He saw the green grass around him, and two men—Dan and the stranger who had passed him on horseback two days ago—were rushing to help him.

So he had not gone over the edge again, after all! The odds had been justified. But what was this new thing that had come upon him? He had fallen, fallen headlong. That he grasped. The wreck of his chair, upturned, with wheels in air, was within three yards of him.

They had almost reached him when he made a sudden, stupendous effort. He forced himself back upon his feet. He straightened his bent knees. He stood up, swaying, and raised his arms to the gray sky half involuntarily, half, as it were, in homage to a Power above him.

"My God!" he cried aloud. "The miracle!"—and dropped prone to the earth.

IV

"AND now you're ready, Miss Dora," said Hobbs with solemnity. "And may you always look as beautiful and be as happy as you are now!"

"Gosh!" said Goldie irreverently. "It's no good hoping for the moon, Hobbs, my dear. You ought to be old enough to know that." Nevertheless she regarded her shining reflection with some pardonable satisfaction and even a little awe. For Goldie as a bride was a very lovely thing—robed in silvery white, with silvery blossoms in her hair, which shone deeply golden in contrast. Even in court dress she had not looked so exquisite as now.

She turned from the glass impulsively and, bending, embraced the prim maid beside her. "Bless you, Hobby! You've been a good friend to me," she said—a remark which from Goldie meant a great deal and actually brought tears into Hobbs' eyes.

"It's—I'm sure it's always been a pleasure to oblige you, Miss Goldie," she murmured rather incoherently.

Someone knocked smartly on the door. "Oh, damn!" muttered Goldie. "That's Aunt Lillith."

Aunt Lillith it was, resplendently attired in ruby velvet. Being Goldie's godmother, she considered herself entitled to the freedom of her bedroom.

"Well, my dear, and how are you feeling by this time?" was her greeting. "Keeping quite calm, I hope?"

"Bored to tears," Goldie assured her. "Have you seen my darling mother yet? She is the real heroine of the occasion. Peter and I will consider ourselves lucky if we can squeeze into a couple of back seats."

"Don't be affected, my child!" said Aunt Lillith.

They passed out into the passage.

"Now," said Goldie, approaching her mother's door, "prepare for a great surprise!"

But before they reached it, it opened, and Marcia herself came out.

She was dressed in silver tissue that gleamed at every turn and she carried a splendid bouquet of deep red roses. "I was just coming to you," Marcia said to Goldie. "Ah, Lillith, I thought I heard your voice. I hope you approve of us both."

Lillith looked at her with a sort of grudging appreciation, but before she could give it expression Goldie cut in effusively: "The meeting of the brides! Do let's go and find a press man with a large camera! Quite ready are you, darling? I must say you look a dream. Has dad seen you yet? Well, he must—at once; and if he doesn't fall down and worship your silver feet, I disown him forever. Look, Aunt Lillith! We're wearing exactly the same shoes, except that mum's are a shade darker than mine. A cute idea, isn't it?"

"My dear child, don't be so frothy!" said Lillith with austerity. "I remember when I was married—"

"Oh, my dear *tante*, not really!" protested the bride with incorrigible hilarity. "I'm sure I shan't when I've been married as long as you have—though, as a matter of fact, I've been married for the last ten years, though I've never mentioned it."

LILLITH turned to the mother for explanation, but Marcia shook her head, half in amusement, half in deprecation. "Your aunt will think you are quite mad, Goldie. Come down now to your father! I think he is waiting for us in the study."

"In that case, I shall not be wanted," said Lillith in the tone of one who desires to be affronted. "I will go and make myself useful in the drawing-room."

"That would be very sweet of you," said Marcia, while Goldie sniggered her delight. They were alone for a moment on the stairs, and with one consent they paused.

"Happy, sweetheart?" whispered the mother.

"Crazy!" whispered back the daughter, kissing her ardently. "I hope I shan't dance a fox trot all up the aisle, but dad'll have to put the brake on pretty hard."

Then they went to Sir Everard. He kissed Goldie and drew her to his side. "I couldn't ask to see a happier bride," he said. "We can't expect the sun to shine always, but I hope—and I believe—that your happiness is of the sort that does not depend upon perpetual sunshine for its existence."

"Hear, hear!" said Goldie, then went close to him and gave him a warm kiss. "I always knew you were a bit of a darling," she told him. "Now what do you think of your own bride? Isn't she—a rose?"

HE laughed a little, and kissed her again. "Well, run down now, dear! You will find Dennis downstairs. He wanted to see you before starting for the church."

"Right-ho!" said Goldie. "I'll vanish. But don't be too long." She was gone, singing.

"God bless her!" murmured Marcia, and the tears came into her eyes.

"You are happy about her?" he asked.

"Yes, completely happy," she answered. "She and Peter were made for each other."

"Ah!" he said. "I know the Baronford idea never appealed to you. Well, things are probably better as they are."

"I am sure of it. It was only a passing fancy on his part. Besides, he owed it to Virginia—"

He waved her assurance aside. "I wonder to whom he owed the frustration of the passing fancy?"

"Well, naturally I used such influence a I had—" she said haltingly.

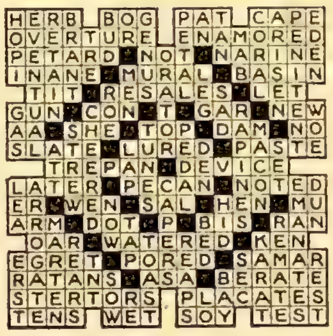
"Naturally," agreed Sir Everard gravely. "I think he appreciated that."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"That is of no importance at the moment. Time is getting short. I am glad that you are happy, Marcia. And I would like you to know this—on our own wedding day: If it is ever in my power to make you happier—I shall not shrink from doing so."

He stooped with the words and kissed her, and there was that in his kiss which held her back from attempting to penetrate their significance. She could only kiss him in return, feeling as if he had ordained it, and strangely conscious of a force encompassing her for good or evil, she knew not which.

In next week's concluding installment of this story you'll see the merciless Maurice Baronford do his worst, and learn what destiny holds for those you've followed through Silver Bride.



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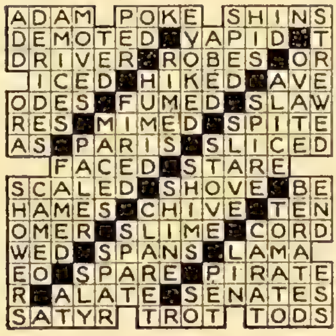
R	A	T	A	N	S	■	A	S	A	■	B	E	R	A	T	E
S	T	E	R	T	O	R	S		P	L	A	C	A	T	E	S
T	E	N	S		W	E	T		S	O	Y		T	E	S	T

Answer to the puzzle on page 50



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	I	C	E	D	■	H	I	K	E	D	■	A	V	E
O	D	E	S	■	F	U	M	E	D	■	S	L	A	W
R	E	S	■	M	I	M	E	D	■	S	P	I	T	E
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S	C	A	L	E	D	■	S	H	O	V	E	■	B	E
H	A	M	E	S	■	C	H	I	V	E	■	T	E	N
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S	A	T	Y	R		T	R	O	T		T	O	D	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 51

This Lady MADE $100.00 last Year

And Will Make More This Year — Just Selling Xmas Cards

MISS Margie Dollard, pictured above, made $100.00 last year selling Christmas cards—JUST IN HER SPARE TIME! But not just *any* Christmas cards. Last year's were unusually attractive, of course, but our cards this year are the most beautiful you have ever seen. And not only that—THE PROFITS WILL BE GREATER THAN EVER BEFORE—because the commissions are larger and there is more value (21 cards in a box and each card worth from 10 to 25c.)

Chosen by a selected jury of 30 people, after a careful consideration of over one hundred designs, this assortment represents the last word in good taste and richness—and with the generous commissions, YOU also, can make more money for yourself selling these cards!

Send the coupon below to us for further particulars. But don't delay—NOW IS THE TIME TO GET STARTED ON THIS PROFITABLE WORK.

CONSTRUCTIVE SALES CORPORATION,
Christmas Card Specialists,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send full details of your offer to

NAME...

ADDRESS...

CITY..........................STATE................

FREE NEW BOOK

CONTAINS COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION

LEARN ABOUT DISTEMPER

Also FREE Bulletins about CATS or FOXES or RABBITS

There's a special Glover Medicine for most conditions. If your dealer doesn't have the one you need order it direct from us.

119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

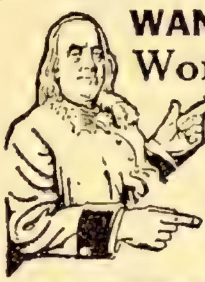
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1031-H Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s



WANT A STEADY JOB?

Work for "Uncle Sam"

$1260 to $3400 Year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. H227 - Rochester, N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

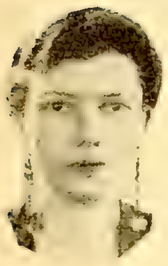
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

To the

By

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN



linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 55 seconds.)

AT last I've met one famous movie actress who doesn't rave about animals—who doesn't say she's *really* happy only when romping with her dogs or horses, or lion cubs, or whatever pets she happens to go in for. My great discovery is Sylvia Sidney, twenty-one-year-old star of Street Scene and An American Tragedy. She gave me two big surprises. She confessed quite frankly that she has no love for pet animals—but adores garlic.

She told me a story about the garlic.

"On my last trip to Hollywood," she said, "the dining-car captain went out of his way to please me. When I asked for a touch of garlic he overdid himself. The whole car reeked of garlic. Strong men fought their way out. It was dreadful—but very funny."

Sylvia Sidney

Has a quick sense of humor. Plenty of intelligence. An only child. Says proudly, "Mother looks as young as I do. Dad is fat, good-natured, and sweet."

Was carefully trained for the stage. Went to the Theater Guild school. Started smoking cigarettes when she was fifteen. Now uses paper cigarette holders. Owns no pets except two love birds and a silver bracelet wherefrom dangle a silver dog, an owl, a fish, parrot, and goose.

She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, wears 5AAA shoes, has a tiny waist. Hair long. A nice wavy brown with yellowish lights. Slightly rumpled as a rule. Expressive eyebrows. They go up and down while she thinks—and she *can* think. Changeable eyes. Green blue to blue green. With a gold fleck in the right one. Shortsighted.

Reads a great deal. Prefers Conrad, Somerset Maugham. Apologizes for liking highbrow Proust. Two superstitions: Wears a new hat at first rehearsals; goes to bed early the night a new film of hers opens.

Bright kid. Serious actress. Will go a long way.

I LOVE these sun-ripe days of early autumn! They bring my favorite season of the year—the brave rich pageant before the summer's death. Autumn is best in the country, of course, but even in big cities there are parks and open places where its beauties may be enjoyed.

What can be more lovely than these veiled October skies, the sunlight tempered, yet pleasantly warm, and the soft blue haze that paints a film of romance over every scene?

I like to watch the trees add touch after touch of gold and scarlet to their make-up day by day. I count myself lucky when I can smell the incense of leaf fires burning between the trees.

Michaelmas Day—September 29—marks the fall of the year with pleasant ceremony in England. Here in America I miss the rites of Michaelmas. On that day you are supposed to eat goose roasted with new apples. In the evening you play country games and sit around a fire. Fortunes are told. The family hearth becomes a warm and welcome place again.

I like to celebrate Michaelmas. I think it gives the summer a respectable farewell and meets the menace of coming winter with a heartening spirit.

IMAGINE a nine-story building filled with furs. I've just been through it. In one afternoon I saw 23,000 fur coats. Twenty thousand of them hung ghost-like in the cold-storage vaults. Going in there I had to don furs—it was a hot summer day—to keep from freezing stiff. Then I came out and nearly smothered among the 3,000 coats in the salesrooms.

But it was worth the trouble. I learned some fascinating facts about furs from the owner of the establishment. Son of a furrier, grandson of a furrier, he's *all wrapped up* in furs, is that man! He showed me some wonders.

Ermine coats made of 200 milky skins. A chinchilla coat tagged $50,000—even today, with fur prices cut in two since last year.

Now I'll tell you about the novelties. Sheared panther—a creamy reddish color—the perfect coat for a red-headed girl. Tobacco-brown caracul. Kamchatka fox in that rare blood-red shade the Paris beauties rave about. And—the most fascinating fur I ever beheld—natural otter. Ripples of silvery light give this wonderful fur the look of a live animal diving into a stream. Strangest of all, I saw rabbit dyed scarlet and made up as a coat. Crazy, but swell.

Finally, I heard about *the* furriest female! In storage there she has furs of her own, furs from her private wardrobe, worth $125,000—an eighth of a million! She owns literally dozens of fur coats, dozens of fur capes, collars, rugs, muffs, neckpieces. A regular fur fiend.

HOW long have the trades of vanity brought expert craftsmen together from the ends of the earth? More than a thousand years, apparently. Dr. Fredrik Martin of Stockholm has just dug up ancient Swedish jewelry which shows that it was made by Egyptian goldsmiths 1,400 years ago. Even in these days of steam and electricity the journey from Egypt to Sweden is a long one. Yet the lure of personal adornment was so great in remote ages that old-time Egyptians and Swedes found it profitable to get together.

Archæologists have also discovered in Sweden that

Ladies!

Picture by TY MAHON

the old patterns from which the cloth weavers design their fabrics are identical with old patterns still in use among the country people of Egypt. The viking dames, I'll warrant, were as eager about their latest patterns from Egypt as we are about our Paris imports.

EXTRA money is the theme song of half my fan mail. A great many women write to me asking for suggestions about earning a little extra money. For this reason I was delighted to see a new book on the subject published recently. How to Make Money at Home, by Elita Wilson, is worth reading for practical ideas. (Published by Macmillan.)

A World Can End, by Irina Skariatina, gave me my reading thrill of the week. The author is a Russian girl now married to an American. She describes her childhood in a rich Russian family, then the wave of revolution that swept her world away. Her diary of the revolution recalled my own experiences so vividly that I read all night—until 6 A. M.! The book is exceptionally gripping. I think you'll enjoy it. But more calmly, I hope, than I.

NOW is the time to use your grandmother's old-fashioned jewelry and dress trimmings if you are lucky enough to have any of them handy. The true Victorian styles—I'm so tired of calling them Eugénie—have been modified to our present tastes, of course, but vivid memories of them linger in the quaint details of our new ensembles. This year a good many dresses open in front, showing dainty lingerie vests. Just the place to use genuine old Victorian shirt studs instead of ordinary buttons.

Search the old trunks for those quaint little turn-over collars of broderie anglaise or tambour lace that grandma used to wear fastened in front with a cameo or a cairngorm brooch. Ferret them all out again and you can transform the most inexpensive woolen frock into a really individual garment. Irish lace is all the rage again, too—the rather heavy kind that flourished in the '90s now looks fine used as a yoke, or for the lower part of long, old-fashioned half sleeves.

Any touch of real old handmade lace is always lovely, and since it is now fashionable as well, even the most conventional dresser can feel safe wearing it this season.

In many an attic there are also pieces of old-fashioned beaded trimming which can be utilized again in any number of ways. On a tight-sleeved dress of brown or green velvet, try wearing bracelets made of bronze bead trimming—fashionable thirty years ago, and very smart this year.

WHITE Australians are turning black. That's what some scientists say. They say they find nature working in such a way upon the white inhabitants of Australia that they believe these people are developing into a race of black-skinned giants. The complete change may be effected, say the scientists, within a few hundreds of years. The white Australians are said to be turning dark through constant exposure to blazing sunlight; growing gigantic because they eat so much good food and get so much good exercise.

It is rather appalling, isn't it, to think that climate and diet and exercise might change a race so drastically! If national habits promise to alter the Australians as the scientists say, how about our American future? What will we look like in a few hundreds of years? Will our noses turn permanently red from prohibition, or will they grow permanently long from our Volsteadian snooping? I wish some scientific prophet could—and would—foretell *our* physical tomorrows.

NAMBY-PAMBY people are to blame for much of our misuse of words. In their eagerness to talk daintily these people often go wrong and steer others wrong.

One example of their influence is the common error of saying *either* when we mean *both.* Instead of saying, properly, *Big trees shaded both sides of the lawn,* the namby-pambies think it sounds a little daintier to say, *Big trees shaded either side of the lawn.* Dainty or not, *either* is absolutely wrong in such sentences, because *either* must always refer to *only one* of two things. When you mean both of the things, say *both.*

Another example is the substitution of *way* for *away.* Thinking it sounds countrified to say, *He's gone away out West,* the namby-pambies make it, *He's gone way out West.* And they are wrong again. *Way* is entirely incorrect in this usage. *Away* is grammatical, but *far* would be better if you refer to distance. If you merely mean that the subject of the sentence has departed in a westerly direction, leave out the superfluous word. Just say, *He's gone out West.*

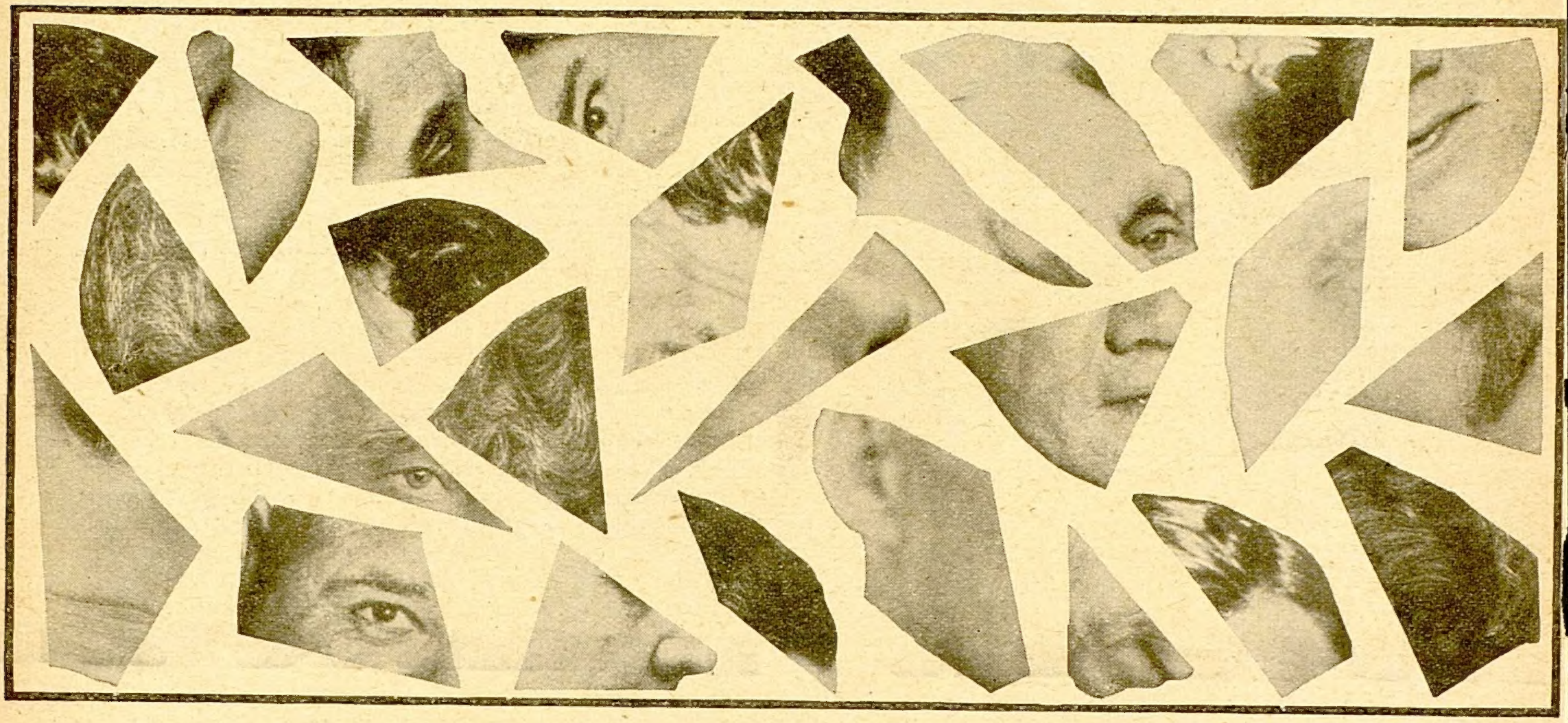
NOBODY seems to like squash. Maybe its name doesn't sound appetizing. In England they eat a kind of squash called marrow, but even there it isn't very marvelous as a vegetable. Too squashy.

As a pickled relish to go with meat, squash is really excellent. The thick dark-green squashes make the best relish. Italian squashes, they are called. They should not be too young. Peel them. Scoop out the seeds. Cut into one-inch squares. Salt generously and let stand about six hours. Drain and rinse with a few cups of cold water. Have ready enough vinegar and water (2/3 vinegar, 1/3 water) to cover the squash amply.

To every quart of diluted vinegar add 1 cup of brown sugar, ½ tablespoon of dry mustard, 1 cup of finely chopped onion, 3 chillies, ½ teaspoon of ground ginger.

In a muslin bag tie 1 clove garlic, 6 cloves, a few allspice, a small piece of cinnamon stick, 1 bay leaf. Boil with the vinegar for ten minutes, then put in the squash and cook gently fifteen or twenty minutes. (Don't let it get mushy.) Turn it into an earthenware pan and let it get quite cold. Then pack in glass jars, fill with vinegar, and seal. Leave standing three weeks before using.

$5,000 *in* CASH PRIZES *for Liberty's Puzzle Solvers!*



Get Into This Easy-Money Game Right Now! Your Chance Is Still Excellent to Win a Handsome Cash Award!

HERE is puzzle No. 3 in Liberty's jig-saw contest and the game is young. Solve this one now. Then, if you have not seen puzzles Nos. 1 and 2, drop a line requesting them to JIG-SAW, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and they will be sent you by return mail. Solve them and your set of solutions will be just as up to date as though you had started three weeks ago.

What's it all about? $5,000 in big cash prizes is the answer. That's the sum Liberty has set aside for its readers who rate highest in jig-saw competition. There will be thirty pictures altogether in the series of ten puzzles of which this is No. 3. The rules at the right tell the whole story. How to prepare your entry, how to send it, where to send it, when to send it. Get out your scissors or your razor blade or whatever you clip things with, and get busy. You can't win one of the prizes unless you enter. And if you enter your chance to win is as excellent as that of any other competitor. Come on in. The more the merrier!

SPECIAL NOTICE

Inadvertently, in the first two announcements of this contest the closing date was set as Thursday, November 26. As that is Thanksgiving Day, this contest will close on the following day, Friday, November 27.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	100
8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total	400
300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total	3,000
311 Prizes . . . Total	$5,000

The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling "What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

PUZZLE NO. 4 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Must the ADVERTISER *Hold the Bag* *in face of declining prices?*

COMPARE
With Any Other Magazine

HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,411,000 for the first half of 1931.

WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for *both* men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 3,009,000 women. Result records have been broken for men's and women's products alike.

80% of all Liberty families above $2,000 income class. 65.8% U.S. average.

52% own homes	37% U. S. average*
84% have telephones	39% U. S. average
58% have radios	46% U. S. average
50% have vacuum cleaners	37% U. S. average
34% have electric washers	29% U. S. average
15% have mechanical refrigerators	8% U. S. average

**in cities covered by Starch Survey*

WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 25,000 population. Liberty places more circulation here (where the greater part of all retail business is done) than any other magazine.

HOW READ?

Liberty is wanted enough by its readers, that 99% of them buy voluntarily week after week. No expensive subscription crews are necessary to sign up readers 6 months or a year or two in advance, 99% single copy circulation is 99% guaranteed-to-be-read circulation.

Then, instead of burying 90% of its advertisements after the start of the *last* story, Liberty alternates advertisements and story leads throughout the book. Surveys show this nearly doubles readers-per-advertisement.

THE YARDSTICK OF CIRCULATION QUALITY

COMMODITY prices have dropped 30 per cent. You get somewhere around that much less for what you sell.

Must you pay as much as you did before for what you buy?

Of course, many magazines have justified their failure to follow the price trend by citing expensive editorial improvements. And the justification may be sound.

But Liberty's cost has declined 35 per cent since 1926—and beginning January 2nd, 1932, Liberty will spend over a quarter-million dollars more a year in the interests of a more attractive magazine.

A Timely Move

At the peak of a circulation success unequalled in publishing annals, Liberty announced this April that the winning editorial formula of dramatic, newsy, concise material by famous authors and artists would be stepped up to the tune of $100,000 more a year. But the second announcement betokened a move that would have striking interest for advertisers.

Paper and printing were to be radically improved.

Now, two distinct steps in this direction have already been taken. And recently the third was indicated by press dispatches telling of the largest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine. Involving an expenditure of $160,000 more, a year.

This latest advantage will be apparent in the issue of January 2nd, 1932.

What Advertisers Get

This season advertisers everywhere are putting Liberty on their desks for consideration.

They are finding that their dollar buys:

Liberty	565 families
Average of 3 Weeklies	377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies	391 families
Average of 6 Women's Magazines	286 families

Faced with the problem of matching Post-Depression profits with Post-Depression advertising value, they find that the Liberty dollar gives them:

- 50 per cent more families than other Weeklies
- 45 per cent more families than Monthlies
- 98 per cent more families than Women's Magazines

What They Are Doing

That advertisers welcome the opportunity of enjoying for themselves the increased value that they have already passed on to the consumer may be seen from this statement: Within 60 days of the April announcement, 92 advertisers and 58 agencies had placed $1,521,677 in new Liberty orders.

And from the rate at which new orders arrive as the main list-making season approaches, it would seem that fewer and fewer advertisers are going to be content to hold the bag so long as this major medium offers them a way out.

Write without obligation for booklet: "To every man with $1 to spend in advertising." Liberty Magazine, 2740 Graybar Building, New York City.

AMONG ADVERTISERS NOW APPEARING IN LIBERTY

American Safety Razor Corp.
American Tel. & Tel. Co.
American Tobacco Co.
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co.
B. V. D. Co.
Barbasol Co.
Bauer & Black
Beech-Nut Packing Co.
Borden Co.
Bristol Myers Co.
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co.
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
Chi., Mil., St. Paul & Pac. R. R.
Chrysler Motors Corp.
Cluett-Peabody & Co.
Coca-Cola Co.
Columbia Pictures Corp.
Crosley Radio Corp.
R. B. Davis Co.
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc.
Ethyl Gasoline Corp.
Florida Citrus Exchange
General Motors Corp.
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Hewes & Potter
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.
Chas. E. Hires Co.
Houbigant, Inc.
Indian Refining Co.
International Mercantile Marine
Jantzen Knitting Mills
Johnson & Johnson
Kellogg Co.
Kolynos Co.
Kress & Owen Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co.
Larus & Bros. Co.
Lever Bros. Co.
Mennen Co.
Philip Morris & Co.
Northwestern Yeast Co.
Norwich Pharmacal Co.
Parker Pen Co.
Pepsodent Co.
Pompeian Co., Inc.
R. C. A.-Victor Corp.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Sinclair Refining Co.
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Stanco, Inc.
A. Stein & Co.
Texas Co.
Vapo Cresolene Co.
Veldown Company, Inc.
Wander Co.
G. Washington Coffee Co.
L. E. Waterman Co.
R. L. Watkins Co.
Western Clock Co.
W. F. Young Co.
Zonite Products Corp.

Liberty . . . *a weekly for the whole family*

PRICED FOR *POST*-DEPRESSION

CAMEL
Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Have you tried Camels?

THE steady increase in the sales of Camel cigarettes proves one fact beyond a doubt.

If you try Camels, the odds are very much against your ever going back to your old brand.

So great is the contrast between the delights of perfectly conditioned Camels fresh from the protection of the new Humidor Pack and the harsh, hot smoke from stale dried-out cigarettes, that your decision will be immediate.

The quality is there in the first place, for Camels are a blend of choice Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos.

In factory-prime condition, with their rare flavor and their natural moisture still intact, they are a joy to the smoker.

Now this flavor is air-sealed-in by an outer wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane, so that no matter where you buy Camels, in any land, in any climate, you are always certain to get fresh cigarettes in factory-prime condition.

And there are other advantages as well. For the Humidor Pack also protects the cigarettes within from dust and germs and weather conditions.

Start the day on Camels. See how much milder they are, how much more flavorful they are, how cool they are to the throat.

No peppery dust to irritate delicate membrane. No harsh, hot smoke from dried-out tobacco to burn the tongue or sear the throat.

Switch to Camels for a day, then leave them — if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
Columbia Broadcasting System — every night except Sunday

CAMELS

● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

Mild **. . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.